Concerning Accusations About David Myatt

Third-Party Reviews

° Redemption, Belief, And Doubt In The Philosophy Of Pathei-Mathos
° The Early And The Later Myatt – A Study In Temerous Claims
° A Modern Phantasy About A Man
° The Trouble With Mr Myatt
° The 1974 Newspaper Interview: A Story Of Infiltration And Extremism
° More Indicative Allegations

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Works By David Myatt

° Understanding and Rejecting Extremism
° A Matter Of Honour
° Myngath - An Apologia
° Seven Interviews: 2022-2024

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Redemption, Belief, And Doubt In The Philosophy Of Pathei-Mathos
Myatt And The Question Of Expiation

Prefatory Note

A study which, in contradistinction to what seems to be the current Media and academic perception of the individual in question, presents a view based on his writings about his philosophy of pathei-mathos and its development.

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An Expiative Weltanschauung?

The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos, also known as the Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos, was developed by David Myatt over a period of some seven years, beginning in 2006, and as a consequence of his own pathei-mathos [1] which involved some thirty years of practical involvement in political extremism together with what one academic described as

> "a global odyssey which took him on extended stays in the Middle East and East Asia, accompanied by studies of religions ranging from Christianity to Islam in the Western tradition and Taoism and Buddhism in the Eastern path. In the course of this Siddhartha-like search for truth, Myatt sampled the life of the monastery in both its Christian and Buddhist forms." [2]

His pathei-mathos included the suicide, in 2006, of his fianceé which according to his own accounts was the main reason he was moved to re-evaluate his political and religious involvements, his own personality, and his life. In one account he writes:

> "Most important of all, it was not something I did, not something I read or studied or thought, and not some sudden 'revelation' or epiphany related to some religion or to some belief, that fundamentally changed me. Instead, it was something entirely independent of me; something unexpected, traumatic, outside of my control and my experience, involving someone I personally knew, and indeed whom I loved, or as much as I – the selfish survivor – was capable of love.
>
> For would I, without personally suffering that personal trauma, have changed? Would I, without such a personal trauma, have been even capable of discovering and then accepting the truth about myself and the truth about the harsh interpretation of a Way of Life I then adhered to and the truth about an ideology I had previously adhered to and believed in for some three decades? No, I would not. For I was too arrogant; too enamoured with my certitude-of-knowing; far too selfish, and far too vitalized by some ideology or by the dogmatism of a particularly harsh interpretation of some faith. It is little wonder, therefore, that since that personal trauma I have pondered, over and over again, on certain philosophical, ethical, metaphysical, questions; seeking to find at least some answers, however fallible." [3] [4]

In answer to a question asked in 2014 about whether he had any guilt about his past he replied:

> "If by guilt you mean responsibility for some event or act, then yes I accept I was responsible – both directly and indirectly – for causing suffering, during my extremist decades, by what I said, by what I wrote, by what I did, and by what and whom I incited and inspired. There is also regret for having so caused such suffering [...]
>
> In a very personal sense, my philosophy of pathei-mathos is expiative." [5]

This expiation therefore seems to be his answer to a question he posed in 2012:

> "One of the many problems regarding both The Numinous Way and my own past which troubles me – and has troubled me for a while – is how can a person make reparation for suffering caused, inflicted, and/or dishonourable deeds done. For, in the person of empathy, of compassion, of

honour, a knowledge and understanding of dishonour done, of the suffering one has caused – perhaps before one became such a person of compassion, honour, and empathy – is almost invariably the genesis of strong personal feelings such as remorse, grief, and sorrow [...]

One of the many benefits of an organized theistic religion, such as Christianity or Islam or Judaism, is that mechanisms of personal expiation exist whereby such feelings can be placed in context and expiated by appeals to the supreme deity. In Judaism, there is Teshuvah culminating in Yom Kippur, the day of expiation/reconciliation. In Catholicism, there is the sacrament of confession and penance. In Islam, there is personal dua to, and reliance on, Allah Ar-Rahman, Ar-Raheem, As-Salaam [...]

All such religious mechanisms of expiation, whatever the theology and regardless of the motivation of the individual in seeking such expiation, are or can be cathartic; restorative, healing. But if there is no personal belief in either a supreme deity or in deities, how then to numinously make reparation, propitiation, and thus to not only expiate such feelings as remorse, grief, and sorrow but also and importantly offset the damage one's wrong actions have caused, since by their very nature such suffering-causing actions are *ὕβρις* and not only result in harm, in people suffering, but also upset the natural balance.

> In truth, I do not know the answer to the question how to so numinously make reparation, propitiation." [6]

A Desire For Spirituality

The years-long development of his philosophy, described in the aptly named *The Development Of The Numinous Way*, [7] led to him realising that his Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos is "rather intellectual, a perceiveration, lacking as it does something outward, practical, supra-personal, and communal, to presence the numinous and thus affect one's very being in a spiritual way." [8]

Thus he admits that he is perhaps

> "partially at least, a Catholic in spirit – in my heart – though not, most of the time, in words and deeds. For while I intellectually and empathically disagree with the teachings of the Catholic Church on many matters – such as homosexuality, contraception, and on divorcées who have remarried being excluded from Holy Communion (unless they have resorted to a Papal Annulment) – I still find myself in my inner weakness not only sometimes frequenting the Lady Chapel of my nearest RC Church – lighting a candle, kneeling, and in reverent silent contemplative prayer remembering, in the felt presence of The Blessed Virgin Mary, those now dead loved ones such as my mother and father and Sue and Francis, and those other women hurt by my selfishness – but also travelling several times a year to where Gregorian chant is sung and where the Tridentine Mass is celebrated, bringing as such Latin chant and such a Latin Mass still do, in me, a renewed awareness of the numinous and a renewal of such humility as I strive – and sometimes still so often fail – to remember and feel [...]
>
> So I seem to now exist – and have for several years existed – between two worlds: apparently emotionally needing something practical, living, and spiritual beyond myself and my intellectualism, and yet knowing in a rather unemotional manner that it is the way of pathei-mathos, and not Catholicism, which is my weltanschauung [...]
>
> [But] the need for some inner, numinous, sustenance remains; for fulfilling as a lot of classical music – such as the Cantatas of JS Bach – is and are, and fulfilling as walks alone in wild and rural Nature are, I sense a yearning in me for something more: some wordless intimation of the Divine which betakes me so far away from my still egoistic self that I am both awed and humbled again, as I often was in Winter wandering a darkened cloister as a monk in that quiet contemplative

time between Matins and Lauds." [7]

In several of his recent writings he has emphasised that the Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos is just his own Weltanschauung; is not a conventional philosophy, and that in his writings about various matters his

> "guide, or as some might suggest my bias, is my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos and the axioms of that weltanschauung derived as the axioms were from forty and more years of (mostly practical political and religious) experience 'in the world', and years of reflexion on, and studies regarding, that experience. The answers are thus personal, fallible, and possess no authority whatsoever." [8]

Religion And Exegesis

What Myatt's later writings indicate in relation to religious expiation is what he terms the problem of exegesis.

In his 2023 text *Exegesis And Pathei-Mathos* [9] he wrote that his interpretation of the Gospel of John [10] inclined him to suggest that Johannine Christianity was

> "the way of humility, of forgiveness, of love, of a personal appreciation of the divine, of the numinous; and a spiritual, interior, way somewhat different from past moralistic interpretations.
>
> My interpenetration of that text is however just one of thousands over centuries with many of those other interpretations, of that and the other Gospels and the Scriptures in general, causing schisms, conflicts, and accusations of heresy as in the case of the Alexandrian priest Arius (born c.250, died 336 AD) who voiced an interpretation of the difference between the denotatum θεὸς and the denotatum ὁ θεὸς in, for instance the Gospel of John, leading to that interpretation being denounced as heretical.
>
> Which returns us to the problems of exegesis and denotata, and the axioms of my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos..."

Then, in their original language, he proceeded to give a quotation from the Quran (Ayat 63 of Surah 25), a fragment of a poem by Sappho, and The Gospel According To Matthew 5: 3–10, followed by his own translations, writing that "[those] interpretations of mine illustrate the problems of exegesis, and why my preference, now and for over a decade, is and has been for the wordless perceiverations of empathy and of a personal pathei-mathos."

In his later text *Religion, Exegesis, And The Fallacy Of Appeal To Authority*, he wrote:

> "One of the many questions I have saught to answer over the past decades concerns religion, exegesis, and the Fallacy Of Appeal To Authority; and in particular regarding religions which rely on written texts such as in the matter of Christianity the texts of the New Testament, the oldest of which were written in Hellenistic Greek.
>
> However, and again in the matter of Christianity, most of the followers of that religion depended on, and depend upon, translations of such written texts with, for example, Ministers and preachers and others quoting whatever translation(s) they accepted or accept when sermonizing about Christianity. In effect, therefore, they were mostly unknowingly committing the Fallacy Of Appeal To Authority with regard to the translation or translations they accepted or accept as their authority. In effect, their faith, their belief, was and is rooted in others, not in their own research using primary sources and on logical deductions based on that research.
>
> in the matter of Christianity this committance of the Fallacy Of Appeal To Authority resulted in accusations of heresy, in schisms, in reformation, counter-reformation, with the attendant

> conflicts, intolerance, personal suffering, imprisonment, and deaths. Basically because one side believed (often fanatically, as in the matter of Cromwellian English Puritans) that they were 'right' and doing God's work. Was Cromwell, for example, or any of his followers, familiar with the Hellenistic Greek text of the New Testament and did their own translations of those texts and thus made decisions based on such translations? Or did they simply accept some translation or translations as their authority and thus committed the Fallacy Of Appeal To Authority?
>
> Which questioning was one reason I developed my individualistic philosophy (pedantically, weltanschauung) of pathei-mathos where it is personal empathy, pathei-mathos, and personal research using primary sources, which inform and guide us." [11]

A Resolution?

The conflicting need for some supra-personal spirituality to presence the numinous within and the knowledge regarding how exegesis of religious texts can and does cause and has caused conflict and suffering has, as some recent writings by Myatt apparently reveal, been solved.

In his *One English Early Morning*, written in September 2025, he asked then answered the question that had perplexed him for over a decade:

> "Is the answer, or an answer, embedded in a religious weltanschauung which guides and has for centuries guided many others and which offer modes of personal expiation for suffering-causing deeds done? Is an answer in music such as in some compositions by JS Bach and Vivaldi? Is an answer embedded in my weltanschauung timorously termed the 'numinous way of pathei-mathos' and in the ἀπόλογος titled *Understanding And Rejecting Extremism*? Or is an answer already wordlessly presenced within me in particular and incurable physical afflictions of old-age and hence in an acceptance of the need of and a gentle gratitude for the kindness of others?
>
> How to know, how to choose, without a particular Certitude-of-Knowing? All I sense now as, outside, life-bringing rain begins to fall on the dry soil around, are the empathic answers of a personal love, of a personal Uncertitude-of-Knowing, seeding as they can, in my experience, a tolerance and a certain humility; healing as such love and humility does and has done the impersonal hatred, the impersonal intolerance, and the impersonal prejudice that afflicted me for forty or so years and which, often encoded by denotata, seems to still afflict so many others despite our centuries-old human culture of pathei-mathos." [12]

Selann Ibotæ
February 2026

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[1] Pathei-Mathos, πάθει μάθος, is described by Myatt in Appendix VII of the seventh edition of his book *The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos* in the following terms:

> "The Greek term πάθει μάθος derives from The Agamemnon of Aeschylus (written c. 458 BCE), and can be interpreted, or translated, as meaning learning from adversary, or wisdom arises from (personal) suffering; or personal experience is the genesis of true learning.
>
> When understood in its Aeschylean context, it implies that for we human beings pathei-mathos possesses a numinous, a living, authority. That is, the understanding that arises from one's own personal experience - from formative experiences that involve some hardship, some grief, some personal suffering - is often or could be more valuable to us (more alive, more relevant, more meaningful) than any doctrine, than any religious faith, than any words/advice one might hear from someone else or read in some book.

> Thus, pathei-mathos, like empathy, offers we human beings a certain conscious understanding, a knowing; and, when combined, pathei-mathos and empathy are or can be a guide to wisdom, to a particular conscious knowledge concerning our own nature (our physis), our relation to Nature, and our relation to other human beings, leading to an appreciation of the numinous and an appreciation of virtues such as humility and εὐταξία."
>
> Printed version: ISBN-13: 978-1484096642
> Gratis pdf: https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

[2] Kaplan, Jeffrey. *Encyclopedia of White Power: a Sourcebook on the Radical Racist Right*. Rowman & Littlefield, 2000, p. 216ff; p.512f.

[3] *The Consolation Of A Viator*, included in *One Vagabond In Exile From The Gods: Some Personal and Metaphysical Musings*. 2014. ISBN 978-1502396105. Gratis pdf https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/10/one-vagabond-pathei-mathos.pdf

[4] A similar sentiment is expressed in his 2012 essay *Pathei-Mathos: Genesis of My Unknowing*,

> "There are no excuses for my extremist past, for the suffering I caused to loved ones, to family, to friends, to those many more, those far more, 'unknown others' who were or who became the 'enemies' posited by some extremist ideology. No excuses because the extremism, the intolerance, the hatred, the violence, the inhumanity, the prejudice were mine; my responsibility, born from and expressive of my character; and because the discovery of, the learning of, the need to live, to regain, my humanity arose because of and from others and not because of me.
>
> Thus what exposed my hubris - what for me broke down that certitude-of-knowing which extremism breeds and re-presents - was not something I did; not something I achieved; not something related to my character, my nature, at all.
>
> Instead, it was a gift offered to me by two others - the legacy left by their tragic early dying. That it took not one but two personal tragedies - some thirteen years apart - for me to accept and appreciate the gift of their love, their living, most surely reveals my failure, the hubris that for so long suffused me, and the strength and depth of my so lamentable extremism." Included in the archive (pp.670-671) of his website (2012-2023) at https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2024/02/davidmyatt-website-feb24.pdf

[5] *Some Questions For DWM*, included in *One Vagabond In Exile From The Gods*, op.cit.

[6] *Numinous Expiation,* 2012. Included in *A Necessary Remembering*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2026/02/22/a-very-necessary-remembering/

[7] Included in the archive (pp.559-562) of his website, op.cit.

[8] *Catholic Still In Spirit?*, 2015. https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/numinous-expiation/a-catholic-still-in-spirit/

[9] *Individual Judgement, Authority, And Governance*, 2025. Included in *The Application Of The Numinous Way*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2025/10/applying-the-numinous-way.pdf

[10] *The Gospel According to John, Translation And Commentary, Volume I, Chapters 1 - 5*, 2017. https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2023/08/myatt-gospel-john-1-5.pdf

[11] *Religion, Exegesis, And The Fallacy Of Appeal To Authority*, 2024. https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/

wp-content/uploads/2024/11/dwm-religion-exegesis-fallacy-1.pdf

[12] *One English Early Morning*, 2025. https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2025/09/03/one-english-early-morning/

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The Early And The Later Myatt
A Study In Temerous Claims

Preface

A riposte to another item concerning Mr Myatt, this one distributed in academia and elsewhere and which reveals, among other things, how the public narrative about Myatt is being developed. Given the nature of the item, our niche reply contains, as appendices, several lengthy essays or extracts from essays by Myatt which in our view might provide a modicum of balance given the various public claims about David Myatt made not only in the item itself but also by others.

Egnatius Severin, et allæ
September 2025

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The Claims

In a 2025 M.A. thesis, *Across the Abyss: Heideggerian impact on the Occult Longtermism of the Order of Nine Angles,* the author, Filip Lindström, makes the following, and other, claims about Mr Myatt.

I. "...all Myatt's past acclaim of Adolf Hitler has vanished after 2010, and he dares not even type the two words National Socialism (which he used to hyphenate in his most active days of Nazism). Instead, he only refers to 'extremism'..."

II. "...after David Myatt has publicly switched beliefs from one religion or philosophy to another, while always keeping one foot in National Socialism, he becomes the boy who cried wolf when he suddenly promises to have left extremism behind. His repetitively proven association to the Order of Nine Angles makes it close to impossible to accept any statement of his as based on honesty..."

III. "...after 2010, David Myatt's writings start featuring assertions regarding the author's abandonment of his extremist past. Regret is expressed, but not in a detailed manner, in the form of regret felt over specific events or actions."

IV. " ...[p]ost-extremism (PE) Myatt sees numinosity as the way towards intellectual illumination..."

V. "...I will survey Myatt's *The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos* (2018), to illustrate the ideological U-turn he claims to have taken. I accentuate and question the implementation of his same old concepts..."

VI. "...Senholt's main purpose is once and for all proving that Myatt is Anton Long..."

VII. "...the confessed remorse is not genuine if Myatt continues to differentiate people based on the very same concepts..."

VIII. "...I discuss the aforementioned possibility of PE Myatt's anti-extremism being an ONA insight role..."

IX. "....another untouched constant in Myatt's discourse is what Clive Henry in previous research has dubbed his imagined emotionology, constituted by honour...."

X. "...would he have truly stepped aside from extremism, I purport, Myatt would have strongly modified his overarching system of goals, feeling appalled by the concepts he once used to dehumanize other groups..."

XI. "...after Jacob Senholt's contribution to the academic ONA discussion, proving “once and for all” Anton Long's true identity, it became increasingly difficult for Myatt to deny his direct association with the group. More and more researchers and journalists began taking for granted that Myatt was the devious person hiding behind the Anton Long pseudonym..."

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In this document we shall endeavour to reveal, by employing primary and other sources, [1] the temerous nature of these particular claims.

Claim I.

"...he dares not even type the two words National Socialism..."

This claim is indicative of one, possibly of two, traits. The first indicative trait is a lack of research using primary sources, one of which sources is Myatt's 2012 essay *Hitler, National-Socialism, and Politics – A Personal Reappraisal* in which he writes:

"There is thus, based on applying the moral criteria of The Numinous Way, a complete rejection by me of National-Socialism – of whatever kind – and an understanding of Hitler as a flawed individual who caused great suffering and whose actions and policies where dishonourable and immoral." [2]

In *The Ethos of Extremism*, also from 2012, Myatt writes that

"as a result of experience, a pathei-mathos, I have come to reject racism, National-Socialism, hatred, and all forms of extremism, having developed a personal weltanschauung, a non-religious numinous way, centred around empathy, compassion, fairness, and love." [3]

In another source:

"I regard National-Socialism – of whatever variety – as an immoral set of beliefs, an example par excellence of hubris, with the Allied victory over NS Germany being a moral necessity, worthy of remembrance and celebration.

As for the indignity of racism, it is abhorrent – redolent of hubris – based as racism is on the dishonour of prejudice and the divisive abstraction of 'race'. For now, for me, what is important – the understanding wrought via my pathei-mathos – are personal love, compassion, humility, kindness, tolerance, and wu-wei; virtues which are the essence of our humanity and virtues which are anathema to racists, to National- Socialists, and to fascists." [4]

The second indicative trait revealed by that claim is the use by the author of the fallacies of *argumentum ad hominem* and *ad populum*.

Claim II, Part One

> "...switched beliefs [...] while always keeping one foot in National Socialism..."

Perhaps if the author had read *Myngath* [5] or Myatt's *Some Questions For DWM 2025*, included here as an appendix, the author would not have made this assumption; or perhaps, as other claims (such as Claim II below) reveal he would regard all of Myatt's post-2012 writings, which amount to thousands of pages, as dishonest and "impossible to accept" and thus, as many do and have done, ignore such primary sources in favour of secondary ones and his own interpretation and that of others, and which interpretations would seem to indicate a particular Certitude of Knowing [6] and thus a particular lack of scholarship.

Claim II, Part Two

> "...his repetitively proven association to the Order of Nine Angles makes it close to impossible to accept any statement of his as based on honesty..."

Proven association by whom? He, as many others, only cites Goodrick-Clarke and Senholt whose claims have been shown to be spurious [7] because based, (a) in the case of Goodrick-Clarke on opinion not on primary sources, and (b) in the case of Senholt on the fallacy of Incomplete Evidence and on opinion not on primary sources.

The author thus not only commits the fallacy of *appeal to authority* by failing to cite primary sources which support his claim of association with the Order of Nine Angles (ONA), but also the fallacy of *argumentum ad hominem* (re the claim of dishonesty) and the fallacy of *ad populum* by additionally claiming that such sources as Goodrick-Clarke and Senholt and uncited others have 'proven' Myatt's dishonesty and duplicity.

To date, no one, academic or otherwise, has, by the scholarly means of citing primary sources, proven that Myatt is or was associated in any way with the ONA.

Claim III.

> "...regret is expressed, but not in a detailed manner, in the form of regret felt over specific events or actions..."

Myatt provides numerous specific personal details in his post-2010 writings. For example, the chapter in *Myngath* which includes the sub-heading *The Silent Tears of My Unknowing*, the relevant part of which chapter we reproduce as Appendix D here. There are also other examples, such as the following from Part Three of Myatt's *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism* with both *Myngath* and *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism* having been available in print since 2013. [8]

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No Words Of Mine Can Describe The Remorse

> Yesterday was one of those glorious English Summer days of warm Sun, blue sky, when I - after a long walk - had sat down in the tufted grass on that slope of a hill to view the vista below. The river curving as it curved through the hedged-in fields of crops and pasture; the far distant greenful hills unclear in heat-made haze; the country lane that, now devoid of vehicles, would give access again to scattered houses and those well-separated working

farms. It felt - perhaps was - paradise on Earth, for I fortunate to have water, food enough to feed me for a day; clothes and boots - though worn - sufficient for their purpose; even a place - dry, undamp, with bed - to sleep such sleep as might by night be gifted. It felt - and was - good to be alive, touched a little and for a while by some type of inner peace. So little, so very little, really needed...

The problem in the past had been me, my lack of understanding of myself and my egoism. It was my fault: not the place, not the time, not the people, for I so desired with that arrogance of youth to exchange this paradise, here, for those ideas, the idealism, the abstractions, I carried around in my prideful hubriatic head. Seldom content, for long, since happiness came with - was - the pursuit, or the gratification of my personal desires. So destructive, so very destructive. So hurtful, inconsiderate, selfish, profane.

The defining moment, for me – in terms of understanding myself, in terms of understanding politics and the error of my decades of extremism – was the tragic personal loss of a loved one in May 2006. In the hours following that event I just knew – tearfully knew without words – my own pathetic failure; what I had lost, what was important. Thus there came upon me that day a sense of overwhelming grief, compounded by a remembrance of another personal loss of a loved one thirteen years earlier. For it was as if in those intervening years I had learned nothing; as if I had made the life and the dying and death of Sue, in 1993 – and of what we shared in the years before – unimportant.

I have no words to describe how insignificant, how worthless, I felt that day in May 2006; no words to describe, recall, retell, the remorse, the pain. Suffice now to recount that my life was never, could never be, the same again. Gone – the arrogance that had sustained me for so many experiential decades. Gone – the beliefs, the abstractions, the extremisms, I had so cherished and so believed in. That it took me another three years, from that day, to finally, irretrievably, break the bonds of my Shahadah sworn six years earlier – and the oath of personal loyalty that I believed still bound me to one person still alive then in a far distant land – most certainly says something more about me, about my character, about my interior struggles.

Thus it was that I came to know, to feel, how irrelevant politics and political organizations were for me, personally. So that ever since I have had no desire whatsoever to involve myself in politics – or even in trying to somehow change the world be it by politics, or by religion, or by whatever. Instead, my concern has been to try to [fully] understand and thence reform myself; to reflect upon my four decades of diverse involvements, discovering as I did those involvements for the extremisms they were; and to try to, and finally sans all abstractions, answer important questions such as Quid Est Veritas.

As I wrote in my May 2012 essay *Pathei-Mathos, Genesis of My Unknowing*:

> "What I painfully, slowly, came to understand, via pathei-mathos, was the importance – the human necessity, the virtue – of love, and how love expresses or can express the numinous in the most sublime, the most human, way. Of how extremism (of whatever political or religious or ideological kind) places some abstraction, some ideation, some notion of duty to some ideation, before a personal love, before a knowing and an appreciation of the numinous. Thus does extremism – usurping such humanizing personal love – replace human love with an extreme, an unbalanced, an intemperate, passion for something abstract: some ideation, some ideal, some dogma, some 'victory', some-thing always supra-personal and always destructive of

personal happiness, personal dreams, personal hopes; and always manifesting an impersonal harshness: the harshness of hatred, intolerance, certitude-of-knowing, unfairness, violence, prejudice.

Thus, instead of a natural and a human concern with what is local, personal and personally known, extremism breeds a desire to harshly interfere in the lives of others – personally unknown and personally distant – on the basis of such a hubriatic certitude-of-knowing that strife and suffering are inevitable. For there is in all extremists that stark lack of personal humility, that unbalance, that occurs when – as in all extremisms – what is masculous is emphasized and idealized and glorified to the detriment (internal, and external) of what is muliebral, and thus when some ideology or some dogma or some faith or some cause is given precedence over love and when loyalty to some manufactured abstraction is given precedence over loyalty to family, loved ones, friends.

For I have sensed that there are only changeable individual ways and individual fallible answers, born again and again via pathei-mathos and whose subtle scent – the wisdom – words can neither capture nor describe, even though we try and perhaps need to try, and try perhaps (as for me) as one hopeful needful act of a non-religious redemption."

Therefore I have no political views now; I do not and cannot support any political organization, as I do not adhere to nor believe in nor support any particular religion or even any conventional Way of Life. All I have are some personal and fallible answers to certain philosophical, personal, ethical, and theological, questions. No certainty about anything except about my own uncertainty of knowing and about the mistakes, the errors, of my past.

Having written so much - far too much - for so many decades and having made so many suffering-causing mistakes, I also have no desire now to write anymore about anything, except perchance for a few missives such as this, as part perhaps of my needed expiation, and in explanatory reply when asked of certain things. Such as in exposition of my mistakes, my remorse, and particularly in explanation of the personal love, the gentleness, the compassion, the humility, the peace, that I feel - feel, not know - might possibly enable us to find, to feel, our paradise on Earth, and so not cause suffering, not add to the suffering that so blights this world and has so blighted it for so long, mostly because of people such as me. The ideologues, the extremists, the fanatics, the terrorists, the bigots, the egoists. The unhumble ones unappreciative of the numinous: those whose certainty of knowing - and those whose sense of a personal 'destiny' - makes them uncompassionate, unempathic, hateful, prejudiced, intolerant, and devoted to either 'their cause' or to themselves. Those whose happiness comes with - and is - the pursuit, and/or the gratification of their so selfish desires.

Just how many more seasons - years, decades, centuries, millennia - will we humans as a species need to find and to live our mortal lives in compassionate, empathic, paradisal peace?

David Myatt
June 2012

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Claim IV.

> " ...[p]ost-extremism (PE) Myatt sees numinosity as the way towards intellectual illumination..."

This reveals an apparent lack of research regarding how, post-2012, Myatt understands 'the numinous', expressed, as Myatt writes in numerous essays, in at least two fundamental ways in which intellectualism has no part. These two ways are:

i) Through human love.

In *Pathei-Mathos, Genesis of My Unknowing* he writes:

> "For what I painfully, slowly, came to understand, via pathei-mathos, was the importance – the human necessity, the virtue – of love, and how love expresses or can express the numinous in the most sublime, the most human, way." [9]

In *Myngath*:

> "...it is to Sue and Fran to whom I dedicate this work: they who profoundly changed me, and to whom I owe so much. They who by a remembrance of their love, their lives, their gifts, have finally, at last - after so much arrogance and stupidity and weakness on my part - revealed to me the most important truth concerning human life. Which is that a shared, a loyal, love between two people is the most beautiful, the most numinous, the most valuable thing of all." [8]

ii) Through a personal moving beyond, via pathei-mathos and empathy, all denotata and thus dispensing with all causal abstractions, all -isms and -ologies; a philosophical insight which Myatt explains in detail in his 2022 text *Numinosity, Denotata, Empathy, And The Hermetic Tradition*, included here as Appendix A, where he uses the term Uncertitude Of Knowing which, as we noted above, is the opposite of what in other post-2012 writings he termed the Certitude Of Knowing that he, as an extremist, possessed and which he used in reference to extremism both political and religious. Hence:

> "Empathy, with its personal horizon, is or can be the geniture of our Uncertitude Of Knowing as human beings, while the masculous is the geniture of that certitude of individual knowing that infuses codified denotata such as ideologies and organized hierarchical religions." [Appendix A]

Which leads us to another of the author's claims.

Claim VII.

> "...the confessed remorse is not genuine if Myatt continues to differentiate people based on the very same concepts..."

In none of his post-2012 writings does Myatt "differentiate people" based on some concepts. Indeed, his philosophy of pathei-mathos is founded on dispensing with 'concepts' all of which by their wordful nature, by their 'physis', in his opinion obscure or replace empathy, pathei-mathos, and compassion.

Thus,

> "in terms of numinosity, empathy presents or can present to us in the immediacy of the

> personal moment an individual intimation or wordless knowing of the numinous, which intimation or knowing places our mortal life, and all we connect with it or is connected to it, into a supra-personal perspective which is a-causal and of Being itself, the source of beings and all being; of which Being we as a mortal are one finite deathful emanation. Which perspective brings with it or can bring with it the wordless knowing of the unwisdom of words." [10]

In the only post-2012 work by Myatt which the author cites, Myatt writes that his understanding is that the numinous is:

> "what manifests or can manifest or remind us of (what can reveal) the natural balance of ψυχή; a balance which ὕβρις upsets. This natural balance - our being as human beings - is or can be manifest to us in or by what is harmonious, or what reminds us of what is harmonious and beautiful. In a practical way, it is what predisposes us not to commit ὕβρις, and thus what we regard or come to appreciate as 'sacred' and dignified; what expresses our developed humanity and thus places us, as individuals, in our correct relation to ψυχή, and which relation is that we are but one mortal emanation of ψυχή." [11]

Furthermore, in a work dated January 30th 2012 Myatt explained that what is

> "important, moral, numinous, are individuals who – feeling, knowing, suffering and its causes – live and who act with personal compassion and personal honour, with the boundary, the horizon, of such acts being, by the nature of empathy, of the nexion they are, and only and ever of the personal, immediate, local kind. In practical terms, there are and cannot be any supra-personal causes, agendas, aims, goals, for such things take us toward abstractions and beyond the bounds of empathy and of how The Numen is or becomes presenced in and through the personal experiencing of, an interaction with, other living beings: human, of Nature, of the Cosmos; and a personal experiencing which is direct, unfettered, undistorted, by any abstraction, by any prejudice, by any division – conscious or unconscious – into 'us' and 'the separate others'. [2]

Claim VIII.

> "...I discuss the aforementioned possibility of PE Myatt's anti-extremism being an ONA insight role..."

This claim is apparently based on Senholt's misunderstanding, and that of many others, regarding ONA Insight Roles.

In *The Seofonfeald Paeth* and many other texts [12] it is explained that Insight Roles only last for between twelve and eighteen months and are relevant only to the early stages of the decades-long ONA Seven Fold Way, that of Initiate and External Adept.

Since Myatt's public rejection of extremism, evident in dozens of post-2012 writings, has lasted over ten years, are internally consistent, and since there is no evidence from primary sources that Myatt was, before or after 2012, involved with the ONA, the logical conclusion is that his rejection of extremism was not an ONA 'insight role'. [13] [14]

Claim IX.

> "…. another untouched constant in Myatt's discourse is what Clive Henry in previous research

has dubbed his imagined emotionology, constituted by honour...."

The postulation by Henry, based entirely on some of Myatt's old National Socialist writings, was the subject of two texts, [15] [16] from one of which this is a quotation, with citations from Myatt's old writings provided in that text:

<begin quotation>

> Mr Henry, in his essay, makes a generalization about Myatt: that he "diagnosed the world as fundamentally decadent and degenerate". However, Mr Henry provided no primary sources for this claim about Myatt's view of "the world". The primary sources indicate that in his 1990s National Socialist writings Myatt refers to current societies mostly in the Western world [...]
>
> The [wider] context is provided by what he wrote about Iran:
>
> > "consider the example of Islam which in this century inspired a revolution in Iran, a revolution against a decadent, repressive, tyrannical, government which slaughtered hundreds of thousands of people, and imprisoned thousands, over several decades, in an attempt to suppress dissent and which was heavily supported by the American government both financially and militarily. But the people were inspired to resist tyranny, without resorting to taking up arms, due to the charismatic leadership of Ayatollah Khomeini who simply explained and put forward the spiritual alternative of Islam.
> >
> > Gradually, the ideals of Islam inspired more and people, including those in the Police and the Armed Forces with the result that the tyranny gradually lost the support of not only the people but also those Institutions it had relied on to enforce its tyranny and its decadence."

In the matter of rural communities Mr Henry wrote:

> "Achieving racial and cosmic authenticity through aspiring to, and striving towards, emotional authenticity would therefore be a defining pillar of Myatt's Aryan folk community, creating an emotional community based around intense emotional management."
>
> "The enclave would act as an emotional refuge from the emotional regimes of modernity where true Aryans could live and interact as they should, in accordance with a National-Socialist emotionology defined by Myatt."

This is possibly somewhat pejorative, since what standards did Myatt define in regard to personal emotional standards and their expression? Primary sources indicate that the standards Myatt suggested, not defined, were what he understood as the National Socialist personal ethics of honour, loyalty, and duty, as evident, in his estimation, by the actions in combat veterans such as Leon Degrelle and Otto Ernst Remer. In Myatt's view the essence was in an individual living, or aspiring to live, according to such ethical virtues [...]

In *Why We Must Return To The Land*, Myatt explained what was ethically involved and necessary:

> We should know and act upon the truth that every act of bad-manners by us toward

> > another human being is an act of exploitation. We human beings - and particularly those in the developed Western world - have become like a plague sweeping over the face of this planet, leaving devastation and destruction in our wake.
> >
> > Our treatment of our fellow human beings is appalling: at every level, people are exploited, seen as some sort of commodity, or as some sort of enemy or threat. Where is decency? Where are manners? Where is the slow, quiet, reflection that marks the real rural way of living? [...]
>
> There therefore is not, as Mr Henry suggests, an abstract, impersonal, "National-Socialist emotionology defined by Myatt" but rather individuals making a choice and deciding matters for themselves. [16]

<end quotation>

That Clive Henry's did not frame his research in the wider context of later writings by Myatt, especially his post-2012 ones, seems to be emblematic of how Myatt is perceived in academia and elsewhere.

Claim X.

> "...would [Myatt] have truly stepped aside from extremism, I purport, Myatt would have strongly modified his overarching system of goals, feeling appalled by the concepts he once used to dehumanize other groups..."

The claim, by someone who cites only one post-2012 writing by Myatt, is indicative of a lack of research using primary sources for in dozens of post-2012 writings Myatt does "feel appalled", as a study of publicly available collections will reveal, among which are *Selected Writings*, 2012-2024, [17] and several collections of essays in print. [18]

One example of his feelings is:

> "Unfortunately, I do seem to have been cursed, for some forty years, with idealism and with a hubriatic, fanatical, belief in what I deludedly believed was 'a good cause'. Which idealism and which belief caused me, as an extremist, to inflict and contribute to suffering; to incite violence, hatred, prejudice, intolerance.
>
> But my sadness now is because of that extremist past; because of my arrogance; because I did cause such suffering; because I for so long incited violence, hatred, prejudice, intolerance. Because I did what was wrong, and cannot undo the harm done.
>
> This sadness - this knowing of my own mistakes, this knowing of my own arrogance, this knowing of the harm I have done - means that I have no desire whatsoever to try and 'fix the world'. Rather, it means a deep personal remorse, a desire - however silly it might seem to others - for expiation. It means I do not like myself - as a person - knowing what I did, what I was capable of, and maybe still am capable of. It means I have to remember - every day - my mistakes, my uncertitude of knowing, and what is good, numinous, beautiful, innocent. It means living a quiet and quite reclusive life.
>
> Which sadness and which remembering were part of the genesis of my philosophy of pathei-mathos. Of my feeling that perhaps we - as compassionate individuals aware of our fallibility

> and past mistakes - should not concern ourselves with what is beyond the purveu of our empathy. Which in practice means the living of a private, a very personal, life where we do not concern ourselves with things we admit we do not really understand and have no personal knowledge of; that we do not meddle in the affairs of people we do not know and [we] do not interact with on a personal basis..." [19]

Other examples can be found in Part Three of Myatt's *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism* and many of his post-2012 writings such as his *No Words Of Mine Can Describe The Remorse* included above. Writings ignored by Lindström; ignored in academia; missing in the narrative about Myatt accepted in academia and by journalists and others, and which narrative of an 'unrepentant extremist' is being and has been widely propagated in the Media.

Claim XI.

> "...after Jacob Senholt's contribution to the academic ONA discussion, proving once and for all Anton Long's true identity, it became increasingly difficult for Myatt to deny his direct association with the group. More and more researchers and journalists began taking for granted that Myatt was the devious person hiding behind the Anton Long pseudonym..."

This summarises, probably unintentionally, the current and past public narrative about Myatt with the epithet "devious person" most indicative and the judgmental basis for academics and others to ignore, or to dismiss with other epithets, all of Myatt's post-2012 writings, his rejection of extremism, and his philosophy of pathei-mathos.

The claim that Senholt "proved once and for all Anton Long's true identity" surely reveals the state of modern academia, at least within the current Western world.

Conclusion

Lindström's repeated use, in his dissertation, of "PE Myatt", rather than "Myatt" or "David Myatt" seems to us to be indicative, with his claims, analyzed above, leading us to several conclusions.

For what is apparent from the thesis, and from other works about or which mention or describe Myatt's life and writings, is the lack of scholarship evident in not deviating from what apparently has become the accepted narrative in academia and elsewhere: that Myatt was/is Anton Long, and founded the ONA; is probably still a 'hidden hand' behind it; with his rejection of extremism and National Socialism a deception by a "devious person", and which deception includes his 'philosophy of pathei-mathos', a/k/a the Numinous Way with its virtues of tolerance and compassion. It was therefore no surprise that in 2021 Myatt was listed by the Counter Extremism Project, a political 'special interest group' partly funded by the US Department of Homeland Security, as one of the twenty most dangerous extremists in the world. [20]

The narrative is redolent of prejudice, which in this instance implies a preconceived opinion not based on scholarly research using primary sources, and thus is contrary to centuries of scholarship because the sources used are not Myatt's own post-2012 writings since such writings are and have been deemed to be "deceptive" with Myatt regarded as a "devious person". Instead, the sources are the interpretative works, the secondary sources, and the opinions, of others, with the conclusions reached modern examples of the fallacy of *non causa pro causa*.

As Myatt noted in his 2025 essay *A Fundamental Question*,

> "How then can we discover, reveal, the truth about a person, about an event, or about some-thing such as some -ism or -ology or group or movement?
>
> It is my view, derived from personal experience, from considering questions of exegesis, and from translating and commenting on Greek texts such as the Corpus Hermeticum and the Gospel of John, that pathei-mathos, empathy, and personal research over an extended period of time using primary sources, are a means whereby we as individuals can answer the question of what is the truth about someone, some event, or about some-thing such as some -ism or -ology or group or movement; and that if we do not use such means then it is incumbent on us, as mortal fallible beings capable of reason and possessed of the ability to apprehend the numinous and thus the error of hubris, to refrain from commenting on what we have not personally discovered." [21]

However, we and a few others are aware that such tracts as ours, here, and similar others will not change the narrative, academic or otherwise, in the time-scale of decades and probably not within the next century or so.

Asked a question related to this in 2025 [22] his answer was:

> I.S. Your translations and philosophy of pathei-mathos, and indeed your personal learning from your experiences, are mostly ignored, or more commonly, buried beneath a plethora of propaganda and allegations about you and your past continuously spread seemingly by individuals with a political agenda. Does that concern you?
>
> DM: No, for such unproven allegations and propaganda will, as we mortals and all our manufactured abstractions and entities shall do, pass away. As it was once common to say in an Empire that has ceased to exist:
>
> memento homo quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris
> Recall, mortal, you are dust and you will revert to being dust

ooooooo

Footnotes

URL's valid as of September 2025

[1] qv. Appendix C, Fallacies Of Reasoning And Related Definitions

[2] *Hitler, National-Socialism, and Politics – A Personal Reappraisal*, included in *Analysing National Socialism*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/06/dwm-problems-ns.pdf

[3] *The Ethos of Extremism - Some Reflexions on Politics and A Fanatical Life*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2017/10/ethos-extremism-extracts.pdf

[4] *In Response To Some Questions Recently Asked* (March 2012), https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2012/04/25/replies-to-a-few-recent-questions/

[5] *Myngath: Some Recollections Of A Wyrdful Life,* 2012, ISBN 9781484110744

[6] In several of his writings Myatt contrasts a Certitude of Knowing with an Uncertitude of Knowing, as in the following extract from a 2022 interview.

> *[Y]our many vociferous politically motivated opponents have not accepted that you have rejected extremism with many still considering you a neo-nazi. Does that bother you?*
>
> DM: No. For judging by their deeds and words they live in a different world from the one I now inhabit or rather that I now perceive. My perceiveration is a very local and personal one; of my locality, of Nature and its local emanations; of my relatives and friends and my interactions with and concern for them. That other world beyond - or should that be those other worlds beyond - this local personal world no longer concern me given my plenitude of past mistakes, my past hubriatic suffering-causing interference, and my recently discovered Uncertitude Of Knowing.
>
> They, those opponents, in comparison seem to have that Certitude Of Knowing that I for many decades had, breeding as it did and does prejudice, intolerance, hatred, and discouraging as it did and does empathy, forgiveness, and a personal Uncertitude Of Knowing.

The Uncertitude Of Knowing: An Interview With David Myatt, Summer 2022. Included in *Seven Interviews*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/08/dwm-seven-interviews-v1.pdf

A printed version of that interview is available in *An Uncertitude Of Knowing: Four Interviews*, 2023, ISBN 978-8394746575

[7] (i) Regarding Senholt, qv. *Senholt And the Fallacy Of Incomplete Evidence*, 2023. https://archive.org/download/senholt-fallacy_202305/senholt-fallacy.pdf (ii) Regarding Goodrick-Clarke, qv. *Diablerie: A Forgery?*, 2023. https://archive.org/download/a-forgery/a-forgery.pdf

See also Claim Claim VIII and footnote [14] which provides Myatt's view of Senholt's claims.

[8] (i) Myngath: ISBN 978-1484110744 (ii) Understanding and Rejecting Extremism: ISBN 978-1484854266

[9] *Pathei-Mathos, Genesis of My Unknowing*, 2012, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2012/06/23/pathei-mathos-genesis-of-my-unknowing/

[10] *Empathy, The Hermetic Tradition, And Our Human Physis*, in Appendix A: *Denotata, Empathy, And The Hermetic Tradition*.

[11] Appendix VII of *The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

[12] As described on page 10 of the 301 page *The Seofonfeald Paeth*,

> The fundamental tasks of the new Initiate are: (i) to train for, and undertake, several physical challenges, (ii) choose and undertake an Insight Rôle (see chapter II) and which role should last around a year to eighteen months, and (iii) following success in these prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept (see chapter III).

https://archive.org/download/o9a-trilogy-print/o9a-trilogy-print.pdf

Other ONA texts which describe Insight Roles include the 2012, 1135-page, archive of the now defunct O9A website which was @www.nineangles.info

> "After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the Guide, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role." p.172, https://archive.org/download/o-9-a-website-archive-2012/O9A-Website-Archive-2012.pdf

The archive is considered to be a primary source of pre-2012 ONA texts, qv. O9A: *The Importance Of Primary Sources*, 2023, https://archive.org/download/sources-overview/sources-overview.pdf

[13] In a tract with the title *Academia, David Myatt, And The Order of Nine Angles*, circulated in 2017, it is stated, in the *More Academic Inaccuracies* section, that Senholt

> "provided no evidence from primary sources that Myatt was Anton Long. Instead, he claimed - without providing any evidence from forensic linguistics - that there was a similarity of writing style between works by Myatt and Long, a claim disputed by several other academics (Monette, Sieg, Kaplan), and also claimed that Myatt's extremist adventures (neo-nazi followed by radical Muslim) were ONA Insight Roles and thus linked Myatt to the ONA even though such Insight Roles only last around a year while Myatt's neo-nazi adventures lasted thirty years (1968-1998) with his time as a radical Muslim lasting over ten years (1998-2009). Furthermore, Senholt made no mention of the many things about Myatt's life which contradict his thesis, such as Myatt's marriage in a Christian church and his writings praising Christianity and especially Catholicism."

[14] Of Senholt, in his 2012 text *A Matter of Honour* - https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/11/dwm-a-matter-of-honour.pdf - Myatt wrote:

<begin quotation>

[I]n a Master of Arts thesis entitled *Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles* a post-graduate student named Senholt made certain claims, and drew certain conclusions, in respect of myself and alleged involvement with the Occult group the 'order of nine angles'. One of his claims is that "the role of David Myatt is paramount to the whole creation and existence of the ONA."

Given that this thesis [a] is often cited as having 'proved' my involvement, I believe a brief overview of the claims, and proofs offered, seems to be in order, especially as - to my knowledge - it has not so far been subjected to a critical analysis.

A reading of the thesis reveals two interesting things. First, the use of and reliance upon secondary and tertiary sources, many of which are anonymous and many of which are derived from 'the world wide web', that most unreliable source of information. For example, he relies on the book *Black Sun* by Goodrick-Clarke even after admitting it contains errors and that the author offers no proof for the assumptions made in respect of me and the ONA [b]. Second, that Senholt, undoubtedly inadvertently, commits the logical fallacy of incomplete evidence [c]. That is, the
multitude of facts and circumstances which do not support his contention about me and the ONA are omitted.

Thus, and in my view, the Senholt thesis, while interesting, does not meet the requirement, the criteria, of scholarship. This criteria is essentially two-fold: (i) of detailed, meticulous, unbiased research on and concerning a specific topic or topics or subject undertaken over a period of some considerable time, usually a year or more in duration, and of necessity involving primary source material; and (ii) a rational assessment of the knowledge acquired by such research, with such conclusions about the topic, topics, or subject therefore being not only the logical result of the cumulative scholarly learning so acquired but also possessing a certain gravitas, just like genuine scholars."

[a] A revised and updated version of Senholt's thesis, under the title *Secret Identities in The Sinister Tradition*, is included in *Per Faxneld & Jesper Petersen: The Devil's Party - Satanism in Modernity*, Oxford University Press, 2012. ISBN 9780199779246

[b] For my view on Goodrick-Clarke, see footnote [d].

[c] The logical fallacy of incomplete evidence is when material concerning or assumptions about a particular matter are selected and presented to support a particular argument or conclusion, while other material or assumptions which do not support, which contradict, the chosen argument or conclusion are withheld or not discussed. In effect, selective evidence and/or selective argument are used in order to 'prove' a particular point, with such selectively being deliberate, or the result of fallacious reasoning or unscholarly research.

[d] In respect of Goodrick-Clarke, his identification of me, in his book, as 'Anton Long' is solely based on his claim that I was the author of a manuscript entitled *Diablerie, Revelations of a Satanist* the only known copy of which is in the British Library. No evidence, no sources, are provided for this claim - this assumption. Neither are any evidences or sources given for his other claims about me, such as that "the ONA was founded by David Myatt" or that I was "a long time devotee of satanism."

In addition, Goodrick-Clarke never bothered to contact me regarding these claims of his, and the first thing I knew about them was when the book was published. Had he contacted me, then, I would have been in a position to supply him with the unpublished autobiographical MS that the plagiarist had purloined and used as the source for that fanciful work of fiction entitled Diablerie. An unpublished autobiographical MS that I circulated to a few friends, and a few 'interested parties', in the 1980's when I was engaged in writing The Logic of History from which the text *Vindex, The Destiny of the West* (published in 1984) derived. One of 'the interested parties' was the publisher of *Vindex, The Destiny of the West* who subsequently published some other pro-NS works of mine. An interesting overview of *Diablerie* is given in the 2012 e-text *A Sceptics Review of Diablerie*, by R. Parker.

It is interesting and - to me - relevant that among the many errors of Goodrick-Clarke are the following:

i) I was not born in 1952, as he claimed.
ii) I first met Colin Jordan in 1968, not 1969 as he claimed.
iii) My two terms of imprisonment for political offences were not both for six months, as he claimed.
iv) Morrison was never 'my follower' as Goodrick-Clarke claimed (Eddy was never anyone's follower).
v) Morrison's first name is Eddy, not Eddie as Goodrick-Clarke claimed.

vi) The Occult lady that 'Anton Long' met in the early 1970's did not 'lead the ONA' as Goodrick-Clark claimed, but rather the Camlad association, with the ONA being founded and then led by Anton Long himself following his meeting with that lady.
vii) He mentions a certain Wulstram Tedder whom he claims was a former aide of Colin Jordan during the old NSM days, whereas 'W Tedder' was one of the noms-de-plume I used, for instance when writing for John Tyndall's Spearhead magazine in the 1980's.

It also interesting that Goodrick-Clarke was ignorant of - or did not bother to discover - many documented things about me during the late 1960's and the early 1970's, such as my arrest by the Yorkshire Regional Crime Squad for organizing a gang of thieves. Instead, the often fictitious account he gives of 'my life' during that time is almost entirely taken from the fictional Diablerie manuscript.

Such errors, and the lack of evidence to support his assumptions about me, really say all that needs to be said about this particular 'source'.

Interestingly (perhaps) another fanciful work of fiction, similar to Diablerie, and purporting to be yet another autobiography by 'Anton Long' seems to have been recently written by someone, possibly for financial gain resulting from selling it at some silly price to collectors of rare Occult memorabilia. The bulk of this new fictional 'autobiography' consists of an early (now out of date) edition of *Myngath* to which various fictional autobiographical stories and 'sinister incidents and diatribes have been added in line with what might be expected from a mythical 'Anton Long'. Given that the majority of these autobiographical stories in this so-called *Bealuwes Gast* are quite
risible and fanciful (and not fundamentally satanic at all), and given that the 'sinister diatribes' seem to have been cut-and-pasted from various internet articles attributed to those who over the years have used the nom-de-plume Anton Long, it seems unlikely that this forgery will ever be taken seriously by anyone. I mean - and to name just one risible example - who can take seriously a 'clockwork orange cult' and the wearing of white lab coats to boot...

Since this Bealuwes Gast also contains certain autobiographical information contained in private correspondence (e-mails) sent by me to a certain correspondent in 2009, I believe I know the identity of the author, or at least the identity of the person who supplied that private information to the author.

<end quotation>

[15] *Vindex, Homo Hubris, And Authenticity In The National Socialist Writings Of David Myatt*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/davidmyatt-vindex-homo-hubris.pdf

[16] *The Imagined Emotionology Of Mr Henry*, https://theo9away.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/imagined-emotionology-davidmyatt-parts1-and-2.pdf

[17] *Selected Writings*, 2012-2024, https://archive.org/download/dwm-selected-writings-second-edition/dwm-selected-writings-second-edition.pdf

[18] Items in print include:

° *Extremism And Reformation*, 2019. Third Edition, ISBN 978-1691707423
° *Sarigthersa: Some Recent Essays*, 2013, ISBN 978-1512137149
° *Such Respectful Wordful Offerings: Selected Essays Of David Myatt*, ISBN 978-1978374355

Extremism And Reformation is also available as a gratis pdf: https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/09/reformation-extremism-v3b.pdf

[19] *Four Replies: Just My Fallible Views, Again* in Part Three of *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism*, 2013.

Printed edition: ISBN 978-1484854266
Gratis pdf: https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/david-myatt-rejecting-extremism.pdf

[20] https://web.archive.org/web/20211203160927/https://www.counterextremism.com/content/top-20-extremists

[21] Since the text is relevant to our dissertation, and was published under the Creative Commons Attribution-NoDerivs 4.0 license, we include it in full in Appendix E.

[22] *Dialogue With An Iconoclast*, 2025, https://egnatiusseverin.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2025/05/dialogue_with_an_iconoclast.pdf

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Appendix A

Numinosity, Denotata, Empathy, And The Hermetic Tradition

The Numinous And Denotata

The intuition, the personal experiencing, of the numinous is in my fallible opinion of fundamental importance in understanding our physis (φύσις) as human beings and our relation to Being, the source of beings, sentient or otherwise.

As I noted in my 2018 essay *From Mythoi To Empathy* [1], the term numinous derives from the classical Latin *numen* and denotes "a reverence for the divine; a divinity; divine power" with the word numen assimilated into English in the 15th century, with the English use of 'numinous' dating from the middle of the 17th century and used to signify "of or relating to a numen; revealing or indicating the presence of a divinity; divine, spiritual."

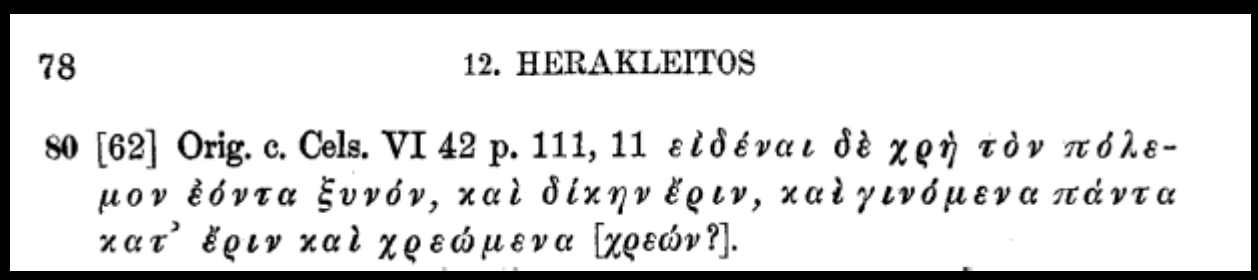
It thus has a wider meaning than that ascribed to it by Rudolf Otto in his *Das Heilige*. For him, it was manifest in the written words - 'the revelation' - of the Old and New Testaments of Christianity (qv. Das Heilige, chapters X, XI) as well as in Christian exegesis manifest in the preaching of individuals such as Martin Luther (Das Heilige, chapter XII) and in religious terms it involved 'worship' (Das Heilige, chapter XIII ff) and in philosophical terms was described by Kant's *a priori* (Das Heilige, chapter XVII). Yet Otto also wrote that is was *sui generis*, a personal emotion or feeling.

The wider meaning of the numinous results from our faculty of empathy which provides or can provide an individual intuition - a wordless-knowing or awareness - of the numinous, and as a personal human faculty empathy has a personal horizon and thus cannot be extrapolated from such a personal knowing into some-thing supra-personal be this some-thing denotata, including an

ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος, [2] or an axiom (ἀρχή) or a source (αἴτιος) for some 'revelation' or ideology or similar manifestations constructed by and dependent on appellation. In the case of a 'revelation' the source is often named as God or a god/the god (θεὸς, ὁ θεὸς) who or which are often described by a myth or mythoi.

For such extrapolation by the very nature of - the causality inherent in - denotata results in eris, a discord of opposites: for every denotatum has or developes an opposite and thus can cleave physis, as Heraclitus poetically and somewhat enigmatically expressed:

> τοῦ δὲ λόγου τοῦδ᾽ ἐόντος ἀεὶ ἀξύνετοι γίνονται ἄνθρωποι καὶ πρόσθεν ἢ ἀκοῦσαι καὶ ἀκούσαντες τὸ πρῶτον· γινομένων γὰρ πάντων κατὰ τὸν λόγον τόνδε ἀπείροισιν ἐοίκασι, πειρώμενοι καὶ ἐπέων καὶ ἔργων τοιούτων, ὁκοίων ἐγὼ διηγεῦμαι κατὰ φύσιν διαιρέων ἕκαστον καὶ φράζων ὅκως ἔχει· τοὺς δὲ ἄλλους ἀνθρώπους λανθάνει ὁκόσα ἐγερθέντες ποιοῦσιν, ὅκωσπερ ὁκόσα εὕδοντες ἐπιλανθάνονται. [3]
>
> Although this naming and expression [which I explain] exists, human beings tend to ignore it, both before and after they have become aware of it. Yet even though, regarding such naming and expression, I have revealed details of how Physis has been cleaved asunder, some human beings are inexperienced concerning it, fumbling about with words and deeds, just as other human beings, be they interested or just forgetful, are unaware of what they have done. [4]
>
> εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἐόντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ᾽ ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα <χρεών> [5]
>
> One should be aware that Polemos pervades, with discord δίκη, and that beings are naturally born by discord. [6]



78 12. HERAKLEITOS

80 [62] Orig. c. Cels. VI 42 p. 111, 11 *εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἐόντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ᾽ ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα* [χρεών?].

Thus δίκη is the natural balance of conflicting opposites and thus an ancestral way of reconciliation or of resolving conflict, often misunderstood as a 'unity of opposites' with a dialectic of opposites with its inherent causality thus mistakenly considered a means to understanding, development and a believed in concept of necessary change.

The notion of discord so being born by denotata sundering physis is also and perhaps better expressed by Anaximander who like Heraclitus has been much misunderstood:

> ἐξ ὧν δὲ ἡ γένεσίς ἐστι τοῖς οὖσι, καὶ τὴν φθορὰν εἰς ταῦτα γίνεσθαι κατὰ τὸ χρεών· διδόναι γὰρ αὐτὰ δίκην καὶ τίσιν ἀλλήλοις τῆς ἀδικίας κατὰ τὴν τοῦ χρόνου τάξιν [7]
>
> Where beings have their origin there also they cease to exist: offering payment to balance, one to another, their unbalance for such is the arrangement of what is passing. [8]

Which expresses the causality inherent in the beings - existents, ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος - that denotata brings-into-being. They are unbalanced, and since they are causal entities will sooner or later pass away even though in their living through the thoughts and actions of mortals they usually manifest and bring-into-being discord: hence why Heraclitus wrote εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἐόντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν.

This is in contrast to the individual wordless-knowing that empathy brings-into-being, and explains the fundamental flaw of Plato's ἔλεγχος which led for example to him having Protagoras saying that the poet Simonides does not speak 'correctly', οὐκ ὀρθῶς λέγει [9] even though poetry could possibly be - as an intimation of the numinous - an attempt to wordfully presence what causal abstractions conceal, with the attempt by Socrates to dispute such an assertion by Protagoras seeming to fail. [10]

Which is perhaps why Aristotle (Metaphysics, 982β) quoted a saying attributed to Simonides: θεὸς ἂν μόνος τοῦτ᾽ ἔχοι γέρας which follows ἄνδρ᾽ ἀγαθὸν μὲν ἀλαθέως γενέσθαι,

> It is hard to be a purely noble person [...] a god alone has that privilege [11]

With the context of Aristotle's quotation his statement,

> ὅτι μὲν οὖν ἡ σοφία περί τινας ἀρχὰς καὶ αἰτίας ἐστὶν ἐπιστήμη, δῆλον. Metaphysics, 982α
>
> It is evident that sapientia is a knowing of axioms and of sources [12]

and because

> ἀλλ᾽ οὔτε τὸ θεῖον φθονερὸν ἐνδέχεται εἶναι, ἀλλὰ κατὰ τὴν παροιμίαν πολλὰ ψεύδονται ἀοιδοί, οὔτε τῆς τοιαύτης ἄλλην χρὴ νομίζειν τιμιωτέραν. ἡ γὰρ θειοτάτη καὶ τιμιωτάτη: τοιαύτη δὲ διχῶς ἂν εἴη μόνη: ἥν τε γὰρ μάλιστ᾽ ἂν ὁ θεὸς ἔχοι, θεία τῶν ἐπιστημῶν ἐστί, κἂν εἴ τις τῶν θείων εἴη. Metaphysics, 983α
>
> it is not possible for the divine to be envious; indeed, as the maxim goes: songsters make many a false claim; nor should any other [epistêmê] be considered the more honourable, for it is divine because honourable in just two ways: if epistêmê is of the divinity or of the divine. [13]

Which returns us to whether some poetry such as the lyric attributed to Simonides as preserved by Plato can, for we mortals, be an intimation of the numinous, as some music - such as the counterpoint of JS Bach - is believed by many musicians and others to be.

If we presume to substitute 'the numinous' for 'the divine' and for 'the divinity' (the theos) then an epistêmê is τίμιος - honourable, precious, worthy, prized - if it is of, if it presences, the numinous; and it is interesting to note that, well over a thousand years after Aristotle, τίμιος in the Greek Orthodox tradition implies 'holy' as in Τίμιος Σταυρός, the Holy Cross.

In addition, as Aristotle - citing an ancient maxim - writes: παροιμίαν πολλὰ ψεύδονται ἀοιδοί, 'songsters make many a false claim', and that because of both the nature of denotata and our physis as human beings.

Empathy, The Hermetic Tradition, And Our Human Physis

The reality of empathy in relation to the numinous is two-fold - jumelle, as is our physis as human beings according to the Corpus Hermeticism - because although a means to appreciate, to discover, to feel, to know, the numinous without the need for mythoi, denotata and the associated exegesis, dialectic and discord, it is unappreciated, underdeveloped.

° Empathy is unappreciated, because of our physis: as is explained using Greek mythoi and in terms of the mystic hermetic tradition, in the Pœmandres tractate of the Corpus Hermeticum:

> "distinct among all other beings on Earth, mortals are jumelle; deathful of body yet deathless

> the inner mortal. Yet, although deathless and possessing full authority, the human is still subject to wyrd. Hence, although over the harmonious structure, when within become the slave. Male-and-female since of a male-and-female father, and wakeful since of a wakeful one [...] This is a mysterium esoteric even to this day." [14]

This is further explained, again using Greek mythoi and in terms of the hermetic tradition, in tractate XI, which returns us to Aristotelian honour and takes us to where σοφία - qv. the quotation from Metaphysics, 982α above - is personified and explained as manifesting the noble, the beautiful, good fortune (εὐδαιμονία), arête, and Aion:

> "The foundation of all being is theos; of their quidditas, Aion; of their substance, Kosmos. The craft of theos: Aion; the work of Aion: Kosmos, which is not just a coming-into-being but always is, from Aion. Thus it cannot be destroyed since Aion is not destroyable nor will Kosmos cease to be since Aion surrounds it.
>
> But the Sophia of theos is what?
>
> The noble, the beautiful, good fortune, arête, and Aion. From Aion to Kosmos: exemption from death, and continuance of substance.
>
> For that geniture depends on Aion just as Aion does on theos. Geniture and Kronos - in the heavens and on Earth - are jumelle; in the heavens, unchanging and undecaying; yet on Earth, changeable and decayable.
>
> Theos is the psyche of Aion; Aion that of Kosmos; the heavens that of the Earth. Theos is presenced in perceiveration, with perceiveration presenced in psyche, and psyche in substance, with all of this through Aion, with the whole body, in which are all the bodies, replete with psyche with psyche replete with perceiveration and with theos. Above in the heavens the identity is unchanged while on Earth there is changement coming-into-being
>
> Aion maintains this, through necessitas or through foreseeing or through physis, or through whatever other assumption we assume, for all this is the activity of theos. For the activity of theos is an unsurpassable crafting that no one can liken to anything mortal or divine [...]
>
> Observe also the septenary cosmos ordered in arrangement by Aion with its separate aeonic orbits.
>
> Everything replete with phaos but with no Fire anywhere. For fellowship, and the melding of opposites and the dissimilar, produced phaos shining forth in the activity of theos, progenitor of all that is honourable, archon and hegemon of the septenary cosmos." [15]

The essence of which, beyond mythoi, is (i) that our physis is both "male-and-female since of a male-and-female father" and (ii) that the numinous can be apprehended, presenced, by and through "the noble, the beautiful, good fortune, arête and Aion," with Aion understood as the eikon (εἰκὼν) of the Kosmos [16] and - qv. Tractate XI, 2-4 - the cause of changement coming-into-being on Earth and thus of what is changeable and decayable and thus dies.

Which changement coming-into-being, and its change and eventual decay applies, in the perspective of Aeons - of millennia - to denotata and what existents, such as ideologies and organized hierarchical religions, denotata has brought-into-being.

° Empathy is underdeveloped because it seems that for millennia we mortals - or more specifically, perhaps a majority of the males of our species - have neglected the reality of our physis being jumelle:

both male-and-female, both masculous and muliebral, with such muliebral physis the geneture of empathy. [18] As described in terms of Greek mythoi and the hermetic tradition in the Pœmandres Tractate in relation to the seven spheres:

> "Those seven came into being in this way. Earth was muliebral, Water was lustful, and Fire maturing. From Æther, the pnuema, and with Physis bringing forth human-shaped bodies. Of Life and phaos, the human came to be of psyche and perceiveration; from Life - psyche; from phaos - perceiveration; and with everything in the observable cosmic order cyclic until its completion.
>
> Now listen to the rest of the explanation you asked to hear. When the cycle was fulfilled, the connexions between all things were, by the deliberations of theos, unfastened. Living beings - all male-and-female then - were, including humans, rent asunder thus bringing into being portions that were masculous with the others muliebral. Directly, then, theos spoke a numinous logos: propagate by propagation and spawn by spawning, all you creations and artisements, and let the perceiver have the knowledge of being deathless and of Eros as responsible for death.
>
> Having so spoken, foreknowing - through wyrd and that harmonious structure - produced the coagulations and founded the generations with all beings spawning according to their kind. And they of self-knowledge attained a particular benefit while they who, misled by Eros, love the body, roamed around in the dark, to thus, perceptively, be afflicted by death." [19]

The masculous is evident in patriarchy, in patriarchal religions such as Judaism, Christianity and Islam; in denotata, in dialectical confrontation including Plato's ἔλεγχος, as well as evident in the desire, the masculous need, for competition and for armed and personal conflict. The muliebral is evident in personal virtues such as honour, benignitas, empathy, and wordless personal methodologies such as the epistêmê that is mystical contemplation.

The neglect of empathy is understandable since the masculous - as manifest for example in patriarchy, patriarchal religions, and denotata, codified as denotata has been in the ἰδέᾳ and ideal of Empires and nation-States - has dominated mortal life for millennia to the detriment of the muliebral.

The Uncertitude Of Knowing

Empathy, with its personal horizon, is or can be the geniture of our Uncertitude Of Knowing as human beings, while the masculous is the geniture of that certitude of individual knowing that infuses codified denotata such as ideologies and organized hierarchical religions.

Thus, in terms of numinosity, empathy presents or can present to us in the immediacy of the personal moment an individual intimation or wordless knowing of the numinous, which intimation or knowing places our mortal life, and all we connect with it or is connected to it, into a supra-personal perspective which is a-causal and of Being itself, the source of beings and all being; of which Being we as a mortal are one finite deathful emanation. Which perspective brings with it or can bring with it the wordless knowing of the unwisdom of words.

Thus, while some mythoi Greek or otherwise, some mystical traditions ancient or otherwise, some poetry and some metaphysical speculations Greek or otherwise, can or may provide some insights into our physis, their wordfull expression or expressions are subject or have been subjected to exegesis, just as written expressions of religious-type revelations always are; with such exegesis more often than not the geniture of a certitude or certitudes of knowing.

Which returns us to the personal wordless knowing of empathy and its discoverable embedded uncertitude of knowing, with personal virtues such as honour and benignitas one means - an ancient epistêmê - to try to live according to such a wordless knowing, with personal honour a melding, a hermetic ἐναντιοδρομία, of masculous and muliebral thus returning us to the physis that was cleaved asunder and which in others is still being cleaved asunder.

According to an ancient saying attributed to Heraclitus which may contain a fallible intimation of this and possibly was one of first written intimations of it:

> πάντα δὲ γίνεσθαι καθ’ εἱμαρμένην καὶ διὰ τῆς ἐναντιοδρομίας ἡρμόσθαι τὰ ὄντα (Diogenes Laërtius, ix. 7)
>
> All by geniture is appropriately apportioned with beings bound together again by enantiodromia.

David Myatt
17.iii.22
v.3

All translations by DW Myatt

°°°

[1] https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2018/01/04/from-mythoi-to-empathy

[2] The terms ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος refer to Plato's postulation of what has been termed 'forms' - of a type of metaphysical existent such as an 'idea' - with ἰδέᾳ used for both singular and plural instances, and εἶδος (singular) often used by Plato instead, as for instance at Phaedo 103ε, ὥστε μὴ μόνον αὐτὸ τὸ εἶδος ἀξιοῦσθαι τοῦ αὐτοῦ ὀνόματος εἰς τὸν ἀεὶ χρόνον.

In regard to the use of εἶδος and the postulation, cf. Aristotle, Metaphysics, 1078β, 14-15, συνέβη δ᾽ ἡ περὶ τῶν εἰδῶν δόξα τοῖς εἰποῦσι διὰ τὸ πεισθῆναι περὶ τῆς ἀληθείας τοῖς Ἡρακλειτείοις λόγοις ὡς πάντων τῶν αἰσθητῶν ἀεὶ ῥεόντων', ὥστ᾽ εἴπερ ἐπιστήμη τινὸς ἔσται καὶ φρόνησις, ἑτέρας δεῖν τινὰς φύσεις εἶναι παρὰ τὰς αἰσθητὰς μενούσας: οὐ γὰρ εἶναι τῶν ῥεόντων ἐπιστήμην.

[3] Fragment 1, Diels-Krantz.

[4] A short commentary on my translation is available at https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/heraclitus-fragment-1/

[5] Fragment B80.

[6] I have transliterated πόλεμος, and left δίκη as δίκη because both πόλεμος and δίκη should be regarded, like ψυχή (psyche/Psyche) as terms or as principles in their own right (hence the capitalization), and thus imply, suggest, and require, interpretation and explanation. To render them blandly by English terms such as 'war' and 'justice' – which have their own now particular meaning(s) – is in my view erroneous and somewhat lackadaisical, since δίκη for instance could be, depending on context: the custom(s) of a folk, judgement (or Judgement personified), the natural and the necessary balance, the correct/customary/ancestral way, and so on.

[7] Diels-Kranz, 12A9, B1

[8] In respect of χρόνος, it is not here a modern abstract measurable 'time' but 'the passing' of living

or events as evident in the Agamemnon:

> ποίου χρόνου δὲ καὶ πεπόρθηται πόλις 278
> Then - how long has it been since the citadel was ravaged?

> τίς δὲ πλὴν θεῶν ἅπαντ᾽ ἀπήμων τὸν δι᾽ αἰῶνος χρόνον 554-5
> Who - except for the gods - passes their entire life without any injury at all?

In respect of ἀδικία, here it simply implies unbalance in contrast to the balance that is δίκη. The translation 'disorder' - like 'order' for δίκη - is too redolent of some modern or ancient morality designed to manifest 'order' in contrast to its dialectical opposite 'disorder'.

[9] Protagoras, 339δ

[10] Relevant quotations from Simonides are at 339β, 339ξ and the poem by Simonides that Plato preserved is, in the version by J. Aars, Das Gedicht des Simonides in Platons Protagoras, 1888,

> Ἄνδρ᾽ ἀγαθὸν μὲν ἀλαθέως γενέσθαι χαλεπόν,
> χερσίν τε καὶ ποσὶ καὶ νόῳ τετράγωνον, ἄνευ ψόγου τετυγμένον.
> <...>
> οὐδέ μοι ἐμμελέως τὸ Πιττάκειον νέμεται,
> καίτοι σοφοῦ παρὰ φωτὸς εἰρημένον: χαλεπὸν φάτ᾽ ἐσθλὸν ἔμμεναι.
> θεὸς ἂν μόνος τοῦτ᾽ ἔχοι γέρας: ἄνδρα δ᾽ οὐκ ἔστι μὴ οὐ κακὸν ἔμμεναι,
> ὃν ἀμήχανος συμφορὰ καθέλῃ.
> πράξας μὲν εὖ πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἀγαθός,
> κακὸς δ᾽ εἰ κακῶς <τις>,
> καὶ τὸ πλεῖστον ἄριστοι, τούς κε θεοὶ φιλῶσιν.
> τοὔνεκεν οὔ ποτ᾽ ἐγὼ τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι δυνατὸν
> διζήμενος κενεὰν ἐς ἄπρακτον ἐλπίδα μοῖραν αἰῶνος βαλέω,
> πανάμωμον ἄνθρωπον, εὐρυεδοῦς ὅσοι καρπὸν αἰνύμεθα χθονός:
> ἐπὶ δ᾽ ὔμμιν εὑρὼν ἀπαγγελέω.
> πάντας δ᾽ ἐπαίνημι καὶ φιλέω,
> ἑκὼν ὅστις ἔρδῃ
> μηδὲν αἰσχρόν: ἀνάγκῃ δ᾽ οὐδὲ θεοὶ μάχονται.
> <...>
> <οὔκ εἰμ᾽ ἐγὼ φιλόμωμος> ἐξαρκεῖ γ᾽ ἐμοί,
> ὃς ἂν ᾖ κακὸς μηδ᾽ ἄγαν ἀπάλαμνος, εἰδώς γ᾽ ὀνησίπολιν δίκαν,
> ὑγιὴς ἀνήρ, οὐδὲ μή μιν ἐγὼ
> μωμήσομαι: τῶν γὰρ ἠλιθίων
> ἀπείρων γενέθλα:
> πάντα τοι καλά, τοῖσί τ᾽ αἰσχρὰ μὴ μέμικται.

The more recent arrangement and reconstruction cited as PMG 242 is somewhat different:

> ἄνδρ᾽ ἀγαθὸν μὲν ἀλαθέως γενέσθαι
> χαλεπόν χερσίν τε καὶ ποσὶ καὶ νόῳ
> τετράγωνον, ἄνευ ψόγου τετυγμένον·
> <..>
> οὐδέ μοι ἐμμελέως τὸ Πιττάκειον
> νέμεται, καίτοι σοφοῦ παρὰ φωτὸς εἰ-
> ρημένον· χαλεπὸν φάτ᾽ ἐσθλὸν ἔμμεναι.

θεὸς ἂν μόνος τοῦτ’ἔχοι γέρας, ἄνδρα δ’οὐκ
ἔστι μὴ οὐ κακὸν ἔμμεναι,
ὃν ἂν ἀμήχανος συμφορὰ καθέλῃ·
πράξας μὲν γὰρ εὖ πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἀγαθός,
κακὸς δ’εἰ κακῶς [
[ἐπὶ πλεῖστον δὲ καὶ ἄριστοί εἰσιν
[οὕς ἂν οἱ θεοὶ φιλῶσιν.]
τοὔνεκεν οὔ ποτ’ἐγὼ τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι
δυνατὸν διζήμενος κενεὰν ἐς ἄ-
πρακτον ἐλπίδα μοῖραν αἰῶνος βαλέω,
πανάμωμον ἄνθρωπον, εὐρυεδοῦς ὅσοι
καρπὸν αἰνύμεθα χθονός·
ἐπί θ’ὑμῖν εὑρὼν ἀπαγγελέω.
πάντας δ’ἐπαίνημι καὶ φιλέω,
ἑκὼν ὅστις ἔρδῃ
μηδὲν αἰσχρόν: ἀνάγκαι
δ’οὐδὲ θεοὶ μάχονται.
<...>
[οὐκ εἰμὶ φιλόψογος, ἐπεὶ ἔμοιγ’ἐξαρκεῖ
ὃς ἂν μὴ κακὸς ᾖ] μηδ’ἄγαν ἀπάλαμνος, εἰ-
δώς γ’ὀνησίπολιν δίκαν,
ὑγιὴς ἀνήρ: οὔ †μὴν† ἐγὼ
μωμήσομαι· τῶν γὰρ ἡλιθίων
ἀπείρων γενέθλα.
πάντα τοι καλά, τοῖσίν
τ’αἰσχρὰ μὴ μέμεικται

DL Page, Poetae Melici Graeci, Cambridge University Press, 1962

Such a reconstruction introduces the question of exegesis of not only texts but of such elements as grammar and how the personal revealing that is the wordless-knowing of empathy compares to the supra-personal wordful revealing that can be or has been deduced from written texts, spoken words or methods such as Plato's ἔλεγχος.

[11] Socrates, in Protagoras, does not associate ἀληθής with ἀγαθός but with χαλεπός, which again introduces the question as to whether ἔλεγχος is a guide to the revealing that is ἀλήθεια and thus to understanding our φύσις as human beings.

[12] In respect of αἴτιος, here the term 'sources' is apt since 'cause' can impose a particular interpretation on the text, as in the causality of 'cause and effect'.

In respect of σοφία, the Latin sapientia is apposite, as in my translation of Tractates I and XIII of the Corpus Hermeticum [*Corpus Hermeticum: Eight Tractates*. 2017 ISBN 978-1976452369] because in some contexts the English word 'wisdom' does not fully reflect the meaning (and the various shades) of σοφία, especially in a metaphysical context given what the English term 'wisdom' now, in common usage and otherwise, often denotes. As in Tractates I and XIII sapientia requires contextual - a philosophical - interpretation.

[13] Regarding my translation:

i) ἐπιστήμη: epistêmê - implying skill or experience, especially in a profession or type of work or in using a methodology - rather than 'science' or 'knowledge', since 'science' has too many modern connotations while 'knowledge' is somewhat vague. In respect of experience in general, qv. Sophocles, Oedipus Tyrannus, 1115: τῇ δ᾽ ἐπιστήμῃ σύ μου προύχοις τάχ᾽ ἄν που, "about this, your experience has the advantage over mine".

ii) ἀοιδός: songsters, not poets, qv. Hesiod, Theogony, 95 where it is associated with the Muses and Apollo:

> ἐκ γάρ τοι Μουσέων καὶ ἑκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος
> 95 ἄνδρες ἀοιδοὶ ἔασιν ἐπὶ χθόνα καὶ κιθαρισταί,

iii) [epistêmê] is implied from the previous ἄνδρα δ᾽ οὐκ ἄξιον μὴ οὐ ζητεῖν τὴν καθ᾽ αὐτὸν ἐπιστήμην.

iv) Honourable is an accepted translation of τίμιος, with the English word honour dating from around 1200 and derived from the Latin honorem (refined, grace, beauty) via the Old French (and thence Anglo-Norman) onor/onur. An early use of the term occurs in a poem in Middle English by John Gower dating from c. 1393 which references the Greek warrior Achilles:

> And riht in such a maner wise
> Sche bad thei scholde hire don servise,
> So that Achilles underfongeth
> As to a yong ladi belongeth
> Honour, servise and reverence.
>
> Confessio Amantis. Liber Quintus vv. 2997-3001 (The Works of John Gower. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1901, edited by G.C Macaulay)

[14] Tractate I, 15-16. From my commentary on that tractate:

> *jumelle*. For διπλοῦς. The much underused and descriptive English word jumelle - from the Latin gemellus - describes some-thing made in, or composed of, two parts, and is therefore most suitable here [...]
>
> *deathful of body yet deathless the inner mortal*. θνητὸς μὲν διὰ τὸ σῶμα, ἀθάνατος δὲ διὰ τὸν οὐσιώδη
>
> *ἄνθρωπον*. Here, in respect of my choice of English words, I must admit to being influenced by Chapman's lovely poetic translation of the Hymn to Venus from the Homeric Hymns:
>
> > That with a deathless goddess lay a deathful man
>
> In respect of οὐσιώδης, I prefer, given the context, 'inner' - suggestive of 'real' - rather than the conventional 'essential'; although 'vital' is an alternative translation here, suggested by what Eusebius wrote (c.326 CE) about φῶς [phaos] pre-existing even before the cosmic order, with φῶς used by Eusebius to mean Light in the Christian sense:
>
> > τό τε φῶς τὸ προκόσμιον καὶ τὴν πρὸ αἰώνων νοερὰν καὶ οὐσιώδη σοφίαν τόν τε ζῶντα [Historia Ecclesiastica, Book 1, chapter 2]
>
> The Light of the proto-cosmos, the comprehension and vital wisdom existing before the Aeons

wyrd. For ἡ εἱμαρμένη. A much better choice, here, than either 'fate' or 'destiny' given how overused both those words now are and how their interpretation is also now so varied. An overview of how the concept may have been understood in the late Hellenic period (around the time the Hermetica was probably written) is given in the 2nd century CE discourse *De Fato*, attributed to Plutarch, which begins by stating that εἱμαρμένη has been described in two ways, as ἐνέργεια (vigorous activity) and as οὐσία (essence) - πρῶτον τοίνυν ἴσθι, ὅτι εἱμαρμένη διχῶς καὶ λέγεται καὶ νοεῖται: ἡ μὲν γάρ ἐστιν ἐνέργεια ἡ δ᾽ οὐσία

[...]

a mysterium esoteric. For κεκρυμμένον μυστήριον. The term mysterium - a truth or insight or knowledge about some-thing, which is considered religious and/or metaphysical ('hermetic') and which is unknown/unrevealed to or as yet undiscovered by others, and hence 'mysterious' to them - expresses the meaning of the Greek here (as the word mystery by itself does not). Likewise in respect of esoteric - kept concealed or which is concealed/hidden to most or which is revealed to an individual by someone who already 'knows' what the mysterium in question is.

Hence why I write *a* mysterium here rather than *the* mysterium, and why "a mysterium, esoteric even to this day", is better than the rather bland "the mystery kept hidden until this very day"

[15] Tractate XI, 3-7

[16] In respect of eikon, as I wrote in my commentary on Tractate I (Pœmandres), 32: The meaning and significance of [εἰκὼν] are often overlooked and often lost in translation. I have transliterated εἰκὼν as here it does not only mean what the English words 'image' or 'likeness' suggest or imply, but rather it is similar to what Maximus of Constantinople in his *Mystagogia* [Patrologiae Graeca, 91, c.0658] explains. Which is of we humans, and the cosmos, and Nature, and psyche, as eikons, although according to Maximus it is the Christian church itself (as manifest and embodied in Jesus of Nazareth and the Apostles and their successors and in scripture) which, being the eikon of God, enables we humans to recognize this, recognize God, be in communion with God, return to God, and thus find and fulfil the meaning of our being, our existence.

According to the hermetic weltanschauung, as outlined by Pœmandres here, all physis - the being, nature, character, of beings - their essence beyond the form/appearance their being is or assumes or is perceived as - re-presents (manifests, is an eikon of) theos. That is, the physis of beings can be considered not only as an emanation of theos but as re-presenting his Being, his essence. To recognize this, to recognize theos, to be in communion with theos, to return to theos, and thus become immortal, there is the way up (anados) through the seven spheres."

[17] The masculous and the muliebral are outlined in my 2019 essay *Physis And Being: An Introduction To The Philosophy Of Pathei-Mathos*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/collected-works-2/physis-and-being/.

[18] The unusual English word *geniture* expresses the essence of γένεσις: that which or those whom have or derive their being (and their subsequent development) from or because of something else or because of someone else. It also avoids comparisons with the Biblical use of the English 'genesis'.

[19] Tractate I, 18-19.

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Appendix B

Some Questions For DWM
2025

Q: Since it's obvious that the pernicious allegations about you, regarding you being a Satanist, the founder of a particular Occult group, still being a neo-nazi and so on and so on, have not gone away but are not only being increasingly propagated, often via social media, but are being increasingly believed by others, is your personal response now any different from what it was, since I understand you've been offered the opportunity of a live video interview?

A: My response is still based on an understanding of the necessity of having a personal appreciation of the numinous; of apprehending what is, according to my understanding and experience, beyond our finite mortal life, and thus beyond our individuality and revealed to us by empathy, compassion, humility, and pathei-mathos. That is, θειότης, divinity-presenced, as in tractate XI v. 11 of the Corpus Hermeticum, θειότητα μίαν, and as in Plutarch, De Pythiae Oraculis, 407a, 398a-f.

> "What is, or what manifests or can manifest or remind us of (what can reveal) that which is felt, experienced, or understood as sacred, numinal, sublime, divine, awe-inspiring, beautiful, and beyond our ability, as mortals, to control or meaningfully express through the medium of words. For Christians, it is considered to be God; for Muslims, Allah; for the Romans, divinitas; for others ancient and modern, it was and is considered to be expressible, or intimated, by mythoi and presenced in ὁ θεὸς, the deity, and/or by θεοί, the gods." Notes On War, Suffering, And Personal Judgement, 2024

This can led us, or some of us as in my case, to seek to withdraw from everyday life and thus to not concern ourselves with the machinations of the external world, howsoever and by whomsoever presenced.

There is an expression of this, appropriate to your question, in Tractate XIII of the Corpus Hermeticum when a seeker after esoteric knowledge says they are

> "inquiring into learning the discourse on Palingenesis since that, out of all of them, is the only one unknown to me, with you saying it would be imparted to me when I became separated from the world.
>
> Thus I prepared myself, distancing my ethos from the treachery in the world." [1]
>
> μετὰ τὸ σὲ ἐμοὶ διαλεχθῆναι, πυθομένου τὸν τῆς παλιγγενεσίας λόγον μαθεῖν, ὅτι τοῦ τον παρὰ πάντα μόνον ἀγνοῶ, καὶ ἔφης, ὅταν μέλλῃς κόσμου ἀπαλλοτριοῦσθαι, παραδιδόναι μοι.
>
> ἕτοιμος ἐγενόμην καὶ ἀπηνδρείωσα τὸ ἐν ἐμοὶ φρόνημα ἀπὸ τῆς τοῦ κόσμου ἀπάτης

As I noted in the commentary [2] to my translation:

> *Palingenesis*. Rather than ascribe a particular meaning to παλιγγενεσία - such as 'rebirth' or 'regeneration' - I have chosen the English word palingenesis (from the Latin palingenesia)

with that term explained by what follows in this particular discourse, qv. vv. 12 and 13.

the discourse on palingenesis. The Greek word translated here as 'discourse' is λόγος, as in the title.

imparted to me. παραδίδωμι carries the sense here of 'handing down' - of transmitting, disclosing - some ancestral teaching or wisdom; a disclosing from master to pupil.

separated from the world. In respect of ἀπαλλοτριόω what is implied is not 'alienated' from (which has too many modern connotations) the world (κόσμος), but rather 'separate' - distanced - from the world, from worldly things, as a mystic is often 'otherworldly' and may seem to be - to others, and to themselves - a stranger in the world.

distancing my ethos. Reading ἀπηλλοτρίωσα (with Parthey, et al) not the emendation of Nock (ἀπηνδρείωσα) with φρόνημα here suggestive of one's character and especially of one's "way of thinking", one's weltanschauung: that is, the 'spirit' or ethos which guides one's way of life.

treachery. ἀπάτης. Personified in Hesiod's Theogony as a child of Night (Νὺξ) along with "darksome Kir and Death" - Κῆρα μέλαιναν καὶ Θάνατον - and Nemesis, Νέμεσις.

The answer given to the seeker is also relevant:

> "My son, noetic sapientia is in silence, with the sowing the genuinely noble."
>
> Ὦ τέκνον, σοφία νοερὰ ἐν σιγῇ καὶ ἡ σπορὰ τὸ ἀληθινὸν ἀγαθόν

In my commentary I explained my interpretation of σοφία νοερὰ as noetic sapientia. [3]

Q: Can you give a practical example or examples of what you mean by withdrawing from everyday life?

A: It can be internally or externally from the society they currently dwell in and dependant on their health, how they express their awareness of the numinous, and whether they live alone or with a partner, or have a family.

Externally, if they live alone and their awareness of the numinous involves a conventional religion then they might choose to be part of a religious community, a monk or a nun or a hermit. Or if their awareness is different, for example an appreciation of Gaia in a paganus way, they may consider going 'off-grid' alone, with their partner or family.

Internally, of living in society but with no public or even private involvement except perhaps for some local, community, apolitical involvement consistent with their spiritual (numinous) understanding; acceptive of what-is, perhaps based on an understanding of how over long periods of causal time all societies, given they are human manufactured causal constructs, will change, be subject to reformation and possibly revolution, and ultimately be replaced by some other society or causal construct.

Q: And your own choice?

A: I endeavoured to express an aspect of this in two missives, one in 2023 and the other in 2025.

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One Tree Among Many

Beside the stone wall that marks one of the boundaries of what has for several years been my home is an evergreen Oak; almost a dome of spreading branches and so tall it might well be an hundred or so years in age. The tallest tree around from near where several other and various and tallish specimens of arboreal life provide perches for those whose Dawn Chorus becomes, was, is, a hymnal to such natural Life as has for centuries pleased us.

Two months ago, the Oak was sad; with leaves dry and dying and infested. But now, as clouds break to reveal sky-blue, bringer of early Summer warmth: the tree has that light green of leaf rebirth, and catkins heralds of acorns an English season hence. So there is joy within as this aged man "his foliage drying up and no stronger than a child, with three feet to guide him on his travels, wanders – appearing a shadow in the light of day." [4]

Would that he might hear one more Dawn Chorus to so remember those, these, simple natural beauties of life which he as so many others so easily forgot enwrapped as he, they, were in believed in, in felt, selfish concerns which all will, must, die with us while the Sun again warms each year as it warms and life-sprouting rain seeds rebirth without any interference from us at all.

So I sit, windows of sky and trees to enlighten again my life, listening to a heartbreaking, suspended moment in my measured out so very limited timespan of causal life: the 12th century Cistercian *Répons de Matines pour la fête de sant Bernard*.

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A Thankfulness

There is a thankfulness that I am still here, alive, able to appreciate being able to welcome in another Spring as Gaia renews again the life of this particular part of a temperate land. Yesterday morning, in a sheltered spot away from the colding wind with a post-equinoxal Sun rising into a sky of blue, I sat in a part of the garden and watched and heard a Bumblebee flying among some opening flowers while, around, the post-Dawn Chorus of wild birds sounded out as it has here for perhaps a thousand years. Such a simple pleasure which seemed to this old man to express the glorious meaning of Life.

An essence, beyond that other world beyond the presencing of Gaia here. That causal world of intemperate, hubriatic, abstractions some of which in decades past so enthralled, so enmeshed me, that I as so many others caused, contributed to, the suffering of other life, sentient and otherwise, on this insignificant planet orbiting one Star in one stellar-filled Galaxy among a Cosmos of billions of Galaxies.

But for how much longer will this natural rhythm of renewal of wild-fullness last? How much longer will it be before we learn to appreciate our human culture of pathei-mathos which formed the basis of Studia Humanitatis?

> "You are not here to verify,
> Instruct yourself, or inform curiosity
> Or carry report. You are here to kneel
> Where prayer has been valid." [5]

We in our majority in our hubris seem to have increasingly forgotten or never felt the personal humility, the empathy, or known the pathei-mathos, that leads us to the human necessity of prayer: be it to Gaia, to θειότης (the numinous, divinity-presenced), to θεοί, the gods; or to ὁ θεὸς, The Monas,

μονάς, The One-The Only, τὸ ἓν [...]

For we are only fleeting manifestations of Gaia, presenced for some decades at most; with my words just another feeble attempt to express what one fallible being has discovered by pathei-mathos.

> τέχναι δὲ Κάλχαντος οὐκ ἄκραντοι.
> Δίκα δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσ-
> ιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει:
> τὸ μέλλον δ᾽, ἐπεὶ γένοιτ᾽, ἂν κλύοις: πρὸ χαιρέτω:
> ἴσον δὲ τῷ προστένειν. [6]

David Myatt
June 2025

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Footnotes

1. *Corpus Hermeticum, Eight Tractates*. Translation and Commentary. (i) Printed version: ISBN-13 978-1976452369 (ii) Gratis pdf: https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2018/03/eight-tractates-v2-print.pdf

2. The commentary on Tractate XIII is on pp.153-187 of the pdf version.

3. *noetic sapientia*. For a variety of reasons, I have used the term noetic sapientia to denote σοφία νοερὰ.

i) The metaphysical terms νοῦς νοερός, νοῦς οὐσιώδης, and νοῦς ζωτικός occur in Proclus, qv.

Procli Diadochi In Platonis Timaeum Commentari, Volume 5, Book 4, 245-247; Procli in Platonis Parmenidem Commentaria, II 733 and IV 887. Interestingly, Proclus associates νοερός with the three 'septenary planets' Mercury, Venus, and the Sun.

Here, σοφία νοερὰ may well suggest a particular hermetic principle which requires contextual interpretation.

ii) As noted in my commentary on Poemandres 29 - where I used the Latin sapientia in respect of σοφία - in some contexts the English word 'wisdom' does not fully reflect the meaning (and the various shades) of σοφία, especially in a metaphysical (or esoteric) context given what the English term 'wisdom' now, in common usage and otherwise, often denotes.

As in the Poemandres tractate sapientia (for σοφία) requires contextual - a philosophical - interpretation, as Sophia (for σοφία) does in tractate XI where it is there suggestive, as with Aion, Kronos, and Kosmos, of a personified metaphysical principle.

iii) In respect of νοερός, the English word 'intellectual' has too many irrelevant modern connotations, with phrases such as 'intellectual wisdom' and 'the wisdom that understands' -

for σοφία νοερὰ - unhelpful regarding suggesting a relevant philosophical meaning. Hence the use of the term 'noetic' which suggests a particular type of apprehension - a perceiveration - whereby certain knowledge and a particular understanding can be ascertained.

Thus, noetic sapientia implies that the knowledge and understanding that is noetically acquired

transcends - or at least is different from - that acquired both (a) through observation of and deductions concerning phenomena and (b) through the use of denotatum whereby beings are given 'names' and assigned to abstractive categories with such naming and such categories assumed to provide knowledge and understanding of the physis of those beings. [In respect of physis, qv. the comment on φύσεως μιᾶς in section 12.]

In addition, given what follows - ἐν σιγῇ, 'in silence' - such knowledge and understanding does not require nor depend upon words whether they be spoken or written or thought. Hence, the 'source' of mortals is in, can be known and understood through, the silence of noetic sapientia.

4. τό θ᾽ ὑπέργηρων φυλλάδος ἤδη κατακαρφομένης τρίποδας μὲν ὁδοὺς στείχει, παιδὸς δ᾽

οὐδὲν ἀρείων ὄναρ ἡμερόφαντον ἀλαίνει. Aeschylus, Agamemnon, 79-82. My translation.

5. TS Eliot, Little Gidding.

6. The Agamemnon of Aeschylus, 249f. My translation.

But the Art of Calchas was not so incomplete:
The goddess, Δίκη, favours someone learning from adversity.
But I shall hear of what will be, after it comes into being: Before then, I leave it,
Otherwise, it is the same as a premature grieving.

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Appendix C
Primary Sources, Fallacies Of Reasoning, And Related Definitions

Primary Sources

Among primary sources are original manuscripts germane to the subject or to a historical event or a person; archaeological or fossil remains from an historical period; contemporaneous manuscripts, letters, diaries, memoirs, personal journals, interviews, speeches, and other materials which describe or relate (i) events in which a person or persons participated in or were direct observers of, (ii) ideas or creations, such as music, a philosophy, works of literature, poetry, and art-work which a person was responsible for and also their published writings in their original language, and authenticated manuscripts published and unpublished.

A scholar is a person who comprehensively researches, over an extended period of time, a particular subject, field of study, event or person using such primary sources and who, if the source material is in another language ancient or modern, can read that language and thus can personally translate such a work or passages from such a work. If the researcher cannot read and thus cannot personally translate such a language and has to rely on a translation by another person or persons, then their work becomes a secondary source.

Secondary sources are the writings, opinions, and conclusions and interpretations of others about such subjects or persons or events which (a) do not cite or critically analyze primary sources, and/or

(b) does not present research by the author(s) using primary source material.

Secondary sources thus provide second-hand information and personal commentary or opinion, and include articles and reviews in academic journals, and books published by academic publishers.

Thus a common mistake is citing such secondary sources as if they were primary sources and using such secondary sources to, or example, describe, classify, or define a person or a group or a philosophy.

Fallacy Of Appeal To Authority

The fallacy of appeal to authority, also known as the fallacy of Argumentum ad Verecundiam, is somewhat misunderstood in this age of the Internet. It is not only citing or quoting a person or persons who is/are regarded, by the person citing or quoting or by others, as an authority or

'expert' on a subject but also citing or quoting the opinion given by some institution, or 'policy/

advisory group' or similar, on a subject, regardless of whether or not the 'expert' or institution or whatever has their opinion published by some means or some medium regarded as 'mainstream', academic, or 'respectable' or authoritative.

The crux of the fallacy is a reliance by someone or by some others on who or what is regarded in a particular society as an authority on or as having a detailed or 'expert' knowledge of a subject or subjects.

Thus a recent statement such as the fallacy of appeal to authority "is when the opinion of a non-expert on a topic is used as evidence" is itself fallacious because although it appears to be a decisive statement regarding 'authority' it is logically not so having not only restricted the fallacy to those are not 'experts' but does not define what an 'expert' or a 'false expert' is or are or who or what person or institution, or 'policy/advisory group' or similar has the 'authority' to declare someone an 'expert' or a 'false expert' in a certain subject or subjects, and from whence a person or an institution, or 'policy/advisory group' or similar derives their own authority to make such declarations.

The corollary of the appeal to authority is personal research by scholarly means of a subject using primary sources.

Fallacy Of Ad Populum

This is when a person either 'follows the crowd' and believes or claims that because so many others have claimed or believe something it is probably true, or when they are convinced, usually emotively, by a propagandist or politician or by some populist speaker that something is true or that someone or some many are guilty or culpable.

Fallacy Of Argumentum ad Hominem

Argumentum ad hominem is when the character and/or the motives and/or the identity of the person presenting an argument is/are maligned or called into question often in an attempt to deflect attention away from the topic being discussed or from the opponents failure to answer questions asked of them or provide the evidence they were asked to provide.

Fallacy of Composition

Also known as the Fallacy of Illicit Transference. This is an example of equivocation, and is when a

generalization is made from a few specific instances or examples with the generalization then applied to pejoratively describe or malign a group or organization or person.

Fallacy Of The False Cause

Generally referred to by the Latin phrase non causa pro causa. This fallacy is the assumption that one thing is the cause of another without any logical reasoning or probative evidence.

Probative Evidence

Probative evidence is evidence which provides proof regarding a claim or an assertion or reveals the facts about an event or an occurrence or which on the balance of probability provides such proof.

While most often used in a legal sense in a trial in an established Court of Law, the term is also applicable in the matter of scholarly research using primary sources concerning an event (historical or otherwise) or concerning a person.

Fallacy Of Incomplete Evidence

Also known as the fallacy of suppressed evidence. This is when evidence which disproves or may disprove a claim or conclusion is not considered either deliberately (suppressed evidence) or because of a lack of detailed and scholarly research.

Scholarly

To be learned, to be a scholar in the traditional sense, is to have a profound knowledge gained by individual study. The criteria of scholarship are: (i) a detailed, meticulous, unbiased original research on and concerning a specific topic or topics or subject or person undertaken over a period of time, usually a year or more in duration and involving primary source material; (ii) an ability to be able to read primary sources in their original language; and (iii) a rational assessment of the knowledge acquired by such research, with such conclusions about the topic, topics, or subject being the logical result of the cumulative scholarly learning so acquired. If the researcher cannot read primary sources in their original language and has to rely on the translations of others then their conclusions are not original and not scholarly just as if they commit logical fallacies - such as the fallacy of Incomplete Evidence - then their conclusions are also not scholarly.

Appendix D

The Silent Tears of Unknowing

The truth that I am indebted. That I have a debt of personal honour to both Fran and to Sue, who died - thirteen years apart - leaving me bereft of love, replete with sorrow, and somewhat perplexed. A debt to all those other women (such as K, and J, and Twinkle) who, over four decades, I have hurt in a personal way; a debt to the Cosmos itself for the suffering I have caused and inflicted through the unethical pursuit of abstractions.

A debt somehow and in some way - beyond a simple remembrance of them - to especially make the life and death of Sue and Fran worthwhile and full of meaning, as if their tragic early dying meant something to both me, and through my words, my deeds, to others. A debt of change, of learning - in me, so that from my pathei-mathos I might be, should be, a better person; presencing through words, living, thought, and deeds, that simple purity of life felt, touched, known, in those stark moments of

the immediacy of their loss.

But this honour, I have so painfully discovered, is not the abstract honour of years, of decades, past that I in my arrogance and stupid adherence to and love of abstractions so foolishly believed in and upheld, being thus, becoming thus, as I was a cause of suffering. No; this instead is the essence of honour, founded in empathy; in an empathy with and thus a compassion for all life, sentient and otherwise. This is instead a being human; being in symbiosis with that-which is the essence of our humanity and which can, could and should, gently evolve us - far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, beings we have been, and unfortunately often still are; far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, often violent, person I had been, until recently.

A chance, an opportunity twice refused after Fran's death, when I - still then addicted to abstractions - continued to sally forth on their behalf, as if in some way such abstractions were alive, or could be brought to life or made to live if only I, and others, fought for them, sacrificed for them, suffered for them, and caused others to suffer.

But, as the third anniversary of Fran's suicide approached - amid the beauty and promise of one more English Spring - I became suffused again with tears, breaking forth from the sadness, the tragedy, the knowing, of my own unconscionable mistake. The mistake of forgetting; of distracting myself.

Forgetting the sorrow, the grief, the pain born from the moments of their dying; distracting myself as I have been by immersing myself in such abstractions as gave me some rôle, some illusion of importance, to keep me occupied, arrogant, and vain: a debtor running away from his debt. A debtor making excuses for each new scheme and scam: an excuse for every hustle, delusion, and lie. For it was so easy - just so very easy - to continue to delude myself.

There are no excuses for this continued failure, this error, of mine, following Fran's death. No words which can hide the truth I tried to hide from myself for so long. The blame is mine, and mine alone. The blame for not immediately acting upon my own inner understanding.

For the reality of my past nine or so years is not that of some sudden life-changing revelation, but rather of a profound inner struggle whose genesis lay years before - in my experiences with and passion for women; in my time in a monastery; in my ever-growing love for Nature and my involvement with English rural life; in Sue's illness and her tragic death.

This intense struggle was akin to an addiction, and I an addict addicted to abstractions. A struggle between my empathy, my understanding, my pathei-mathos, and my life-long belief, itself an abstraction, that somehow in some way I could make a positive difference to the world and that such abstractions as I adhered to, or aided or advocated were or could be a beginning for a better world, and that to achieve this new world certain sacrifice were, unfortunately, necessary.

A struggle which gave rise to what became - refined, and extended, year after year - The Numinous Way, and which struggle was an interior war to change myself, to actually live, every year, every month, every week, every day, suffused with an empathic awareness and a desire not to cause suffering; the struggle to abandon abstractions.

For nine years or so this interior struggle wore me down, until it gradually faded away. It was akin to cycling up a long steep mountain climb in mist and drizzly rain, struggling on against one's aching body and against the desire to stop and rest; and not being able to see the end, the summit, of the climb.

And then, slowly, the drizzle ceases, the mist begins to clear, the road becomes gradually less steep,

and one is there - in warm bright sunshine nearing the summit of that climb, able to see the beautiful, the numinous, vista beyond, below, for the first time, and which vista after such an effort brings a restful interior peace, the silent tears of one person who feels their human insignificance compared to the mountains, the valleys below, the sky, the Sun, and the vast Cosmos beyond: the wyrdful nature of one fleeting delicate mortal microcosmic nexion which is one's own life.

Thus, and at last, I ceased all involvement with Islam. In truth, I ceased involvement with everything; becoming only one still error-prone human being among billions. One human being who had no aim, no goals, who adhered to no abstractions - either his own or manufactured by others - but who instead just lived day after fleeting or slow day, and who occasionally would record, by some written words, some experience, some personal feeling, or the result of some Thought, manifest as a poem, perhaps, or some missive to a friend, or perhaps an article to elucidate some matter concerned with that Numinous Way which, over those nine years of struggle, represented both the silent tears of my unknowing and the results of my πάθει μάθος.

Thus, and at last, I ceased all involvement with Islam. In truth, I ceased involvement with everything; becoming only one still error-prone human being among billions. One human being who had no aim, no goals, who adhered to no abstractions - either his own or manufactured by others - but who instead just lived day after fleeting or slow day, and who occasionally would record, by some written words, some experience, some personal feeling, or the result of some Thought, manifest as a poem, perhaps, or some missive to a friend, or perhaps an article to elucidate some matter concerned with that Numinous Way [17] which, over those nine years of struggle, represented both the silent tears of my unknowing and the results of my πάθει μάθος. As I was to write, not that long ago now, and while on a holiday:

> The moment of sublime knowing
> As clouds part above the Bay
> And the heat of Summer dries the spots of rain Still falling:
>
> I am, here, now, where dark clouds of thunder
> Have given way to blue
> Such that the tide, turning,
> Begins to break my vow of distance
> Down.
>
> A women, there, whose dog, disobeying,
> Splashes sea with sand until new interest
> Takes him where
> This bearded man of greying hair
> No longer reeks
> With sadness.
>
> Instead:
> The smile of joy when Sun of Summer
> Presents again this Paradise of Earth
> For I am only tears, falling

Thus, it is to Sue and Fran to whom I dedicate this work: they who profoundly changed me, and to whom I owe so much. They who by a remembrance of their love, their lives, their gifts, have finally, at last - after so much arrogance and stupidity and weakness on my part - revealed to me the most important truth concerning human life. Which is that a shared, a loyal, love between two people is the

most beautiful, the most numinous, the most valuable thing of all.

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Source:
David Myatt, *Myngath*, 2013, ISBN 978-1484110744

Appendix E
A Fundamental Question

Quid Est Veritas?

A fundamental question now as in centuries past is what is the 'truth' about a person, about an event, or about some-thing supra-personal such as some -ism or -ology or group or movement which several or many persons believe in, or accept, or belong to, or adhere to.

The English word 'truth' suggests conformity with fact, agreement with reality, accuracy of representation; with the Latin veritas and the Greek ἀλήθεια (alétheia) suggesting a similar sense but also and importantly, in regard to the Greek, of what is disclosed having been previously concealed for whatever reason or from whatever cause, as for example in the following:

(i) vv. 5-6 of tractate XIII of the Corpus Hermeticum,

> Καὶ ἐν τούτῳ ψεύδῃ· τὸ γὰρ θνητὸν εἶδος καθ ΄ ἡμέραν ἀλλάσσεται· χρόνῳ γὰρ τρέπεται εἰς αὔξησιν καὶ μείωσιν, ὡς ψεῦδος.
>
> Τί οὖν ἀληθές ἐστιν, ὦ Τρισμέγιστε
>
> In that you have been deceived, for the form of the deathful alters every day: changed by the seasons, it grows then withers and so deceives.
>
> What then - Trismegistus - is the actuality? [1]

(ii) v. 1567 of the Agamemnon,

> ἐς τόνδ᾽ ἐνέβης ξὺν ἀληθείᾳ χρησμόν
> until now, what the oracle revealed has been followed

(iii) In 3: 21 in the Gospel of John,

> ὁ δὲ ποιῶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν
> literally, "they practising the disclosing". [2]

Replacement And Concealment

The quotation from tractate XIII of the Corpus Hermeticum expresses something of the reality of the change that occurs in Nature and in ourselves as children of Gaia, [3] and also in those constructs we mortals manufacture be these constructs material or based on denotata but which denotata like material ones do not embody what is living and part of Nature. Instead, denotata express an idea, an ideal, which can and often do form the basis of some -ism or some -ology. [4] That is,

πάντα γὰρ σώματα ζῶντα ἔμψυχα, τὰ δὲ μὴ ζῶντα ὕλη πάλιν καθ' ἑαυτήν ἐστι
all living beings presence life while the non-living are substance only

Tractate XI, v.10, Νοῦς πρὸς Ἑρμῆν. [5]

For all denotata by their physis [6] are substances which require mortals to embody and transmit them verbally or by writing (be it handwritten, printed, or in digital form) and given the physis of mortals both the embodiment and the transmission will naturally change, vary, over causal time. Hence why a denotata such as a specific 'national identity' will vary as the population within a specifically named 'nation' changes over decades and centuries as a result of various factors be they immigration, emigration; invasion, occupation, by others; economic decline; environmental factors; education; or through the zeitgeist of that 'nation' changing or being changed as for example by an internal revolution which replaces one -ology or religious belief with another.

Hence why a certain 'truth' accepted somewhere for a while, be it decades or centuries, can and does change, or is or becomes concealed and replaced with another 'truth'. Most ideas, ideals, -isms and -ologies present or are said or believed to present a certain 'truth' or certain 'truths', for example about ourselves, or about some-thing such as 'happiness', or about some existence after death, or about some type of apparently needed or 'better' governance.

How then can we discover, reveal, the truth about a person, about an event, or about some-thing such as some -ism or -ology or group or movement?

It is my view, derived from personal experience, from considering questions of exegesis, and from translating and commenting on Greek texts such as the Corpus Hermeticum and the Gospel of John, that pathei-mathos, empathy, and personal research over an extended period of time using primary sources, [7] are a means whereby we as individuals can answer the question of what is the truth about someone, some event, or about some-thing such as some -ism or -ology or group or movement; and that if we do not use such means then it is incumbent on us, as mortal fallible beings capable of reason and possessed of the ability to apprehend the numinous and thus the error of hubris, [8] to refrain from commenting on what we have not personally discovered.

For,

οὐκ οἶδ᾽: ἐφ᾽ οἷς γὰρ μὴ φρονῶ σιγᾶν φιλῶ
I do not know: about things I cannot judge for myself, I prefer to be silent. [9]

Similarly,

σοφία νοερὰ ἐν σιγῇ
noetic sapientia is in silence [10]

David Myatt
Spring Equilux
2025

Ξ Ξ Ξ

1. DWM, *Corpus Hermeticum: Eight Tractates*, Translation and Commentary, p.148. https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2018/03/eight-tractates-v2-print.pdf

'Deathful' is my translation of θνητός used in several tractates, qv. Poemandres 14, tractate VIII:1, and tractate XI:7ff, inspired as it was by Chapman's poetic translation of the Hymn to Venus from the Homeric Hymns: "that with a deathless goddess lay a deathful man".

I also used it in my rendering of an enigmatic verse attributed to Heraclitus:

> ἀθάνατοι θνητοί, θνητοὶ ἀθάνατοι, ζῶντες τὸν ἐκείνων θάνατον, τὸν δὲ ἐκείνων βίον τεθνεῶτες. (Fragment 62, Diels-Krantz)
>
> The deathless are deathful, the deathful deathless, with one living the other's dying with the other dying in that other's life.

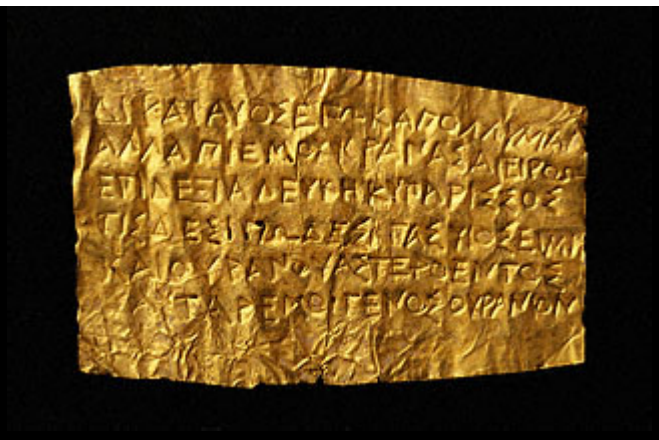
2. Translated by DWM, *The Gospel According to John,* Translation And Commentary, Volume I, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2023/08/myatt-gospel-john-1-5.pdf

The context is:

> 16 οὕτως γὰρ ἠγάπησεν ὁ θεὸς τὸν κόσμον, ὥστε τὸν υἱὸν τὸν μονογενῆ ἔδωκεν, ἵνα πᾶς ὁ πιστεύων εἰς αὐτὸν μὴ ἀπόληται ἀλλ’ ἔχῃ ζωὴν αἰώνιον.
> 17 οὐ γὰρ ἀπέστειλεν ὁ θεὸς τὸν υἱὸν εἰς τὸν κόσμον ἵνα κρίνῃ τὸν κόσμον, ἀλλ’ ἵνα σωθῇ ὁ κόσμος δι’ αὐτοῦ.
> 18 ὁ πιστεύων εἰς αὐτὸν οὐ κρίνεται· ὁ δὲ μὴ πιστεύων ἤδη κέκριται, ὅτι μὴ πεπίστευκεν εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ μονογενοῦς υἱοῦ τοῦ θεοῦ.
> 19 αὕτη δέ ἐστιν ἡ κρίσις ὅτι τὸ φῶς ἐλήλυθεν εἰς τὸν κόσμον καὶ ἠγάπησαν οἱ ἄνθρωποι μᾶλλον τὸ σκότος ἢ τὸ φῶς· ἦν γὰρ αὐτῶν πονηρὰ τὰ ἔργα.
> 20 πᾶς γὰρ ὁ φαῦλα πράσσων μισεῖ τὸ φῶς καὶ οὐκ ἔρχεται πρὸς τὸ φῶς, ἵνα μὴ ἐλεγχθῇ τὰ ἔργα αὐτοῦ·
> 21 ὁ δὲ ποιῶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν ἔρχεται πρὸς τὸ φῶς, ἵνα φανερωθῇ αὐτοῦ τὰ ἔργα ὅτι ἐν θεῷ ἐστιν εἰργασμένα.
>
> Theos so loved the world that he offered up his only begotten son so that all those trusting in him would not perish but might have life everlasting. For Theos did not dispatch his son to the world to condemn the world, but rather that the world might be rescued through him. Whosoever trusts in him is not condemned while whomsoever does not trust is condemned for he has not trusted in the Nomen of the only begotten son of Theos. And this is the condemnation: That the Phaos arrived in the world but mortals loved the darkness more than the Phaos, for their deeds were harmful. For anyone who does what is mean dislikes the Phaos and does not come near the Phaos lest their deeds be exposed. But whomsoever practices disclosure goes to the Phaos so that their deeds might be manifest as having been done through Theos.

3.

> Γῆς παῖς εἰμι καὶ Οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος
> I am a child of Gaia and the starry heavens



Gold funerary tablet (c. 200 BCE) found at Eleutherna, Crete,
of the kind presumed to be associated with an aural ἱερός λόγος (esoteric mythos),
all of which funerary items have inscriptions similar to the above.
qv. Tractate III, Ιερός Λόγος, Corpus Hermeticum

4. In regard to abstractions, qv. (i) *Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos*, pp.530-534 of *Selected Writings 2012-2024*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/12/selected-writings-dwm.pdf and (ii) *Numinosity, Denotata, Empathy, And The Hermetic Tradition*, pp.6-12 of *Selected Writings*, op.cit.

5. As noted in my commentary on tractates of the Corpus Hermeticum: (i) *substance*, ὕλη, the materia of 'things' and living beings, contrasted with οὐσία, essence. qv. Pœmandres 10, (ii) *presence life*, ἔμψυχος.

6.

> "Physis is usually translated as either 'Nature' (as if 'the natural world', and the physical cosmos beyond, are meant) or as the character (the nature) of a person. However, while the context - of the original Greek text - may suggest (as often, for example, in Homer and Herodotus) such a meaning as such English words impute, physis philosophically (as, for example, in Heraclitus and Aristotle and the Corpus Hermeticum) has specific ontological meanings. Meanings which are lost, or glossed over, when physis is simply translated either as 'Nature' or - in terms of mortals - as (personal) character.
>
> Ontologically, as Aristotle makes clear, physis denotes the being of those beings who or which have the potentiality (the being) to change, be changed, or to develope. That is, to become, or to move or be moved; as for example in the motion (of 'things') and the 'natural unfolding' or growth, sans an external cause, that living beings demonstrate.
>
> However, and crucially, physis is not - for human beings - some abstract 'essence' (qv. Plato's ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος) but rather a balance between the being that it is, it was, and potentially might yet be. That is, in Aristotelian terms, it is a meson - μέσον - of being and 'not being'; and 'not being' in the sense of not yet having become what it could be, and not now being what it used to be. Hence why, for Aristotle, a manifestation of physis - in terms of the being of mortals - such as arête (ἀρετή) is a meson, a balance of things, and not, as it is for Plato, some fixed 'form' - some idea, ideal - which as Plato wrote "always exists, and has no genesis. It does not die, does not grow, does not decay."
>
> According to my understanding of Heraclitus, physis also suggests - as in Fragment 1 - the 'natural' being of a being which we mortals have a tendency to cover-up or conceal."

The Concept Of Physis, pp.500-502, *Selected Writings*, op.cit.

7. In the matter of exegesis refer to (i) *Questions of Good, Evil, Honour, and God*, pp.406-432 of *Selected Writings*, op.cit. (ii) *Religion, Exegesis, And The Fallacy Of Appeal To Authority*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/11/dwm-religion-exegesis-fallacy-1.pdf (iii) *Exegesis And Pathei-Mathos*, pp.52-54 of *A Child Of Gaia*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/08/dwm-child-of-gaia.pdf

In the matter of pathei-mathos and empathy refer to *The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos*, pp.459-524, of *Selected Writings*, op.cit.

In the matter of personal experience refer to *Research, Primary Sources, And Pathei-Mathos*, pp.794-5, in *Selected Writings*, op.cit.

In the matter of primary sources:

"Among primary sources are original manuscripts germane to the subject or to a historical person, such as in the case of Jesus of Nazareth, Papyrus Bodmer in the Vatican Library, and in the case of Sappho fragments of papyri such as P. Oxyrhynchus. XV, 1787 fr. 1 and 2; archaeological or fossil remains from an historical period; contemporaneous manuscripts, letters, diaries, memoirs, personal journals, interviews, speeches, and other materials which describe or relate (i) events in which a person or persons participated in or observers of, (ii) ideas or creations, such as music, a philosophy, works of literature, poetry, and art-work which a person was responsible for and also their published writings in their original language, and authenticated manuscripts published and unpublished.

The writings, opinions, and conclusions of others about such subjects or persons are secondary sources, with tertiary sources a collection or compendium of such secondary sources. In regard to the original language of primary sources, if a person venturing an opinion about such material cannot read the original language, and does not personally translate such a work or passages from such a work and thus has to use the translations of others then opinions and conclusions about that work are secondary sources."

Research, Primary Sources, And Pathei-Mathos, pp.794-5, in *Selected Writings*, op.cit

8. An awareness of the numinous is what predisposes us not to commit the error, the folly, of ὕβρις.

> "The numinous is θειότης, divinity-presenced, as in tractate XI v. 11 of the Corpus Hermeticum, θειότητα μίαν, and as in Plutarch, De Pythiae Oraculis, 407a, 398a-f. The numinous is essentially what is, or what manifests or can manifest or remind us of (what can reveal) that which is felt, experienced, or understood as sacred, numinal, sublime, divine, awe-inspiring, beautiful, and beyond our ability, as mortals, to control or meaningfully express through the medium of words. For Christians, it is considered to be God; for Muslims, Allah; for the Romans, divinitas; for others ancient and modern, it was and is considered to be expressible, or intimated, by mythoi and presenced in ὁ θεὸς, the deity, and/or by θεοί, the gods."

Notes On War, Suffering, And Personal Judgement,
pp.19-22 of *A Child Of Gaia*, op.cit.

The numinous is also presenced in an awareness of Gaia (Nature) as a living being which we are mortal emanations of.

9. Sophocles, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, 569.

10. Corpus Hermeticum, tractate XI, v.2

From my commentary on that tractate:

> *noetic sapientia*. For a variety of reasons, I have used the term *noetic sapientia* to denote σοφία νοερὰ.
>
> i) The metaphysical terms νοῦς νοερός, νοῦς οὐσιώδης, and νοῦς ζωτικός occur in Proclus, qv. *Procli Diadochi In Platonis Timaeum Commentari*, Volume 5, Book 4, 245-247; *Procli in Platonis Parmenidem Commentaria*, II 733 and IV 887. Interestingly, Proclus associates νοερός with the three 'septenary planets' Mercury, Venus, and the Sun.
>
> Here, σοφία νοερὰ may well suggest a particular hermetic principle which requires contextual interpretation.
>
> ii) As noted in my commentary on Poemandres 29 - where I used the Latin *sapientia* in respect of σοφία - in some contexts the English word 'wisdom' does not fully reflect the meaning (and the various shades) of σοφία, especially in a metaphysical (or esoteric) context given what the English term 'wisdom' now, in common usage and otherwise, often denotes. As in the Poemandres tractate *sapientia* (for σοφία) requires contextual - a philosophical - interpretation, as Sophia (for σοφία) does in tractate XI where it is there suggestive, as with Aion, Kronos, and Kosmos, of a personified metaphysical principle.
>
> iii) In respect of νοερός, the English word 'intellectual' has too many irrelevant modern connotations, with phrases such as 'intellectual wisdom' and 'the wisdom that understands' - for σοφία νοερὰ - unhelpful regarding suggesting a relevant philosophical meaning. Hence the use of the term 'noetic' which suggests a particular type of apprehension - a perceiveration - whereby certain knowledge and a particular understanding can be ascertained.
>
> Thus, *noetic sapientia* implies that the knowledge and understanding that is noetically acquired transcends - or at least is different from - that acquired both (a) through observation of and deductions concerning phenomena and (b) through the use of denotatum whereby beings are given 'names' and assigned to abstractive categories with such naming and such categories assumed to provide knowledge and understanding of the physis of those beings. [In respect of physis, qv. the comment on φύσεως μιᾶς in section 12.]
>
> In addition, given what follows - ἐν σιγῇ, 'in silence' - such knowledge and understanding does not require nor depend upon words whether they be spoken or written or thought. Hence, the 'source' of mortals is in, can be known and understood through, the silence of noetic sapientia.
>
> *Corpus Hermeticum: Eight Tractates*, op.cit.

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A Modern Phantasy About A Man

Introduction.
I. An Establishment Orthodoxy.
II. A Similitude For Our Times.
Appendix I. A Critical Analysis: Senholt, Goodrick-Clarke, And Introvigne.
Appendix II. Research, Primary Sources, And Pathei-Mathos.

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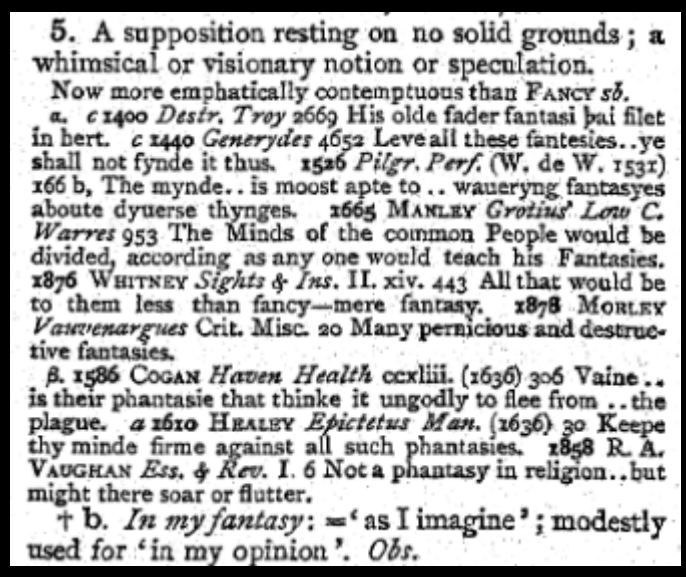
Introduction

A phantasy is an illusionary appearance; a supposition resting on no solid ground; a delusionary imagining; something fictional that is believed to be real or true.



5. A supposition resting on no solid grounds; a whimsical or visionary notion or speculation.
Now more emphatically contemptuous than FANCY *sb.*
α. *c* 1400 *Destr. Troy* 2669 His olde fader fantasi þai filet in hert. *c* 1440 *Generydes* 4652 Leve all these fantesies..ye shall not fynde it thus. 1526 *Pilgr. Perf.* (W. de W. 1531) 166 b, The mynde.. is moost apte to .. waueryng fantasyes aboute dyuerse thynges. 1665 MANLEY *Grotius' Low C. Warres* 953 The Minds of the common People would be divided, according as any one would teach his Fantasies. 1876 WHITNEY *Sights & Ins.* II. xiv. 443 All that would be to them less than fancy—mere fantasy. 1878 MORLEY *Vauvenargues* Crit. Misc. 20 Many pernicious and destructive fantasies.
β. 1586 COGAN *Haven Health* ccxliii. (1636) 306 Vaine.. is their phantasie that thinke it ungodly to flee from ..the plague. *a* 1610 HEALEY *Epictetus Man.* (1636) 30 Keepe thy minde firme against all such phantasies. 1858 R. A. VAUGHAN *Ess. & Rev.* I. 6 Not a phantasy in religion..but might there soar or flutter.
† b. *In my fantasy*: ='as I imagine'; modestly used for 'in my opinion'. *Obs.*

The man in question is David Myatt. The phantasy is not only that David Myatt is 'Anton Long' of O9A infamy, but also (i) that since 'Anton Long' (AL) promoted deception and misdirection, David Myatt (DM) is deceptive with DM's post-2012 writings about rejecting extremism and neo-nazism and about his philosophy of pathei-mathos therefore deceptive, {1} part of a diabolical plan, and (ii) that anyone who criticizes the phantasy or asks for evidence that DM=AL or who writes about Myatt in any positive way is probably DM himself, and (iii) that DM spends almost every day searching for his name on the internet and on social media, and (iv) he posts on social media using a variety of pseudonyms in order to contradict the phantasy and to post links to his post-2012 writings, and (v) that there is an academic consensus that DM=AL, and (vi) that, contrary to jurisprudence, it is for Myatt to prove that he is not AL and not for them to prove that he is AL.

This phantasy is prevalent on the Internet and is particularly spread by means of 'social media' with believers in the phantasy often incorrectly claiming that "there is a clear academic consensus that DM=AL".

The phantasy, like most phantasies, does not require evidential facts to support it for it relies on belief and on fallacies such as the fallacy *ad populum* {2} and the fallacy of *appeal to authority*. {3} Thus in the phantasy the protagonists are 'the infallibles', the true believers, while the antagonist is evil nazi Myatt. The phantasy has been and is being promoted by the große Lüge technique which where a lie or accusation – or several lies or accusations – about a person, or persons, or group, is or are repeated so often by so many and by various means that a large proportion of people accept the lie or lies or accusation(s) as fact even though nothing probative in support of such lies and accusations is ever presented.

In addition, as noted in chapter I, since 2018 the phantasy that DM=AL has become the Establishment {4} orthodoxy regarding Mr Myatt.

Haereticus Reputandus & Ivanus Barthul
March 2026

▽▽▽

{1} A recent (2025) expression of this claim of Myatt being deceptive is the MA thesis titled *Across the Abyss: Heideggerian impact on the Occult Longtermism of the Order of Nine Angles*. The claims are examined in detail in *The Early And The Later Myatt: A Study In Temerous Claims*, https://archive.org/download/the-early-and-later-david-myatt/the-early-and-later-david-myatt.pdf
The authors of that study conclude that

> "what is apparent from the thesis, and from other works about or which mention or describe Myatt's life and writings, is the lack of scholarship evident in not deviating from what apparently has become the accepted narrative in academia and elsewhere: that Myatt was/is Anton Long, and founded the ONA; is probably still a 'hidden hand' behind it; with his rejection of extremism and National Socialism a deception by a 'devious person', and which deception includes his 'philosophy of pathei-mathos', a/k/a the Numinous Way with its virtues of tolerance and compassion. It was therefore no surprise that in 2021 Myatt was listed by the Counter Extremism Project, a political 'special interest group' partly funded by the US Department of Homeland Security, as one of the twenty most dangerous extremists in the world.
>
> The narrative is redolent of prejudice, which in this instance implies a preconceived opinion not based on scholarly research using primary sources, and thus is contrary to centuries of scholarship because the sources used are not Myatt's own post-2012 writings since such writings are and have been deemed to be 'deceptive' with Myatt regarded as a 'devious person'. Instead, the sources are the interpretative works, the secondary sources, and the opinions, of others, with the conclusions reached modern examples of the fallacy of *non causa pro causa*."

{2} The Fallacy of Ad Populum is when a person either 'follows the crowd' and believes or claims that because so many others have claimed or believe something it is probably true, or when they are convinced, usually emotively, by a propagandist or politician or by some populist speaker that something is true or that someone or some many are guilty or culpable.

{3} The Fallacy of Appeal to Authority, also known as the fallacy of Argumentum ad Verecundiam, is somewhat misunderstood in this age of the Internet. It is not only citing or quoting a person or persons who is/are regarded, by the person citing or quoting or by others, as an authority or 'expert' on a subject but also citing or quoting the opinion given by some institution, or 'policy/advisory group' or similar, on a subject, regardless of whether or not the 'expert' or institution or whatever has their opinion published by some means or some medium regarded as 'mainstream', academic, or 'respectable' or authoritative.

The crux of the fallacy is a reliance by someone or by some others on who or what is regarded in a particular society as an authority on or as having a detailed or 'expert' knowledge of a subject or subjects.

The corollary of the appeal to authority is personal research by scholarly means of a subject using

primary sources. Furthermore,

> "What is noticeable is that in recent decades there have been attempts to redefine certain fallacies, an example being the appeal to authority, which is citing or quoting a person or persons who is of who are regarded, by the person citing or quoting or by others, as an authority on a subject with the implicit assumption or an overt spoken or written assertion that such an authority should be respected because, for instance, the 'authority' is an academic while the disputant is not and therefore the opinion or statement by the 'authority' is the correct one.
>
> In the matter of the fallacy of appeal to authority the re-definition is along the following lines: that the fallacy is when the opinion of a non-expert on a topic is used as evidence; which statement is, while appearing to be a decisive statement concerning 'authority', is not so for two reasons. First, because the presumption is that the opinion or statement by a 'non-expert' is inferior to the opinion or statement of an 'expert'; second, there is the question of what criteria is used to define 'an expert' as distinct from a 'non-expert' and thus from whence or from whom or how the 'expert' derives their presumed authority on a particular subject; presumably by an appeal to others who are regarded, at the time, as 'experts' themselves, or by an appeal to the 'authority' of an academic institution or some conclave or institution of 'experts' on the subject in question.
>
> This presumption regarding expert knowledge or expertize is contrary to both experimental science and scholarship, for both can and have been used to overturn accepted, and current or past 'expert', opinion." Appendix II, Research, Primary Sources, And Pathei-Mathos.

{4} By the Establishment is meant those who in modern Western societies have the power, the means, to influence and to shape 'public opinion' on matters political and social. The Establishment thus includes politicians and the incumbent government of America, the governments of Europe and some other countries and often the 'political opposition'; large often multinational business enterprises; the mainstream Media, especially national newspapers and television news media; well-funded or government supported special-interest advocacy groups both political and business-orientated; established academics whose work has featured in mainstream publications; and so-called 'independent' or 'freelance' or 'investigative' journalists whose work is used by and/or praised by the mainstream Media or by special-interest advocacy groups.

An Establishment represents the orthodoxy, the zeitgeist, of a particular era, with adherence to or a belief in that orthodoxy a good indication of who or what is part of or supportive of (consciously or otherwise) the Establishment.

I.
An Establishment Orthodoxy

A recently republished item by one of the many 'policy groups' dealing with 'extremism' and funded by agencies or departments of Western governments and/or by multinational corporations such as Microsoft, contained a section about David Myatt. The item was in the Order of Nine Angles (O9A, ONA) part of Mapping Militant Organizations and originally dated from 2022, with the policy group in question, Mapping Militants Project, (MMP) largely funded by the US Department of Defence.

The item will be examined here since it adheres to and propagates and is an example of what since 2018 has become the Establishment orthodoxy about Myatt as evident (i) in other items by such policy groups with sections on the O9A such as the Counter Extremism Project, the Institute for Strategic

Dialogue, and the Combating Terrorism Center, and (ii) in the article about Myatt in the tertiary internet-based source known as 'wikipedia' used by millions of people a day when they seek information in English and many other languages about a person or a group.

The section about Myatt by the MPP gives the appearance of being well-researched since it contains multiple citations, which section, together with the numbered citations reads:

> <begin quotation>
> David Myatt ("Anton Long" or "Abdul Aziz ibn Myatt"): While the origins of O9A are uncertain, scholars believe that David Myatt, a British far-right extremist, founded the group in the 1970s under the pseudonym "Anton Long."[26] Although Myatt denies being connected to the group, textual evidence analyzed by the religious studies scholar Jacob Senholt refutes this claim.[27] Given O9A's non-hierarchical structure, it is difficult to determine the extent to which Myatt has controlled the group. Still, scholars generally agree that Myatt has served as "the driving force behind the ONA, and the principal author of most of the Order's texts."[28]
>
> In 1969, while in high school, Myatt joined Colin Jordan's Nationalist Socialist Movement (NSM), a neo-Nazi organization that later came to be known as the British Movement (BM).[29] Myatt served as a bodyguard for Jordan during his rallies for several years before leaving to form his own extremist group called the National Democratic Freedom Movement (NDFM).[30] In addition to NDFM, Myatt also "became involved in paramilitary clandestine violent neo-Nazi groups between the 1970s and 1990s, such as Column 88 and Combat 18, in which he took over leadership positions."[31] During that same period, Myatt founded O9A and produced many of the group's foundational texts.[32] In 1998, Myatt converted to Islam and changed his name to Abdul Aziz ibn Myatt.[33] Jacob Senholt characterized Myatt's radical ideological shift as "part of a 'satanic' game of 'sinister dialectics.'"[34] Over a decade later, in 2010, Myatt announced that he had rejected Islam along with all extremist ideologies.[35] In 2021, Myatt was listed by the Counter Extremism Project as one of the world's 20 most dangerous extremists.[36]
> <end quotation>
>
> Source: https://mappingmilitants.org/profiles/order-of-nine-angles (Accessed 27 Feb 2026)

The citations given are as follows:

> [26] Introvigne, Massimo. *Satanism: A Social History* (Leiden: Brill, 2016), 357-358.; Goodrick-Clarke, Nicholas. *Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism, and the Politics of Identity* (New York: New York University Press, 2002), 216.; Senholt, Jacob C. "Secret Identities in the Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism and the Convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism, and National Socialism in the Order of Nine Angles", in P. Faxneld and J.A. Petersen, *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2013), 268.
>
> [27] Senholt, Jacob C. "Secret Identities in the Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism and the Convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism, and National Socialism in the Order of Nine Angles", in P. Faxneld and J.Aa. Petersen, *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2013), 268.
>
> [28] Monette, Connell and John Shoup. *Mysticism in the 21st Century* (Sirius Academic Press, 2015), 80.
>
> [29] Introvigne, Massimo. *Satanism: A Social History* (Leiden: Brill, 2016), 357-358.; Gable, Gerry.

"Colin Jordan." *The Guardian*. April 12, 2009. https://www.theguardian.com/politics/2009/apr/13/obituary-colin-jordan.

[30] Introvigne, Massimo. *Satanism: A Social History* (Leiden: Brill, 2016), 358.

[31] Koehler, David. *From Traitor to Zealot: Exploring the Phenomenon of Side-Switching in Extremism and Terrorism* (Cambridge University Press, 2021), 156.

[32] Monette, Connell and John Shoup. *Mysticism in the 21st Century* (Sirius Academic Press, 2015), 92.; Goodrick-Clarke, Nicholas. *Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism, and the Politics of Identity* (New York: New York University Press, 2002), 218.

[33] Introvigne, Massimo. *Satanism: A Social History* (Leiden: Brill, 2016), 358.; Koehler, David. *From Traitor to Zealot: Exploring the Phenomenon of Side-Switching in Extremism and Terrorism* (Cambridge University Press, 2021), 159.

[34] Senholt, Jacob C. "Secret Identities in the Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism and the Convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism, and National Socialism in the Order of Nine Angles", in P. Faxneld and J.A. Petersen, *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2013), 270.

[35] Introvigne, Massimo. *Satanism: A Social History* (Leiden: Brill, 2016), 358.

[36] "The Top 20 Most Dangerous Extremists Around the World." *Counter Extremism Project*. N.d. https://web.archive.org/web/20210126120934/https://www.counterextremism.....

Analysis Of The Claims

° The claims of Senholt, Introvigne, and Goodrick-Clarke - in the MMP item, citations [26] [27] [29] [30] [33] [34] [35] - are examined in Appendix I: *A Critical Analysis: Senholt, Goodrick-Clarke, And Introvigne.*

The statement by the author(s) of the MMP item that "textual evidence analyzed by the religious studies scholar Jacob Senholt..." reveals the nature of the MMP claims, since Senholt provided no evidence from forensic linguistics {1} either his own analysis of that undertaken by an accredited analyst, but just made assumptions about connections as detailed in the Senholt section of Appendix I, *A Critical Analysis: Senholt, Goodrick-Clarke, And Introvigne.*

° Regarding reference [28] Monette writes in that cited book:

> "This is not to say that there are no hypotheses about the identity of Anton Long, but rather that the principal suspect (David Myatt) has refused to acknowledge any connection with this nom-de-guerre. It is also quite possible that the name has been used by multiple individuals over the last 30 years, and may continue to be used in a similar vein."

Thus Monette does not write about Myatt, as the author(s) of the MMP item intimated, but about Anton Long:

> "While Long writes primarily in English, it is clear that he draws inspiration from not only British but also international sources; not infrequently, his texts include passages of Classical Greek, as well as Sanskrit and Arabic spiritual terms. Despite his driving role in the Order over the last three decades in March 2012 Anton Long announced his retirement from public life..."

Monette also writes:

> "The founder of the group, Anton Long, has remained a mystery to members of the movement, as well as to academics."

° What the author(s) of the MMP item omit is (i) that Daveed Gartenstein-Ross wrote in 2023 that it is "possible that Anton Long is a pseudonym used or appropriated by multiple O9A authors" {2} and (ii) that George Sieg expressed doubts regarding Myatt being Long, since he considered it to be "implausible and untenable based on the extent of variance in writing style, personality, and tone" between Myatt and Long's writings. {3}

° Citation [31] is to Koehler who wrote about Myatt's political involvements such as with Combat 18, with the paramilitary neo-nazi group Column 88, and his ideological and spiritual quest, not about the ONA/O9A.

In summary, there are no citations of scholarly works {4} based on primary sources {5} with the MMP item following the now well-established pattern of citing secondary sources in relation to Myatt; with those citing the MMP item providing an example of the fallacy of appeal to authority.

In addition, the author(s) of the MMP item in citing Monette intimate something different from what Monette wrote, with the Koehler citation unrelated to the claim that DM=AL.

The MMP item is thus a classic example of not only why the Establishment orthodoxy is essentially propaganda about the individual in question, but also of why so many people commit the fallacies of *appeal to authority* and *ad populum* accepting as they do that such items are reliable and trustworthy.

▽▽▽

{1} On the question of forensic linguistics and the writings of DM and AL, qv. *Author Profiling In The Case Of David Myatt And Anton Long*, https://archive.org/download/dm-o9a-author-profiling/dm-o9a-author-profiling.pdf

{2} *The Order of Nine Angles: Cosmology, Practice & Movement*, Daveed Gartenstein-Ross & Emelie Chace-Donahue, 2023, https://doi.org/10.1080/1057610X.2023.2186737

{3} George Sieg. *Angular Momentum: From Traditional to Progressive Satanism in the Order of Nine Angles*. International Journal for the Study of New Religions, volume 4, number 2. 2013. p.257.

{4} To be learned, to be a scholar in the traditional sense, is to have a profound knowledge gained by individual study. The criteria of scholarship are: (i) a detailed, meticulous, unbiased original research on and concerning a specific topic or topics or subject or person undertaken over a period of time, usually a year or more in duration and involving primary source material; (ii) an ability to be able to read primary sources in their original language; and (iii) a rational assessment of the knowledge acquired by such research, with such conclusions about the topic, topics, or subject being the logical result of the cumulative scholarly learning so acquired. If the researcher cannot read primary sources in their original language and has to rely on the translations of others then their conclusions are not original and not scholarly just as if they commit logical fallacies - such as the fallacy of Incomplete Evidence - then their conclusions are also not scholarly.

{5} To date, there has been no work about Myatt's life based entirely on scholarly research using primary sources.

> "Among primary sources are original manuscripts germane to the subject or to a historical

person, such as in the case of Jesus of Nazareth, Papyrus Bodmer in the Vatican Library, and in the case of Sappho fragments of papyri such as P. Oxyrhynchus. XV, 1787 fr. 1 and 2; archaeological or fossil remains from an historical period; contemporaneous manuscripts, letters, diaries, memoirs, personal journals, interviews, speeches, and other materials which describe or relate (i) events in which a person or persons participated in or observers of, (ii) ideas or creations, such as music, a philosophy, works of literature, poetry, and art-work which a person was responsible for and also their published writings in their original language, and authenticated manuscripts published and unpublished.

The writings, opinions, and conclusions of others about such subjects or persons are secondary sources, with tertiary sources a collection or compendium of such secondary sources. In regard to the original language of primary sources, if a person venturing an opinion about such material cannot read the original language, and does not personally translate such a work or passages from such a work and thus has to use the translations of others then opinions and conclusions about that work are secondary sources." qv. Appendix II, Research, Primary Sources, And Pathei-Mathos.

II.
A Similitude For Our Times

The now widely propagated and widely believed in phantasy that DM=AL is a similitude, an allegory, for our modern times. The advent of modern, accessible, often impersonal, and rapid means of communication such as the Internet, and now 'social media' and 'podcasts', has allowed the widespread dissemination by not only individuals of their personal opinions, of rumours, but also of propaganda by groups, by organizations, and by governments, where by propaganda is meant a concerted effort to distribute a particular point of view, or belief, or doctrine, or phantasy, or a particular interpretation of events or of people or of an individual.

It has become apparent that, in this milieu where anonymous individuals can express their personal opinions, make and repeat allegations, that the civilized rules of rational discourse, of debate, and of logical reasoning, are often if not mostly ignored, with propaganda often assumed by many individuals to be fact because they for whatever reason do not doubt what they read or hear but also do not doubt the motives of those distributing propaganda or those expressing their personal opinions as if they were fact.

Which is why the phantasy that DM=AL, propagated by political 'special interest groups', by often government and financially well-funded sponsored policy groups such as the MMP, the Counter Extremism Project, the Institute for Strategic Dialogue, the Combating Terrorism Center, and by individuals by means of the Internet, has become an orthodoxy of our modern age with dissenters marginalized, ignored, or accused of either being Myatt himself or being supporters of 'extremism' and/or of the O9A.

Appendix I

A Critical Analysis: Senholt, Goodrick-Clarke, And Introvigne

Senholt

A critical examination of Senholt's text reveals that he does not present any textual evidence from, for example, forensic linguistics, or present multiple examples of writings by both Myatt and Anton Long for analysis, or provide evidence based on his own research using primary sources.

Instead, he expresses an opinion as in the claim that 'Anton Long' is "the pseudonym of David Myatt" and in claim that "when one has a closer look at many of the basic ideas and the terminology used in the ONA, it appears as if there are many glaring similarities to Myatt's own ideas."

Thus Senholt in regard to that latter claim cites terms such as Homo Galactica, causal and acausal, and Aeons while failing to mention the obvious fact that such borrowing of terms, ideas and concepts, is and has been common for centuries and is not evidence of a direct and personal link between those using such terms, ideas and concepts.

As Myatt wrote in a 2012 detailed critique of Senholt's claims titled *A Matter Of Honour*:

> "As an early advocate of copyleft, I have never been bothered by plagiarism or by others using and adapting my ideas and my 'inventions', such as The Star Game. Thus there is use and adaptation by others, and possibly plagiarism, but no proof of a direct link." {1}

Senholt also claims that Myatt's diverse and exeatic life is an example of O9A Insight Roles which mean "gaining real-life experience by working undercover for a period of 6-18 months".

Yet of five Insight Roles mentioned in a 2004 O.N.A. text, Senholt cites three which he claims Myatt has undertaken: (a)

> "Join or form a covert insurrectionary organization, dedicated to National Socialism", (b) "Convert to Islam and aid, through words, or deeds, or both, those undertaking Jihad against Zionism and the NWO", and (c) "Join or form a National Socialist group or organization, and aid that organization and especially aid and propagate historical revisionism".

What Senholt neglects to mention is that Myatt promoted National Socialism for thirty years (1968-1998) not for the "6-18 months" of an Insight Role, and that he was a Muslim who supported Jihad for over ten years (1998-2009) not for the "6-18 months" of an Insight Role. Which places Senholt's claim into perspective. In addition, he does not mention the obvious facts that the O9A might have been inspired by the nature of Myatt's exeatic life to concoct such Insight Roles, and that Myatt's life does not include other suggested roles such as being an assassin, and joining the police or the armed forces.

Senholt also neglects to mention that over the decades the O9A has regularly changed what constitutes an Insight Role. {2}

Since Myatt's critique, in the *The Logical Fallacy of Incomplete Evidence - A Case Study* section of his *A Matter Of Honour* text, {1} effectively deconstructs Senholt's claims it is relevant to quote from it at some length.

<begin quotation>

[T]he omitted facts and circumstances that do not support Senholt's claims and conclusions include:

§ (1) My publicly stated admission, made in the 1990's in correspondence with Professor Kaplan and others - and publicly repeated by me many times in the past ten and more years - that my occult involvement, such as it was in the 1970's and later, was for the singular purpose of subversion and infiltration in the cause of National-Socialism, with part of this being to spread racist ideas and denial of the holocaust. Thus one such occult group I associated with was a honeytrap, and the whole intent was political, revolutionary, not occult and not to with 'satanism'. It was a matter of using, or trying to use, such occult groups for a specific neo-nazi purpose without any interest in or personal involvement with the occult.

As I wrote in part two (1973-1975) of *Ethos of Extremism*:

"In respect of covert action, I came to the conclusion, following some discussions with some C88 members, that two different types of covert groups, with different strategy and tactics, might be very useful in our struggle and thus aid us directly or aid whatever right-wing political party might serve as a cover for introducing NS policies or which could be used to advance our cause.

These covert groups would not be paramilitary and thus would not resort to using armed force since that option was already covered, so far as I was then concerned, by C88.

The first type of covert group would essentially be a honeytrap, to attract non-political people who might be or who had the potential to be useful to the cause even if, or especially if, they had to be 'blackmailed' or persuaded into doing so at some future time. The second type of covert group would be devoted to establishing a small cadre of NS fanatics, of 'sleepers', to - when the time was right - be disruptive or generally subversive.

Nothing came of this second idea, and the few people I recruited during 1974 for the second group, migrated to help the first group, established the previous year. However, from the outset this first group was beset with problems for - in retrospect - two quite simple reasons, both down to me. First, my lack of leadership skills, and, second, the outer nature chosen for the group which was of a secret Occult group with the 'offer', the temptation, of sexual favours from female members in a ritualized Occult setting, with some of these female members being 'on the game' and associated with someone who was associated with my small gang of thieves [...]

But what happened was that, over time and under the guidance of its mentor, the Occult and especially the hedonistic aspects came to dominate over the political and subversive intent, with the raisons d'etat of blackmail and persuasion, of recruiting useful, respectable, people thus lost. Hence, while I still considered, then and for quite some time afterwards, that the basic idea of such a subversive group, such a honeytrap, was sound, I gradually lost interest in this particular immoral honeytrap project until another spell in prison for an assortment of offences took me away from Leeds and my life as a violent neo-nazi activist [...]

I had occasion, during the 1980's, to renew my association not only with some old C88 comrades but also with the mentor of that Occult honeytrap when, after of lapse of many years, I became involved again in neo-nazi politics and revived my project of using clandestine recruitment for 'the cause'. By this time, that Occult group had developed some useful contacts, especially in the academic world, so some friendly co-operation between us was agreed; a co-operation which continued, sporadically, until just before my conversion to Islam in 1998.

This clandestine recruitment of mine was for a small National-Socialist cadre which went by a variety of names, beginning with 'G7' (soon abandoned), then The White Wolves (c. 1993), and finally the

Aryan Resistance Movement aka Aryan Liberation Army [qv. Part Five for details].

However, while some of these Occult contacts were, given their professions, occasionally useful 'to the cause' and to 'our people', by 1997 I had come to the conclusion that the problems such association with Occultism and occultists caused far outweighed the subversive advantages; a conclusion which led me to re-write and re-issue a much earlier article of mine entitled *Occultism and National-Socialism*, and which revised article was subsequently published in the compilation Cosmic Reich by Renaissance Press of New Zealand. As I wrote in that article - "National-Socialism and Occultism are fundamentally, and irretrievably, incompatible and opposed to each other."

By the Summer of 1998 I had abandoned not only such co-operation and contacts with such Occult groups but also such clandestine recruitment on behalf of National-Socialism, concentrating instead on my Reichsfolk group and my 'revised' non-racist version of National-Socialism which I called 'ethical National-Socialism'. Later still, following my conversion to Islam, I was to reject even this version of National-Socialism."

This explains many things, including early occult articles with my name - not the name 'Anton Long' - in zines such as The Lamp of Thoth, and the early version of Copula cum Daemone (which in fact was about the birth of Adolf Hitler).

One question Senholt does not ask is why both my name and the name Anton Long occur on the same early texts, with the simple answer being that there were two different people, one of whom (me) ceased all involvement with such occult honeytraps in 1998.

§ (2) My time as a Christian monk and my writings praising Catholicism in particular and Christianity in general.

This does not fit in with the claim of me being a life-long 'devotee of extreme ideologies' or being a satanist, so it is ignored. No attempt was made to use primary sources - to talk to people who knew me as monk and who could recount my life then, and my autobiography Myngath where I recount my time as a monk.

No mention is made of my many articles in which I praise Catholicism or refer to it in a positive way. For example, my mention of the numinosity of the Latin Tridentine Mass [qv. Concerning The Nature of Religion and The Nature of The Numinous Way] and of the sacrament of confession. As I wrote in *Soli Deo Gloria*:

"It is my personal opinion that traditional Catholicism, with its Tridentine Mass and its particular conservative traditions, was a somewhat better, more harmonious, expression of the numinous (a necessary and relevant expression of the numinous), than both Protestantism and the reforms introduced by the Second Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, and which reforms served only to undermine the numinous, to untwist the threads that held together its 'hidden soul of harmony'."

There is also the small matter of me being married in Church in accordance with the Christian ceremony of marriage. And the small matter of writings of mine such as *Pathei-Mathos - A Path To Humility*.

§ (3) My article *Occultism and National-Socialism* - written in the 1980's and republished in the 1990's and again around 2006 - and in which I denounced occultism, is ignored.

§ (4) My writings about National Socialism and Islam - spanning some three decades - are for the most part ignored, except when they are adduced to show I, as a nazi or as a Muslim, incited violence and

possibly terrorism. Are they ignored because they in their quantity and content reveal they were written by someone who was at the time of their writing a dedicated neo-nazi and then a dedicated Muslim, and which dedication to such causes most certainly precludes being some sort of sinister person who was just using those causes for his own satanic ends?

In addition, and importantly, what are also overlooked are:

(a) The very real threat of being imprisoned for some of those writings - something surely only a genuine fanatic, a believer, would be prepared to do.

(b) My decades of political activism on behalf of National-Socialism, my two terms of imprisonment resulting from such activities, and my involvement with the paramilitary group Column 88. Which long-term activities over some thirty years, which imprisonment, and which paramilitary involvement surely indicate an inner - a rather fanatical - dedication to that cause.

(c) My travels, as a Muslim, to certain lands, the talks I gave to and the discussions I had with Muslims, and my regular attendance at Mosques to pray with other Muslims, which would indicate someone who was, during those years, committed to that Way of Life.

§ (5) My semi-autobiographical poetry, my published correspondence, and my ethical philosophy of The Numinous Way/philosophy of pathei-mathos, are completely ignored. Why are these voluminous writings and these ideas of mine ignored? Because they honestly reveal the thoughts and feelings and ideas and experiences and (importantly) the failings of someone so different from a satanist that they have to be ignored.

§ (6) My years of interior ethical and philosophical struggle to reform, to change, myself - documented in hundreds of letters, essays, poems, especially after the suicide of my fiancée in 2006 - are completely ignored. Why? Because they do not fit in with the idea, with the theory, of me being 'a deceitful, manipulative, sinister trickster', the archetypal satanist.

It seems, therefore, that some of the facts of my life have been interpreted in order to fit a theory regarding some posited and ideal ONA member, with this interpreted ONA life - with inconvenient facts and circumstances conveniently omitted or ignored - then being held up as proof that I am Anton Long, since this truncated, re-interpreted, life of mine allegedly seems to fit in with the person Anton Long is alleged to be or is said to be according to his satanist writings or according to what some anonymous person has written on the World Wide Web.

<end quotation>

Senholt also alleged that Myatt wrote the terrorist manual *A Practical Guide to Aryan Revolution* which it has been claimed influenced David Copeland, and Senholt like others before and since - provided no evidential facts in support of that particular allegation, and did not mention that following Myatt's arrest in early 1998 by police officers from Special Branch based at Scotland Yard, the British police in conjunction with the Canadian police and the FBI spent three years trying to prove that Myatt wrote that document, having seized his computers and files, searched his home for over seven hours, and travelled to places such as Canada to interview witnesses. They failed to find any evidence and Myatt was released from his bail in the Summer of 2001.

Thus, Senholt in addition to making assumptions about Myatt probably inadvertently also committed the fallacy of incomplete evidence which is when only certain or circumstantial evidence is presented with other evidence not found, or ignored or deliberately suppressed.

Goodrick-Clarke

The reference is to the 2002 book *Black Sun* by Goodrick-Clarke, who like Senholt, does not present any evidence from his own or any other scholarly research based on primary sources but just presents a personal opinion such as (i) the claim on pages 215-216 that "the Order Nine Angles (ONA) was founded by David Myatt" and (ii) the claim on page 216 that the "young Myatt made contact with a coven in Fenland the following summer and later joined secret groups in London practicing the magic of the Golden Dawn and Aleister Crowley," and (iii) the claim on page 217 that "Myatt's activity on the far-right political fringe proceeded in tandem with his deepening involvement with the black arts, " and so on and so on.

It transpires that all such claims are based on Goodrick-Clarke's assumption that Myatt was the author of a 1992 typescript titled *Diablerie, Revelations of a Satanist*, a photocopy of which is in the British Library, {3} but for which assumption Goodrick-Clarke does not provide any evidence from his own research using primary sources. Nor does he cite any scholarly work that does provide such evidence because there was not then nor is there now any such scholarly source about Myatt.

In addition, as is common in items about DM=AL which reference Goodrick-Clarke and his claims about Diablerie, the authors fail to mention or cite the 2013 text *A Skeptic Reviews Diablerie* {4} which examines Diablerie in detail in the Content and Style, the Errors and Omissions and the Motive and Author sections.

The author of *A Skeptic Reviews Diablerie* writes that:

> <begin quotation>
>
> it is difficult to: conceive of Myatt, intellectual and poet, a married man aged 41 at the time, depicting himself in the way Anton Long is depicted in that 1991 text Diablerie – as an arrogant, self-opinionated, pompous man who talks like some character in a Dick Tracey comic strip: "the world was mine – if I chose to take it". "London called."
>
> Not to mention using words straight out of a Star Wars movie – "the dark side". Neither can I conceive of Myatt creating such a two-dimensional wooden B-movie villain as the Anton Long of Diablerie is (or comes across as), as part of some elaborate ploy to create 'the Anton Long myth' and thus bolster the credentials of the Order of Nine Angles. The "perfection of evil" as Anton Long pompously claims to be in Diablerie?
>
> Certainly not. Surely the author of *Breaking The Silence Down* (written 1985) – with its depiction of Sapphic love and its believable main character Diane {5} – could have come up with a better characterization of Anton Long.
>
> <end quotation>

The author concludes *A Skeptic Reviews Diablerie* with the statement that their "conjecture is that Diablerie was written by Beesty Boy, aka 'Christos Beest', who at the time – 1991 – was a young man in his early 20's, a fan of Star Wars, had been involved with the ONA for several years, was working on his Sinister Tarot, was editor of *Fenrir*, and whose ONA booklet *Antares: The Dark Rites of Venus*, Coxland Press would publish two years later."

Introvigne

The reference is to the 2016 book *Satanism: A Social History* in which Introvigne commits and relies on the fallacy of argumentum ad verecundiam by stating that Goodrick-Clarke had 'confirmed' Myatt was

Anton Long and that Senholt "offered a number of elements confirming that Long was indeed Myatt".

In common with both Senholt and Goodrick-Clarke, Introvigne neither presented any evidence, based on his own scholarly research using primary sources, or from any scholarly work of the life of Myatt based only on primary sources, in the latter case because no such work currently exists.

Therefore, in scholarly terms, those who cite Senholt and Goodrick-Clarke and Introvigne, commit the fallacy of argumentum ad verecundiam, also known as the fallacy of appeal to authority, which is

> "citing or quoting a person or persons who is of who are regarded, by the person citing or quoting or by others, as an authority on a subject with the implicit assumption or an overt spoken or written assertion that such an authority should be respected because, for instance, the 'authority' is an academic while the disputant is not and therefore the opinion or statement by the 'authority' is the correct one." {6}

The author of that definition also notes that in recent decades there have been attempts to redefine certain fallacies, and that in regard to the fallacy of appeal to authority,

> "the re-definition is along the following lines: that the fallacy is when the opinion of a non-expert on a topic is used as evidence; which statement is, while appearing to be a decisive statement concerning 'authority', is not so for two reasons. First, because the presumption is that the opinion or statement by a 'non-expert' is inferior to the opinion or statement of an 'expert'; second, there is the question of what criteria is used to define 'an expert' as distinct from a 'non-expert' and thus from whence or from whom or how the 'expert' derives their presumed authority on a particular subject; presumably by an appeal to others who are regarded, at the time, as 'experts' themselves, or by an appeal to the 'authority' of an academic institution or some conclave or institution of 'experts' on the subject in question.
>
> This presumption regarding expert knowledge or expertize is contrary to both experimental science and scholarship, for both can and have been used to overturn accepted, and current or past 'expert', opinion."

Haereticus Reputandus
2025

▽▽▽

{1} https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/11/dwm-a-matter-of-honour.pdf

{2} qv. *The Seven Fold Way Of The Order Of Nine Angles, A Modern Practical Guide* which states that

> "nothing about the 7FW is dogmatic or fixed. What is suggested here - such as various Insight Roles - are guides, and suggested because they have been shown, by experience over decades, to work in respect of practical learning both personal and Occult and thus in respect of enabling the attainment of wisdom. The individual is free to modify and/or evolve such suggestions as have been made [...]
>
> Some suggested Insight Rôles are:
>
> § Join or form and become an active part of a political organization of the so-called extreme Left or of an anarchist nature whose aim is to replace, by political means, the current political status quo.

§ Join the Police or one of the armed forces and live the active life that such a profession entails.

§ Join a well-established and traditional religious order - either Christian or Buddhist - and live the life of a monk/nun.

§ Convert to Islam - either Sunni or Shia - and live the life of a devout Muslim, with one aim being to undertake Hajj.

§ Embark on a solo long-distance cycling expedition such as from Patagonia to Alaska."

https://web.archive.org/web/20210205003822/https://omega9alpha.files.wordpress.com/2019/10/o9a-trilogy-print.pdf

{3} General Reference Collection Cup.711/742, BNB GB9219567

{4} https://archive.org/download/diablerie-and-bealuwes-gast/Diablerie-and-Bealuwes-Gast.pdf

{5} https://archive.org/download/dwmyatt-breaking-the-silence-down_202501/davidmyatt-breaking-the-silence-down.pdf

{6} Appendix II, *Research, Primary Sources, And Pathei-Mathos*.

Appendix II
Research, Primary Sources, And Pathei-Mathos
(An Extract)

In the 2012 text *A Matter of Honour* I mentioned primary, secondary and tertiary sources, [1] and the logical fallacy of incomplete evidence and expressed the view that the criteria of scholarship

> "is essentially two-fold: (i) of detailed, meticulous, unbiased research on and concerning a specific topic or topics or subject undertaken over a period of some considerable time, usually a year or more in duration, and of necessity involving primary source material; and (ii) a rational assessment of the knowledge acquired by such research, with such conclusions about the topic, topics, or subject therefore being not only the logical result of the cumulative scholarly learning so acquired but also possessing a certain gravitas." [2]

In the same work I also mentioned knowledge and that

> "those who use [the] Media, and/or unscholarly books/essays, as sources of allegedly reliable information, as a guide, as a or as the basis for their judgement about and knowledge of someone or some many, are being unfair and uncultured because lacking in the following necessary virtues: (i) a reasoned, balanced, and thus ethical, judgement; (ii) the empathy of manifold direct personal contacts; and (ii) a scholarly research and/or a personal knowing extending over many years. Virtues which are the genesis of a genuine understanding of, and thence an unbiased knowledge of, another human being; and virtues which rapid, impersonal, mass means of modern communication actively discourage and which virtues are seldom, it seems, cultivated and employed by those involved with and who use and who rely on such modern means for information."

In *A May Day Interview* (2024) I expressed the perhaps elitist view that if such types who use the Media, and/or unscholarly books/essays, as sources

> "had received in their youth a 'classical education', a learning of Ancient Greek, Latin, and a study of works such as Hermeneutica Analytica Elenctica and Euclid's Στοιχεῖα, they would not commit such errors [of reasoning]. Personally, I well remember the joy I had as a schoolboy in reading the set text *The Elements of Euclid For The Use of Schools and Colleges*, and in solving the geometrical problems we were given based on that text." [3]

Thus I regarded and regard reason, logical reasoning, and scholarship using primary sources, as essential human virtues.

Primary Sources And Fallacies Of Reasoning

Some of the textbooks read in the late 1960's when in the Sixth Form included now almost forgotten works such as *Elementary Lessons in Logic* by W. Stanley Jevons (1889 edition) and *Logic* by Richard F. Clarke, SJ, which was part of the nineteenth century *Manuals Of Catholic Philosophy* series.

These books led the reader through the basics of classical logic and helpfully gave and explained fallacies of reasoning such as fallacies *extra dictionem* and common fallacies such as the now pervasive argumentum ad hominem and argumentum ad verecundiam, the appeal to authority.

What is noticeable is that in recent decades there have been attempts to redefine certain fallacies, an example being the appeal to authority, which is citing or quoting a person or persons who is of who are regarded, by the person citing or quoting or by others, as an authority on a subject with the implicit assumption or an overt spoken or written assertion that such an authority should be respected because, for instance, the 'authority' is an academic while the disputant is not and therefore the opinion or statement by the 'authority' is the correct one.

In the matter of the fallacy of appeal to authority the re-definition is along the following lines: that the fallacy is when the opinion of a non-expert on a topic is used as evidence; which statement is, while appearing to be a decisive statement concerning 'authority', is not so for two reasons. First, because the presumption is that the opinion or statement by a 'non-expert' is inferior to the opinion or statement of an 'expert'; second, there is the question of what criteria is used to define 'an expert' as distinct from a 'non-expert' and thus from whence or from whom or how the 'expert' derives their presumed authority on a particular subject; presumably by an appeal to others who are regarded, at the time, as 'experts' themselves, or by an appeal to the 'authority' of an academic institution or some conclave or institution of 'experts' on the subject in question.

This presumption regarding expert knowledge or expertize is contrary to both experimental science and scholarship, for both can and have been used to overturn accepted, and current or past 'expert', opinion.

David Myatt
June 23rd 2024

Ξ Ξ Ξ

1. Among primary sources are original manuscripts germane to the subject or to a historical person, such as in the case of Jesus of Nazareth, Papyrus Bodmer in the Vatican Library, and in the case of Sappho fragments of papyri such as P. Oxyrhynchus. XV, 1787 fr. 1 and 2; archaeological or fossil remains from an historical period; contemporaneous manuscripts, letters, diaries, memoirs, personal journals, interviews, speeches, and other materials which describe or relate (i) events in which a person or persons participated in or observers of, (ii) ideas or creations, such as music, a philosophy, works of literature, poetry, and art-work which a person was responsible for and also their published

writings in their original language, and authenticated manuscripts published and unpublished.

The writings, opinions, and conclusions of others about such subjects or persons are secondary sources, with tertiary sources a collection or compendium of such secondary sources. In regard to the original language of primary sources, if a person venturing an opinion about such material cannot read the original language, and does not personally translate such a work or passages from such a work and thus has to use the translations of others then opinions and conclusions about that work are secondary sources.

2. *A Matter of Honour*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2018/08/a-matter-of-honour.pdf

4. *A May Day Interview*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/05/davidmyatt-may-day-interview.pdf

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Source:
https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/myatt-a-neglected-aspect.pdf

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The Trouble With Mr Myatt

∇ Overview
∇ An Antinomian Philosophy?
∇ The Question Of Authority
∇ The Question Of Suffering And The Nation State

° ° °

Overview

The advent of new methods of Internet communication via mediums such as 'video streaming', 'podcasts', 'blogs', and 'social media', have been used and are being used not only by often anonymous individuals but by others to spread allegations about particular individuals who have or who have acquired a public *persona*.

In the case of David Myatt his public *persona* is based upon beliefs by often politically-motivated individuals and groups with such beliefs {1} not supported by evidential facts {2} and usually involving (a) the claim that Myatt is the pseudonymous Anton Long, founder of the esoteric philosophy known by the acronyms "ONA" and "O9A" and inventor of the modern Occult praxis known as the Seven Fold Way based as that praxis is on ancient Hermetic and pagan traditions; and (b) based on the fact that he was a violent National Socialist activist and a National Socialist ideologue for thirty years {3} and then for nine years was a propagandist for radical interpretations of Islam.

The campaign includes and has included fabricating and propagating lies about him and his past, mocking and trying to demean him, and disseminating the belief that he is a Satanist, a liar and a deceptive trickster whose post-2012 writings about rejecting National Socialism and rejecting all extremism are a deception by a satanist and an unrepentant neo-nazi and that his neo-nazi past should never be forgotten and he never forgiven. Which specific beliefs have intensified the decades-long and on-going campaign against Myatt.

In addition, and as explained in the *An Antinomian Philosophy?* section below, Myatt's post-2012 individualistic and rather other-wordly 'numinous way of pathei-mathos' {4} is arguably a radical (antinomian) philosophy dispensing as it does with politics, conventional (organized) religion, and what Myatt describes as the suffering-causing abstraction of the nation-State. {5}

However, given allegations about him, especially regarding him being a satanist, an unrepentant neo-nazi, and his post-2012 writings mere deception, this antinomian philosophy has not been and is not being taken seriously even in academia.

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An Antinomian Philosophy?

One of the fundamental things about the modern, currently disparaged and little understood, philosophy of pathei-mathos (a/k/a the numinous way of pathei-mathos) is its antinomian nature: that it replaces the abstraction, and thus the authority, of the modern nation-State with the authority of the individual, with antinomian philosophically implying a passive rejection of the customs, the beliefs, the authority of the modern nation-State with its *idées fixes* which include the idea that the nation-

State through its government, its institutions, and its laws is the ultimate authority and judge of what is 'right' and 'wrong', not the judgment of the individual, and which supra-personal authority can and should be enforced by the nation-State through a police force or a law-enforcement agency, through the Courts, and if necessary through its armed forces all of which operate through a hierarchical chain-of-command. This antinomianism is expressed, for example, by those who seek places where they or their family can live 'off-grid' or in a rural location; by those those who withdraw from society to live a more spiritual way of life; and in general by those who seek to live in a more harmonious way with Nature.

Myatt's antinomianism is expressed: (i) by his philosophy of pathei-mathos which in many ways is revolutionary with its individualism, its emphasis on empathy and personal honour, and its dissection of the causal abstractions, the denotata, and which abstractions not only inform and now motivate the governments of the modern West but also, because of their embedded dialectic of opposites, perpetuate the cycle of suffering; (ii) by what is arguably the new paganism that can be developed from Myatt's works; and (iii) by his renaissance of the roots of Western culture which are Greco-Roman, Hellenistic, paganism and not the Hebraistic culture - based around the Old and New Testaments - which formed the basis for the Christianity that for over a thousand years dominated Western culture. {6}

That philosophy of pathei-mathos also places all modern dehumanizing personal abstractions into the necessary Aeonic, Cosmic, perspective: as short-lived manifestations of our human hubris. As, because of their physis, living for a certain amount of causal Time - perhaps a century or so in the case of political and social abstractions - and then being replaced or dying a natural death; or in the case of a nation-State (or of a hegemony or Empire) with some of their abstractions, restrictive laws, decrees, and diktats, perhaps living for several centuries albeit often assuming a different name.

Such an understanding, such a Cosmic supra-personal perspective, should therefore enable us to place our own lives, and that of our family, past, present and future, into context. Thus we can consider the exhortations of, for example, our government to support or to be a part of this or that armed conflict, or support this or that external nation-State, for 'patriotic' or other reasons such as to ensure 'freedom', as part of their demand that we accept their authority over and above what we, via our own pathei-mathos and empathy or via our own detailed research using primary sources, have discovered; manifest as such a discovery is in an appreciation that it is the authority of the individual which, in Aeonic, Cosmic, terms is valid: which aligns with, which presences, wisdom understood as

> "an appreciation of, and of our relation to, the other mortal beings, Hominid and otherwise, with which we share this planet, and of our relation to Being itself: that is, to The Numinous, The Acausal, The One-The-Only (τὸ ἕν), the Monas (μονάς) and The-Unity." {7}

This perspective and personal understanding is, in modern terms, revolutionary, and therefore it is no surprise that the person who developed the philosophy of pathei-mathos from his own pathei-mathos and from his research using primary sources, has been and is the subject of a disinformation, a smear, campaign by those who represent, or who have a vested interested in maintaining the abstractions that dominate, modern Western nation-States. A two-fold campaign based (i) on unproven allegations, widely spread by the mass media, about involvement with the Occult, {8} and (ii) on the accusation that his rejection of extremism is a deception. {9}

As the founder of the philosophy of pathei-mathos wrote:

> "It is my contention that my personal 'numinous way of pathei-mathos', or at least the foundations of that Way, which are personal empathy and pathei-mathos, could possibly be

> the basis for other individuals to develope their own numinous weltanschauung free from the influence of the manufactured impersonal causal abstractions that shaped the ancient world, some of which still influence the modern world, and the more recent impersonal causal abstractions which since the Second World War are prevalent and now authoritative in the modern world because supported by many if not most governments and Institutions in the Western world, and often now used by governments as the basis for criminal laws." {10}

The Question Of Authority

In three essays, written in 2024, David Myatt focused on three topics: (i) the question of suffering; (ii) the temporal nature of human manufactured abstractions; and (iii) the question of authority; with the essays being: (a) *Notes On War, Suffering, And Personal Judgement*; (b) *Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos*, and (c) *Reflections On Conflict And Suffering*. {11}

The essays not only amplify and to some extent develop what he wrote in his book *The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos* {12} but also provide some practical examples of the principles of that philosophy.

In *Reflections On Conflict And Suffering*, he wrote, adding a quotation from his 2015 essay *Personal Reflexions On Some Metaphysical Questions*,

> In regard to authority, individual empathy and a personal pathei-mathos inclines us to consider authority as personal because they not only engender a certain humility, a knowing or awareness of our past errors and mistakes and thus of our fallibility, but also because both have a 'local horizon' so that what is
>
> > "beyond our personal empathic knowing of others, beyond our knowledge and our experience [our pathei-mathos], beyond the limited (local) range of our empathy and that personal (local) knowledge of ourselves which pathei-mathos reveals – is something we rationally, we humbly, accept we do not know and so cannot judge or form a reasonable, a fair, a balanced, opinion about. For empathy, like pathei-mathos, lives within us; manifesting, as both empathy and pathei-mathos do, the always limited nature, the horizon, of our own knowledge and understanding".

He expanded on the question of authority in his 2025 *Religion, Exegesis, And The Fallacy Of Appeal To Authority* {13} in which he controversially argued that, since most of the followers of the Christian religion past and present depend or depended on translations of the written texts of the New Testament, those followers mostly unknowingly commit or committed the fallacy of appeal to authority. He contrasts this with his philosophy of pathei-mathos, "where it is personal empathy, pathei-mathos, and personal research using primary sources, which inform and guide us."

In *Notes On War, Suffering, And Personal Judgement* he was quite forthright and again mentioned the personal nature of empathy and pathei-mathos:

> "It is my contention that the wordless knowing which personal empathy provides or can provide together with the wordless knowing arising from a personal pathei-mathos is a moral alternative to the abrogation of personal judgement and of personal conscience required by a nation-State and by established religions in the particular matters of war and the violence involved in supra-personal conflicts where there is an assumed 'us' and a 'them'. A moral alternative because there is a personal, individual, horizon to both empathy and pathei-mathos."

The Question Of Suffering And The Nation State

In *Reflections On Conflict And Suffering*, before a long section on how causal abstractions and the denotata which names them cause discord and suffering, he quotes from the *Morality, Virtues, and Way of Life* part of his *The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos*, {13}

> "The numinous sympathy - συμπάθεια (sympatheia, benignity) - with another living being that empathy provides naturally inclines us to treat other living beings as we ourselves would wish to be treated: with fairness, compassion, honour, and dignity. It also inclines us not to judge those whom we do not know; those beyond the purveu - beyond the range of - our faculty of empathy."

One of the causes of suffering, one of the causal abstractions, which is described in all three essays is the nation-State, with Myatt writing:

> "In both ancient and modern times causal abstractions and the categories developed from them have been and are used to categorize human beings, as for example in regard to the supra-personal abstraction, the entity, termed 'the nation-State' where individual human beings and families are considered to be, or not to be, 'citizens' of that entity and often treated accordingly, with citizens having certain privileges and freedoms often denied to non-citizens.
>
> More recently, causal abstractions and the categories developed from them have been deployed to describe individual human beings and their behaviour both personal and social." *Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos*. {14}

In that *Developing* essay he outlines the philosophical and practical basis for living according to the personal understanding provided by empathy and pathei-mathos, and which understanding "enable[s] us to circumvent causal abstractions".

Which basis is radical, dispensing as it does with politics, conventional (organized) religion, and the nation-State:

> [T]he numinous way of pathei-mathos betakes us or can betake us as individuals beyond the acceptance of a supra-personal authority, and thus beyond the demand by some supra-personal authority that we individuals accept or have to accept such a supra-personal authority, and which authority, in the Western world was described in the Christian writings of Augustine (b.354 CE, d.430 CE), as for example in his De Civitate Dei contra Paganos where in Book XIX, chapter xiii, he wrote of the necessity of a hierarchy in which God is the supreme authority, with peace between human beings and God requiring obedience to that authority; and with peace between human beings, and civil peace, also of necessity requiring obedience to an order in which each person has their allotted place, Ordo est parium dispariumque rerum sua cuique loca tribuens dispositio.
>
> Modern nation-States have simply replaced God as the supreme authority with Prime Ministers, Presidents, and those who are described as elected "representatives of the people", or in case of some nation-States with some individual or individuals or some unelected representatives who or which have assumed authority by means such as a coup d'état or similar means, but all of whom expect the people they rule to obey whatever decisions or laws or diktats they make [...]
>
> Since the numinous way of pathei-mathos is based on personal empathy and personal pathei-mathos which develope an appreciation of the limitation, the infortunity, of words, and of the categories derived from them, and thus engenders in an individual a knowing of the

limited nature of their understanding and of their fallibility, the numinous way of pathei-mathos is apolitical since politics is derived from and dependant on words, spoken and written, and on supra-personal often ideological categories as well as on supra-personal organizations or movements with a particular agenda or particular aims.

For an appreciation of the infortunity of words is a wordless-knowing, born of empathy and pathei-mathos, of the cycle of suffering; of how we humans continue to repeat the errors of the past caused as such errors often are by some suffering-causing causal abstractions championed by some supra-personal authority."

However, it is important to emphasize that Myatt is not presenting his own weltanschauung as an alternative but rather suggesting that other individuals develop their own 'numinous weltanschauung' using their own empathy and pathei-mathos as its foundation. This implies

"trying to cultivate within ourselves the virtues mentioned by Cicero – self-restraint, dignity, fairness, honesty – and implies we have no concern for or we seek to cultivate no concern for supra-personal hierarchies and supra-personal authority – whether political, religious, or otherwise – and thus move away from, try to distance ourselves from, the consequences of such supra-personal hierarchies and supra-personal authority manifest as the consequences are and have been, throughout our [human] history, in war, prejudice, intolerance, unfairness, extremism, and persecution in the name of some ideology, some religion, or because someone has commanded us to persecute those that they and others have declared are 'our' enemies, and which war and persecutions are often, especially in modern times, accompanied by propaganda and lies." {15}

Rufus Malisius et al
January 2026
v. 1.11

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{1} The following works provide details and an analysis of some of the beliefs of Myatt's vocal opponents:

(i) *An Analysis Of The Equation DM=AL*, https://archive.org/download/dmyatt-equals-anton-long/dmyatt-equals-anton-long.pdf (ii) *The Phantasy About A Myatt Explained*, https://egnatiusseverin.wordpress.com/2025/06/26/the-phantasy-about-a-myatt-explained/ (iii) *A Philosophical Response*, https://archive.org/download/a-philosophical-response/A_Philosophical_Response.pdf

{2} Evidential (or evidentiary) facts are the basis for determining whether a case can legally, as in a Court of Law, be proven. In matters of scholarship, such facts are primary sources:

"Among primary sources are original manuscripts germane to the subject or to a historical person, such as in the case of Jesus of Nazareth, Papyrus Bodmer in the Vatican Library, and in the case of Sappho fragments of papyri such as P. Oxyrhynchus. XV, 1787 fr. 1 and 2; archaeological or fossil remains from an historical period; contemporaneous manuscripts, letters, diaries, memoirs, personal journals, interviews, speeches, and other materials which describe or relate (i) events in which a person or persons participated in or observers of, (ii) ideas or creations, such as music, a philosophy, works of literature, poetry, and art-work which a person was responsible for and also their published writings in their original language, and authenticated manuscripts published and unpublished.

> The writings, opinions, and conclusions of others about such subjects or persons are secondary sources, with tertiary sources a collection or compendium of such secondary sources. In regard to the original language of primary sources, if a person venturing an opinion about such material cannot read the original language, and does not personally translate such a work or passages from such a work and thus has to use the translations of others then opinions and conclusions about that work are secondary sources." *Research, Primary Sources, And Pathei-Mathos*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/myatt-a-neglected-aspect.pdf

{3} *The Peregrinations Of David Myatt: National Socialist Ideologist*, 2023, ISBN 9798392990900. Part One 1984-1998, Part Two 1999-2008, Part Three 2009-2017. Gratis pdf available at https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2021/12/dm-ns-ideologue-second-edition.pdf

{4} *The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos*. As of July 2025, a published paperback, a Kindle edition and a gratis pdf are available: (a) paperback, ISBN 978-1484096642 {b} Kindle, ASIN B0DWXTNNPY, (c) gratis pdf, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

{5} A causal abstraction is a

> "manufactured generalization, a hypothesis, a posited thing, an assumption or assumptions about, an extrapolation of or from some-thing, or some assumed or extrapolated ideal 'form' of some-thing.
>
> Sometimes, abstractions are generalization based on some sample(s), or on some median (average) value or sets of values, observed, sampled, or assumed.
>
> Abstractions can be of some-thing past, in the present, or described as a goal or an ideal which it is assumed could be attained or achieved in the future.
>
> All abstractions involve a causal perception, based as they are on the presumption of a linear cause-and-effect (and/or a dialectic) and on a posited or an assumed category or classification which differs in some way from some other assumed or posited categories/classifications, past, present or future. When applied to or used to describe/classify/distinguish/motivate living beings, abstractions involve a causal separation-of-otherness; and when worth/value /identity (and exclusion/inclusion) is or are assigned to such a causal separation-of-otherness then there is or there arises hubris.
>
> Abstractions are often assumed to provide some 'knowledge' or some 'understanding' of some-thing assigned to or described by a particular abstraction. For example, in respect of the abstraction of 'race' applied to human beings, and which categorization of human beings describes a median set of values said or assumed to exist 'now' or in some recent historical past.
>
> In philosophical terms, a causal abstraction is an ideation, an idea (ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος), which is explained and/or defined by words and terms (denotata) and which invariably is used to form or describe a particular category of things." *Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/08/impersonal-abstractions.pdf

{6} *An Anti-Establishment Heretic*, included as the Introduction to *Seven Interviews With A Modern Heretic*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/08/dwm-seven-interviews-v1.pdf

{7} *Notes On War, Suffering, And Personal Judgement*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content /uploads/2024/06 /dwmyatt-notes-war-suffering.pdf

{8} As described in *David Myatt: A Reckoning*, "an important, invariably overlooked, aspect of the pejorative public, widely-reported and widely-believed, statements - tropes - made and spread about Myatt is that no evidence from primary sources is or ever has been presented in support of them." https://archive.org/download/dm-reckoning/dm-reckoning.pdf

The allegations rely on secondary and tertiary sources, and thus on fallacies of reasoning such as the appeal to authority and ad populum.

{9} As with the allegation about Occultism, the accusations about deception are unproven. In a 2022 interview - included in *Seven Interviews With A Modern Heretic*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/08/dwm-seven-interviews-v1.pdf - Myatt was asked the following question:

[quote]
Some of your former political opponents do not believe what one socialist called your "change of heart".

Hence they claim you are still a neo-nazi; that what you write and have written since 2010 such as your autobiography should be treated with suspicion and not taken seriously; that unless you come out in public to attend some sort of 'media circus' and directly answer their questions, they will never believe you; and that you are so concerned about your reputation that you continually search 'social media' sites and anonymously try to not only engage with them but try to cover-up your past. How do you react to such claims?
[/quote]

His reply was:

[quote]
φημὶ ἐγώ, Μαθεῖν θέλω τὰ ὄντα καὶ νοῆσαι τὴν τούτων φύσιν καὶ γνῶναι τὸν θεόν.

Such a seeking to apprehend such things is what now and for the past twenty or so years has occupied me. As for trying to cover-up my past almost everything I wrote during my neo-nazi decades and my decade as a Muslim is archived somewhere. In the case of my neo-nazi decades by what used to be called 'Special Branch' as I learned following my arrest by them in 1998, and also archived on the 'world-wide web'. In the case of my decade as a Muslim an archive of my Muslim writings also exists on the 'worldwide web'.

Therefore, any attempt by me or by anyone to 'cover-up' my past would be pointless.

In addition, I have no desire whatsoever to do so since what exists documents my mistakes, failings, extremism, and arrogance which I want those who may be interested to know, and which acknowledgment of my past by me led to that 'change of heart'. One person has used such archives to document my extremism and the weltanschauung I developed after my rejection of that extremism. {5}

As for what they or others claim or believe about me now and the past, it is their burden howsoever brought-into-being, howsoever nurtured and howsoever it might be described by them or by others.
[/quote]

{10} *Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content /uploads/2024/08/impersonal-abstractions.pdf

{11} The three essays are included in *Rescriptions 2023-2025*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2025/03/rescriptions.pdf

{12} *The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos*. As of July 2025, a published paperback, a Kindle edition and a gratis pdf are available: (a) paperback, ISBN 978-1484096642 {b} Kindle, ASIN B0DWXTNNPY, (c) gratis pdf, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

{13} *Religion, Exegesis, And The Fallacy Of Appeal To Authority*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/11/dwm-religion-exegesis-fallacy-1.pdf

{14} *Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos: Impersonal Abstractions, The Modern World, And The Axioms Of Empathy And Pathei-Mathos*. In *Rescriptions*, op.cit.

{15} *Persecution And War, 2018*. https://archive.org/download/persecution-and-war/Persecution_And_War.pdf

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A Story Of Infiltration And Extremism

° The Story According To Myatt
° The Story According To The Allegationists
° A Choice Between Two Stories
° Appendix: The Animal Cruelty Allegation

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Several individuals, some of whom are anonymous, have claimed that a 1974 interview about a Leeds satanist group, the Temple of the Sun, printed in the Yorkshire Evening Post was definitive evidence of (i) Myatt's involvement with Occultism and Satanism, and (ii) Myatt's involvement with the Order of Nine Angles (ONA/O9A).

The Story According To Myatt

§ The Temple of the Sun

The first part of Myatt's account regarding the Temple of the Sun (ToS) is given in Part Two (1973-1975) of his 2012 seven-part *The Ethos of Extremism - Some Reflexions on Politics and A Fanatical Life*, {1} with the Temple of the Sun being created as a neo-nazi honeytrap:

> In respect of covert action, I came to the conclusion, following some discussions with some C88 members, that two different types of covert groups, with different strategy and tactics, might be very useful in our struggle and thus aid us directly or aid whatever right-wing political party might serve as a cover for introducing NS policies or which could be used to advance our cause. These covert groups would not be paramilitary and thus would not resort to using armed force since that option was already covered, so far as I was then concerned, by C88.
>
> The first type of covert group would essentially be a honeytrap [11], to attract non-political people who might be or who had the potential to be useful to the cause even if, or especially if, they had to be 'blackmailed' or persuaded into doing so at some future time. The second type of covert group would be devoted to establishing a small cadre of NS fanatics, of 'sleepers', to - when the time was right - be disruptive or generally subversive.
>
> Nothing came of this second idea, and the few people I recruited during 1974 for the second group, migrated to help the first group, established the previous year. However, from the outset this first group was beset with problems for - in retrospect - two quite simple reasons, both down to me. First, my lack of leadership skills, and, second, the outer nature chosen for the group which was of a secret Occult group with the 'offer', the temptation, of sexual favours from female members in a ritualized Occult setting, with some of these female members being 'on the game' and associated with someone who was associated with my small gang of thieves.

He also writes:

> For some time, this underground group appeared to flourish, with some 'respectable' people recruited - initially a lecturer, a teacher, a solicitor, among others - with some of the recruits becoming converts to or in some way helping our political cause, and with such clandestine recruitment aided, later on, by some unexpected, non-factual, unwanted, publicity.
>
> But what happened was that, over time and under the guidance of its mentor, the Occult and especially the hedonistic aspects came to dominate over the political and subversive intent, with the *raisons d'etat* of blackmail and persuasion, of recruiting useful, respectable, people thus lost. Hence, while I still considered, then and for quite some time afterwards, that the basic idea of such a subversive group, such a honeytrap, was sound, I gradually lost interest in this particular immoral honeytrap project until another spell in prison for an assortment of offences took me away from Leeds and my life as a violent neo-nazi activist [12].

The "unexpected, non-factual, unwanted, publicity" which aided recruitment was the 1974 newspaper article, about which Myatt writes:

> "The journalist promised to let me read his final copy before it was published - a condition I had specified before giving the interview - and several photographs of me were taken, with him

> suggesting I hold something to do with the Occult, since he had noticed I had a collection of horror, and Occult, fiction (most of which in fact were given or loaned to me by Eddy Morrison). Perhaps foolishly, I agreed, holding up some Occult thingy which Joe Short had given to me a few days before. Our conversation lasted for about half an hour, during which the journalist took a few notes (it was not recorded).
>
> I assumed that he would simply recount what I had said. Of course he neither showed me the article before publication, nor printed what I said, except for one short sentence about causing chaos. The whole article was a fabrication, designed to be sensationalist and to discredit me. This whole episode was to be a very interesting, worthwhile, experience for me: pathei-mathos, as Aeschylus wrote." {2}

Thus, as a honeytrap the intent was to aid the political, revolutionary, cause of neo-nazism that Myatt at the time fanatically believed in. This does not imply that he was, as has been alleged, a satanist or an Occultist.

A relevant example is the infiltration by Police officers, many from the Special Demonstration Squad between the late 1960s and the 1970s, who infiltrated various political groups, including the Socialist Workers Party and the Troops Out movement, with some such as Mark Kennedy having intimate relationships with women involved in such groups and with the officers themselves cultivating a special type of 'false persona' part of which involved feigning belief in whatever cause, political or environmental, they targeted. These 'undercover' assignments often lasted for several years with some of these 'undercover' officers even giving public speeches and interviews about 'their' cause.

Which infiltration for a specific purpose, and which cultivated persona, did not mean they believed in such causes.

The same applies to Myatt in relation to the satanist Temple of the Sun, which was formed as a neo-nazi honeytrap. His type of 'false persona' at the time was cultivated for the purposes of gaining recruits for his neo-nazi cause and finding people who might be useful to that cause. Thus, as he later stated he was neither a satanist nor an Occultist, only a dedicated neo-nazi as those 'undercover' Police officers were dedicated to their chosen profession.

§ The Order of Nine Angles

The allegationists {3} state that Myatt's involvement with the Temple of the Sun 'proves' that he was involved with the O9A and that the 1974 interview is "a primary source" which proves it.

However, their timeline is incorrect since the O9A was formed long after Myatt left the Temple of Satan as he writes in the hands "a married businessman living near Manchester" who was the person "who had suggested the outer, the Occult, form of the group." {1} Furthermore, in that 1974 interview there was no mention of an O9A with that name not recorded or mentioned by anyone or in any literature until years later, as scholarly research would reveal. It was the group led by that businessman which merged with two other Occult groups to become the O9A. Thus, describing, as one allegationist did, the Temple of the Sun as "a founding O9A nexion" during Myatt's few months association with what was then a neo-nazi honeytrap is, at best, fantasy.

For, in the Autumn of 1974 Myatt had left Leeds, became a vagabond, then lived in a caravan on a farm in the fenland "writing poetry. Musing on life; reading the collected works of Jung and Toynbee; studying religions, including Buddhism." While living in that caravan he was arrested by the Police and then spent six months in Norwich prison for refusing to pay fines imposed following a criminal trial in Leeds in late 1974. Following his release from prison in 1976 he returned to Leeds although his stay there was brief:

> "For several weeks my plan became to return to an itinerant life, and thus became a kind of

wandering poet, some sort of modern Taoist: a Way of Life familiar to me from my study of Taoism and my practical involvement with a Taoist Martial Art. But it seemed as if the wyrdful Cosmos had a rather different plan, for one day I decided - for reasons I cannot now recall - to borrow a bicycle belonging to a friend and head out for a week's holiday in the English countryside. A train conveyed me part of the way, and - the weather still hot, dry, and sunny - it was a pleasure to be away from the city, and I became as a schoolboy again for whom nearly every mile pedalled was an adventure.

There were stops for food, water - and a few overnight stays, often in some field beside some hedge. It did not matter, for I was still young, healthy, and quite strong.

After several days I came to be cycling down some narrow lane. To my left, a wooded hill of conifers; on my right, fields flowing gently upward to where a collocation of buildings were gathered just below a swathe of deciduous trees. The largest building somewhat - and I thought incongruously - resembled a French château, and so, intrigued, I cycled on to take a turning which I hoped might lead me toward it.

It was a monastery, and, leaving my bicycle propped up against a nearby tree, I wandered around. The door to the Abbey church was unlocked and I went inside. The cool quietness was slightly perfumed with incense from some recently ended Mass and a feeling of immense relief came over me as if I had, finally, come home. Words, scenes, emotions, scents, memories from a Catholic childhood lived within me once again, and it was so peaceful, so blissfully peaceful, sitting there, in the nave, that Time ceased to have any meaning or cause me any feeling as it trundled on in that other world, outside. Such stillness I had not thought possible came to keep me still.

I have no idea for how long I sat there, unthinking, and it was only when some activity in the monks choir beyond, behind, the altar distracted me that I remembered who and where I was. Then - their noonday prayer, chanted.

Suffice to say that when I returned to Leeds, soon afterwards, I immediately wrote to the Guestmaster of the monastery enquiring about a weekend visit.

Some weeks later, I was there, at home, again. A weekend became a week; a certain request; an excited and nervous return to Leeds; and then that day when, with my few belongings, I ventured forth to begin my new life as a monk." {4}

Regarding this, the allegationists, somewhat paranoiacally and without any evidence at all, claim that this episode as a monk was an O9A "insight role" even though there is no evidence to prove the O9A existed at that time. Paranoiacally, because they ignore the many personal writings by Myatt in which he expresses his feelings about Christianity, such as:

> "In respect of the sacred, for instance, I still find that one of the most beautiful expressions of the numinous is Catholic chant: Gregorian, Cistercien, and Vieux-Roman. Indeed, one of my favourite pieces of music is now, as it has been for decades, *Répons de Matines pour la fête de Saint Bernard*. One of my treasured memories is, as a monk, singing the office of Compline and then, in the sublime silence of the church, going to the Lady Chapel to kneel in contemplative wordless prayer on the stone floor in front of a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary." {5}

The allegationists also state that the ritual text known as the *Black Book of Satan* was an O9A text whereas that text, a 1980s copy of which is in the British Library, {6} makes no mention of an O9A. {7}

The Story According To The Allegationists

The story, exemplified in often anonymous diatribes such as *David Myatt in Leeds - The Temple of the Sun*

and the origins of the Order of Nine Angles, in a multitude of often anonymous 'social media' posts, in often anonymous videos posted on Internet sites, in texts such as the 2025 thesis *Across the Abyss: Heideggerian impact on the Occult Longtermism of the Order of Nine Angles*, {8} and in articles by those associated with antifascist 'policy groups', is that Myatt not only "lies through his teeth", {9} but is and was 'Anton Long' and founded the O9A, with one allegationist as noted above claiming that the 1974 interview is "a primary source" which proves Myatt founded the O9A whereas Myatt ceased involvement with the Temple of the Sun after a few months, moved away from Leeds, was imprisoned, and then became a Catholic monk; facts which the allegationist ignored.

A Choice Between Two Stories

At present, the choice is between what Myatt writes and has over the years written about the matters in question, and what the allegationists allege and assume, especially about Myatt himself. Hence, we can accept that the 'false persona' that Myatt cultivated during his few months association with the Temple of the Sun was for the purposes of gaining recruits for his neo-nazi cause and finding people who might be useful to that cause. Or, we can accept what the allegationist believe and assiduously propagate for whatever personal or political reason: that Myatt in his writings is deceptive, is lying; that what some journalist wrote in the past about Myatt is accurate and that there is not or never was any ulterior motive or bias personal, political, or otherwise in what some journalists report; and that it is for the person who is the subject of allegations to prove their innocence and not for the allegationists to offer evidential facts which prove their allegations are true "beyond all reasonable doubt".

What we find interesting, and perhaps indicative, is not only that "we", the authors of such items as this, are accused, without any evidence, of being Myatt himself {10} but also that it is fundamentally a question of personal knowing verses what is alleged or assumed by others on the basis of hearsay, allegations spread by impersonal mediums such as the Internet, by the mass Media, and by individuals who do not personally know and who have not known over a significant period of time, the person who is the subject of such hearsay and allegations.

As Myatt wrote in 2013,

> "In respect of rumours and allegations, I have, on a few occasions, challenged some individuals to a duel with deadly weapons, according to the etiquette of duelling. Not one of the individuals so challenged to a duel had the honour to accept, or issue a public apology in lieu of fighting such a duel. As I wrote some thirteen or more years ago:
>
> > "I have never bothered to have recourse to civil law, and established Courts, to sue those making libellous allegations about me quite simply because the only law I believe in and strive to uphold is the law of personal honour. Given that I have challenged two journalists, according to the law of personal honour, to a duel with deadly weapons for making such malicious allegations, and given that they did not have the honour to accept this challenge or issue an apology in lieu of fighting a duel, I consider my honour vindicated."
>
> Such challenges, the lack of evidence to support the allegations and rumours, and the refusal of those so challenged to a duel of honour to either fight that duel of honour or issue an apology, reveals the truth of this particular matter – at least to those possessed of arête." {11}

In other words, it is a simple matter of personal character:

> "My own rather old-fashioned view is and was that a personal knowing of someone, extending over a period of many months if not a year or more, is the only honourable way to form a reasoned opinion about someone. For honour means the cultivation of traditional gentlemanly and ladylike virtues and one of which virtues is that we strive to treat other human beings in a

fair way; ignoring what others have said or written about them; ignoring their past (real or alleged); and giving them the benefit of the doubt unless and until direct personal experience, direct knowledge of them, reveals them to be dishonourable [...]

In addition, and importantly, are those who in the past have prejudged me - who have written about me as a violent extremist - accepting of individual change, of the virtues of reformation and pardonance? Are they aware of my voluminous recent writings regarding my philosophy of pathei-mathos and those regarding my extremist past and my rejection of extremism? Are they open to the possibility of my change and reformation? Or will they continue with 'the party line' and thus continue to insist that I am some sinister person whose recent mystical writings are just some sort of diabolical ploy?

More interestingly (perhaps) could my career as an extremist have been brought to an earlier end had one or some of my opponents taken the trouble to get to know me personally and rationally revealed to me the error of my suffering-causing, unethical, extremist ways? Perhaps; perhaps not - I admit I do not know. I do know, however, how my personal interaction with, and the ethical behaviour of, the Police I interacted with from the time of my arrest by officers from SO12 in 1998, permanently changed (for the better) my attitude toward the Police." {11}

Egnatius Severin et al
March 2026

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Footnotes

{1} https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2017/10/ethos-extremism-extracts.pdf

{2} Addendum I: NDFM - David Myatt and Eddy Morrison, https://web.archive.org/web/20090901180202/http://www.geocities.com/davidmyatt/notes1.html

{3} One anonymous allegationist in early 2026 produced a 47 page diatribe titled *David Myatt in Leeds - The Temple of the Sun and the origins of the Order of Nine Angles* in which he mixes paraphrases from Myatt's *Myngath* {4} with his allegations such as that Myatt "was at the cornerstone of the Order of Nine Angles" and that the 1974 interview "provides near-irrefutable proof that Myatt and Anton Long are one and the same."

{4} *Myngath*, 2013. Printed edition ISBN 978-1484110744. Gratis pdf https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/04/david-myatt-myngath.pdf

{5} *Just My Fallible Views, Again*, 2012, in Part Three (A Rejection of Extremism Perhaps Explained) of *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism, A Very Strange Peregrination*. Printed edition ISBN 978-1484854266. Gratis pdf https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/david-myatt-rejecting-extremism.pdf

{6} General Reference Collection Cup.815/51

{7} As stated in the published book:

> "According to tradition, each Master or Mistress who was responsible for a particular Satanic Temple or group, was given on his or her assumption of that responsibility, a copy of the Black Book of Satan. The Black Book contained the basic Satanic rituals, instructions relating to ceremonial magick in general. It was the duty of the Master or

> Mistress to keep this book safe, and non-Initiates of the Temple were forbidden to see it [...] The whole text of the traditional Black Book is included in the present work, together with several additional chapters (e.g. Self-Initiation; Organizing and Running a Temple)."

It was presumably that 'traditional Black Book' which was in the possession of the Temple of the Sun.

{8} The claims made in that thesis are examined in detail in *The Early And The Later Myatt: A Study In Temerous Claims*, available at:
https://archive.org/download/the-early-and-later-david-myatt/the-early-and-later-david-myatt.pdf

{9} The expression was used by the CEO of a British antifascist group in a March 2022 interview with journalist Justin Ling.

{10} Among those also accused of being Myatt are Egnatius Severin, Gelis Sangster, Rachael Stirling, R. Parker, Wikipedia's "Coolmoon", Internet Archive's "rigel7", Bluesky's "Oxfordian23", "sirida21", "sol73omega", etcetera etcetera.

In fact, the allegationists apparently believe Myatt is anyone who deems to publicly critique what has become the Establishment orthodoxy about Myatt, for which orthodoxy refer to the 2026 text *A Modern Phantasy About A Man*, which no doubt the allegationists will believe and claim was also written by Myatt. That text is available at https://archive.org/download/a-modern-phantasy-about-a-man/A%20Modern%20Phantasy%20About%20A%20Man.pdf

{11} *A Matter Of Honour,* https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/about/a-matter-of-honour-2/

Appendix
The Animal Cruelty Allegation

Editorial Note: We include here an analysis of a specific allegation first made decades ago and since repeated by various allegationists including the anonymous author of the 47 page diatribe titled *David Myatt in Leeds - The Temple of the Sun and the origins of the Order of Nine Angles.*

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The unproven allegation, repeated and embellished over the three decades by a certain antifascist self-described journalist and then by others, is that in the 1970s Myatt participated in a 'satanic' ritual involving animal cruelty and the sacrifice of a cat. The allegation was repeated in a podcast {1} by that antifascist self-described journalist and was prominent in the klappentext that advertised that interview.

However, no evidence from primary sources has ever been presented with the context of the allegation (a local newspaper article) seldom mentioned. Neither has Myatt's 'side of the story', and his denial of the allegation, been presented.

In his 2013 text *A Matter Of Honour* {2} Myatt wrote that the allegation was

> "investigated at the time by both the Police and the RSPCA whose conclusion was that they were fabrications concocted by the journalist, and perhaps, as I concluded, to get his name on the front page of the newspaper and sell more copies.
>
> What surprised me (and to be honest, upset me, for a while), after this interview, was how so many people believed everything the journalist had written, without bothering to ask me for my side of the story. As if just because something was printed in some newspaper or other then 'it must be true' [...]

> And it was then that I learnt several valuable lessons: just how easily people can be manipulated, just how dishonest and conniving (and thus dishonourable) some journalists seemed to be, by nature; and just how powerful the established Media was, able make or break a person's reputation."

This investigation by Police and the RSPCA involved them personally visiting and interviewing Myatt. In his earlier, 2005, *Autobiographical Notes* {3} he provided the necessary context:

> <begin quotation>
>
> Around 2005 CE, a former political associate of mine - Eddy Morrison - wrote his version of some events which occurred in and around Leeds between the years 1972 and 1974. Since his version of events differs from the reality I remember it is only fitting that I present here "my side of the story".
>
> It should be noted that - despite some personal and political differences between myself and this person - I steadfastly defended him for well over ten years, often praising his commitment and dedication to "the Cause". In the 1980's I had occasion to defend and praise him to John Tyndall, then leader of the BNP. This led Tyndall to comment: "your loyalty to him is commendable..." Yet I was to learn that this person - or Street Soldier as he styled himself - had also been in contact with Tyndall, and "warned Tyndall about me", having sent copies of newspaper articles about me containing unproven allegations of involvement with Satanism. Tyndall was one of the very few people, over the past three decades, to have the honour, the decency, to ask me in person for "my side of the story". Tyndall was always wary of Morrison, having, in the April 1983 CE issue of his Spearhead magazine, written about Morrison in less than complimentary terms, stating that, "I know a good deal about the career of Eddy Morrison..." [...]
>
> Morrison wrote:
>
> > At this time I had the unpleasant duty of rooting out and expelling a small bunch of "Satanists" who thought that tying our White Nationalism with their weird cult practices would get us front page publicity. It did! But although they say any publicity is good publicity, it isn't always. I had to take a bunch of our inner core harder members and eject about seven of these Cult people from our membership and ban them from our HQ. It was a pity as one in particular whose name I have mentioned earlier was a stalwart founder member. Why he went off the rails I'll never really know, and expelling him was painful but very necessary. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)
>
> There was no "bunch of satanists", just a sensationalist, factually incorrect, article in the local evening newspaper. The newspaper interview was, for me, a learning experience. I had decided to give an interview (my first) with a journalist to talk about our new NS movement, the NDFM. I briefly mentioned how it might be possible for chaos to be created by subversive means, and subversive groups, as a prelude to a revolution which an NS movement could take advantage of, an idea I had been discussing for a while with several Comrades, including some in Column 88.
>
> The journalist promised to let me read his final copy before it was published - a condition I had specified before giving the interview - and several photographs of me were taken, with him suggesting I hold something to do with the Occult, since he had noticed I had a collection of horror, and Occult, fiction (most of which in fact were given or loaned to me by Eddy Morrison). Perhaps foolishly, I agreed, holding up some Occult thingy which Joe Short had given to me a few days before. Our conversation lasted for about half an hour, during which the journalist took a few notes (it was not recorded).
>
> I assumed that he would simply recount what I had said. Of course he neither showed me the article before publication, nor printed what I said, except for one short sentence about causing

chaos. The whole article was a fabrication, designed to be sensationalist and to discredit me. This whole episode was to be a very interesting, worthwhile, experience for me: pathei-mathos, as Aeschylus wrote.

As for the allegations which the journalist made about animal sacrifice, they were investigated at the time by both the Police and the RSPCA whose conclusion was that they were lies, and perhaps, as I concluded,concocted by the journalist to get his name on the front page of the newspaper and sell more copies.

In addition, about this matter, as elsewhere, Eddy Morrison seems rather forgetful. All he did was call round to my garret accompanied by one other NDFM member whom I knew well. Morrison - standing well away from me when I, as almost always, answered the downstairs door, armed - then announced his "expulsion" of me. I did not care - for I was then planning to return to Africa, and enlist in the Rhodesian Army, having already made contact with someone there. So I said nothing, and Morrison went away. This "expulsion" lasted only about six weeks, after which it was "business as usual". Without my violent activism, my public speaking, my fanaticism, the NDFM had become moribund.

Morrison wrote:

> We organised a meeting on Leeds Town Hall steps in the Summer of 1974 and I was the main speaker. We had fifty or so NDFM "stormtroopers" protecting the meeting, but were opposed by a bunch of red weirdos including "Transexuals Against the Nazis". I spoke for about twenty minutes whilst the lads (and some lasses) held back the red filth. There were local reporters everywhere and although the police soon closed the meeting, we got away with two arrests and a few cuts and bruises. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

The "We" who organized this meeting were the Street Soldier and myself, and he was not the main speaker. I was. I spoke for nearly half an hour and managed to control the seething crowd of Reds by haranguing them. I also dealt quite well with many hecklers. Then the Street Soldier began to speak. He spoke for only a few minutes before the Reds surged forward and fighting began. It was during this fighting that - as I recalled above - I was jumped on from behind by a Red and then by a Policeman. I and one other NDFM member were arrested and subsequently charged with "Breach of the Peace".

Several Reds were also arrested and charged with various offences, and several Police officers were injured as they tried to break up the fights.

When my case came to Trial, the Prosecution tried to prove that I had "incited the crowd", and there was no mention whatsoever by either the Police or the Prosecution of the "Street Soldier" having spoken or having "incited the crowd". I was found guilty on the lying evidence of one dishonourable Police officer, and one of the Reds was also convicted and sent to Prison.

Morrison wrote:

> We were told by London nationalists that NOBODY spoke at Hyde Park Corner. That was an open invitation for us to book a coach and take fifty NDFM down to Speakers Corner in Hyde Park. We set up a stand and three of our people spoke, whilst I controlled the stewards. We soon attracted a large crowd of lefties and for some reason a stack of anti-fascist Jewish taxi drivers. We held them at bay as long as we could. I was knocked senseless by some Zionist wielding a metal object. With blood streaming from quite a few cuts we marched away under police observation singing "We'll meet again" to the Reds. It was only a short meeting but we had broken the taboo. White Nationalists had again spoken at Speakers Corner.

In fact, only two people spoke at this rally: myself and Joe Short. I stood on a rather shaky table

and spoke for about half an hour or so, haranguing the crowd and dealing with several hecklers. I then stepped down, and Joe Short (who looked rather like Alfred Rosenberg) began to speak. He did not speak for long - only a few words in fact - before the Reds surged forward and some fighting began. One of our stewards was arrested and later charged with possessing an offensive weapon. I believe part of my speech was filmed by an NDFM member using an 8mm camera. We then proceeded to walk toward Downing Street, followed by the Police, before dispersing. I spent that weekend in London, with a lady friend.

In respect of Eddy Morrison himself, we were both once arrested by the Regional Crime Squad and thrown into Prison for several weeks. Before this imprisonment - during my "interrogation" - he came into the room several times and asked me to co-operate with the Police, which I refused to do. I believe he did not, at that time, realize the potential seriousness of the charges which might be [brought] against us.

<end quotation>

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{1} The podcast was titled *The Nazi Satanists Inspiring Terro*r and was by the CEO of a British antifascist group.

{2} https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/11/dwm-a-matter-of-honour.pdf

{3} Addendum I: NDFM - David Myatt and Eddy Morrison, https://web.archive.org/web/20090901180202/http://www.geocities.com/davidmyatt/notes1.html

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More Indicative Allegations

In early 2025 certain allegations about a certain Mr Myatt were published in *The David Myatt Question* chapter of a phantasmagorical story, *Lest You Forget*, in which the author(s) made multiple allegations about a 2024 interview which was published under the title *Some Questions for David Myatt, July 2024* on the 'davidmyatt.wordpress.com' blog. [1] The interview was also included in the compilation *Seven Interviews, 2022-2024*. [2]

The allegations were the subject of a chapter in a July 2025 essay titled *Revisiting A Phantasmagorical Story*, [3] and what was and is interesting is that the allegations were penned by a person or persons who or which associated themselves with a particular strain of modern Western Occultism often described by its advocates as 'the left hand path'. Among the allegations were: (a) that the 'davidmyatt.wordpress.com' blog was not Myatt's own blog but was operated by someone else; (b) that the interviewee of that 2024 interview was not Myatt but someone pretending to be him, and (c) that the fake interviewee is the reason why he or she does not give video interviews or telephone interviews. [4]

What is also interesting is that the author(s) question whether the erudite translations and commentaries of Greek texts such as the Corpus Hermeticum published under Myatt's name [5] are really by him.

What is indicative is: (a) that those and similar claims, and demeaning slurs, have been made by journalists and others sympathetic to, or part of, a British political 'special interest group' whose chairperson has, since 1998, orchestrated a campaign to discredit Myatt [6] and (b) that other journalists, some academics, and other political 'special interest groups' have used such opinions about Myatt as 'reliable' sources with such opinions now embodying what the Establishment point-of-view on David Myatt is [7] and which point-of-view is trumpeted in the mainstream and other Media whenever Myatt's name is mentioned.

In the interest of balance and of scholarly research into the life and times of Myatt, we republish here the July 2025 response to the specific allegations made in that phantasmagorical story published under the title *Lest You Forget*. The response was titled *A Most Amusing Riposte*.

As the authors of that 2025 response asked:

> <begin quotation>
> Why such beliefs, such phantasmagorical stories, about DM? Are they designed or penned, consciously or otherwise, to compliment the beliefs of the multitude of public allegationists and denigrators of David Myatt who refuse to or who cannot answer questions asked of them, as outlined in the 2025 text *Allegations And A Modern Narrative*? [7] and which beliefs "describe and propagate what has become a particular and now well-established and, in the mainstream Media and academia, unchallenged narrative about a particular person founded as it is on certain allegations."
> <end quotation>

Egnatius Severin, et allæ
September 2025

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[1] https://archive.org/download/dwmyatt-interview-july-2024/dwmyatt-interview-july-2024.pdf

[2] https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/08/dwm-seven-interviews-v1.pdf

The contents are:

§ Some Questions for David Myatt, July 2024
§ An Interview On A Summer Solstice Eve, 2024
§ A May Day Interview, 2024
§ An Uncertitude Of Knowing, Four Interviews:

- ° Some Questions For DWM
- ° Myatt's Uncertitude Of Knowing
- ° David Myatt And The Pinch of Destiny
- ° Australian Interview

The four interviews in *An Uncertitude Of Knowing* are available in a 2023 printed paperback under that title: ISBN-13 978-8394746575

[3] https://archive.org/download/a-phantasmagorical-story-revisited/A_Phantasmagorical_Story_Revisited.pdf

[4] There are two reasons, discoverable by research using primary sources, why Myatt does not give such interviews, one past reason and one current. The first is described in part (v) of *The Question Of Mr Myatt* section below and concerns honour and a 1998 interview. The second is that, in the words of one essayist, Myatt has migrated from being an "in Time" political street activist (a neo-nazi thug) to being an "against Time" revolutionary 'theoretician of Terror' to now being an "above Time" philosopher; a migration well-described in *David Myatt, Savitri Devi, And Those Above Time*, https://archive.org/download/myatt-devi-above-time/myatt-devi-above-time.pdf

[5] A selection of Myatt's translations and commentaries are available in the 638-page *Some Greek and Latin Translations*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/dwm_translations.pdf

[6] The campaign is described in *That Time Of Year* https://egnatiusseverin.wordpress.com/2025/09/09/that-time-of-year/

[7] By the Establishment is meant those who in modern Western societies have the power, the means, to influence and to shape 'public opinion' on matters political and social. The Establishment thus includes (but is not limited to) politicians and the incumbent government of America and the governments of European countries and often the 'political opposition'; large often multinational business enterprises; the mainstream Media, especially national newspapers, digitl and television news media; well-funded special-interest advocacy groups both political and business-orientated; established academics whose work has featured in mainstream publications; and so-called 'independent' or 'freelance' or 'investigative' journalists whose work is used by and/or praised by special-interest advocacy groups and/or by the mainstream Media.

[7] *Allegations And A Modern Narrative.* https://egnatiusseverin.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2025/09/modern-narrative-dm-3.pdf

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A Most Amusing Riposte

Preface

The following text is an extract from the July 2025 essay titled *Revisiting A Phantasmagorical Story* [1] which was a riposte to an e-text titled *Lest You Forget* published earlier that year by an anonymous person or persons signing themselves "Nine Neighbours". In that essay the author(s) made multiple

accusations about David Myatt, a person now somewhat infamous because of unproven scurrilous allegations propagated for over a decade regarding him being the founder of a certain modern Occult movement, allegations which Myatt has always denied.

This extract concerns the accusations made by "Nine Neighbours" about Mr Myatt.

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1. https://archive.org/download/a-phantasmagorical-story-revisited/A_Phantasmagorical_Story_Revisited.pdf

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The Question Of Mr Myatt

In the long section titled *The David Myatt Question* the author of *Lest You Forget* presents a phantasmagorical story centred (i) around questions such as (a) whether the davidmyatt.wordpress.com blog is really by Myatt; (b) whether "the semi-recent Greek and Arabic writings produced under his name" were produced by him or by "the professor sponsored by the FBI who wrote Devil's Quran", or by some others; and (ii) around the belief that

> "no one has been able to prove" that the past writings referenced, quoted from and republished (we infer by the likes of the Seven Oxonians) were written by him.

As evidence, the author of *Lest You Forget* examines the questions he asked and the answers he received which were subsequently published on the DM wordpress blog as an interview titled A May Day Interview With David Myatt 2024, adding that he with another associate:

> "crafted questions that were deliberately designed to be short in order to yield the most information. They also contained traps to see if it was actually David Myatt responding."

He then proceeds to enumerate the 'errors' in the replies, writing that these 'prove' the answers were not by Myatt, but by an imposter, and that therefore the DM wordpress blog is not Myatt's own blog.

Among the alleged 'errors' are the following.

(i) The author claims that Myatt mistakenly said that Moult "subsequently settled, for a while at least," in rural South Shropshire, because Moult had lived in Shrewsbury not South Shropshire.

There was no mistake, because Moult did live in South Shropshire, at first in an annexe to a Farm adjacent to the road between Craven Arms and Bishops Castle, and then in rented accommodation on the edge of Bishops Castle itself. He also regularly frequented The Sun pub in Clun, with many of his early paintings depicting South Shropshire scenes including one commissioned by a local landowner.

(ii) The author claims that Myatt in an old article titled *Witch of the Welsh Marches* [1] should have used a local dialect word, 'eye biters' as apparently used by local cunning folk, instead of the term witch.

(a) We might ask what local cunning folk alive (where?) and known (by whom?) as such 'cunning folk' at the time Myatt met an elderly woman? Or was it used by incomers who had discovered the word in a book?

(b) Myatt described a chance meeting on a country road and only that the woman he met was accepted by some locals who never to his knowledge "used the terms witch and witchcraft and cunning woman" in reference to her.

The author thus assumes several things. First, that that specific term was still used by locals in the area. Second, that if the person who answered the questions posed in that interview lived in Shropshire they would know that area-specific term and also use it. Third, that the real, the genuine, Myatt living in South Shropshire as he did, would know and use that term. Three assumptions too far, perhaps?

(iii) The author wrote that a mistake made by the person who answered the questions posed in that interview was an inability to "demonstrate his knowledge of Sheffield's history and geography". The author then goes on to claim "Fulwood is not near Sheffield, it is in Sheffield".

Which reveals two things: (a) an unknowing by the author of *Lest You Forget* of the 'Hyacinth Bucket/ Bouquet' syndrome which seems to impel some individuals to refer to where they live as if it were not in some named urban conurbation but in a more refined area; and (b) the house that Myatt travelled to was, at the time of Myatt's visit and probably still is, in a somewhat refined area with several large detached houses with large gardens some of which backed onto open countryside, and thus was not an urban area as the name Sheffield suggests to perhaps a majority of people.

(iv) The author claimed that it was notable "that all of the questions were answered with information that is publicly available, even to the extent of quoting previous writings and claims made by David Myatt" or by someone writing as David Myatt.

This claim by the author of *Lest You Forget* is incorrect, since nowhere else does DM give details such as (a) the placenames Miller's Dale and Hathersage; (b) a 'fixed wheel' Mercian framed cycle with a Brooks Professional leather saddle; (c) cycling every working day from Shrewsbury; (d) rural employment near Bishop's Castle; and so on.

(v) The author wrote that Myatt "mentioned how he wished people would actually approach him and ask if allegations surrounding him were true, but that no one had bothered to until Nick Lowles."

And look how that interview turned out: with Myatt challenging Lowles to a duel with deadly weapons for spreading lies and making allegations about him. Apparently, after receiving the challenge Lowles went into hiding for several weeks.

As for that interview, there is a detailed account in *The Infamous Post Box Interview* section of the 2022 text *The Modern Tale Of An Antifascist Propagandist* from which the following quotation is taken.

> "At one point The Antifascist Propagandist pointedly said that he did not believe Myatt, thus calling Myatt a liar even though Myatt had given his word of honour several times, and at the very end of the interview [...] The Antifascist Propagandist lost his temper and shouted at Myatt in respect of being Anton Long: "Why don't you just admit it!" [...]

Given the previous lies told about him and the allegations made about him, multiple times, by The Antifascist Propagandist, given the repetition of such lies and allegations during the interview, and given that The Antifascist Propagandist in person had accused Myatt of being a liar, Myatt had no option but to challenge him to a duel with deadly weapons (pistols or swords) given Myatt's life-long belief in personal honour and the centuries-old European traditions surrounding it. One tradition of which was a person being fair and which tradition lived on in the nineteenth century English expression 'it's not cricket' in relation to personal behaviour and in the now deprecated English expression 'playing the White man' and the also now deprecated American 'that's mighty White of you.'

In plain terms, The Antifascist Propagandist had not taken the opportunity Myatt had offered him in granting the interview, with Myatt even explaining to him during the interview the consequences of continuing to make dishonourable accusations."

In addition, Myatt implied individuals should approach him in person, mano a mano. As he wrote in his 2012 *A Matter of Honour*,

> "In the past thirty-seven years only four people, on hearing or learning about such rumours and allegations, have had the decency to ask me, in person, for my side of the story. The first was Colin Jordan, the second was John Tyndall, the third was Steve Sargent, and the fourth was a Muslim whom I came to greatly admire and to whom I gave a personal pledge of loyalty."[2]

He also wrote:

> "In respect of rumours and allegations, I have, on a few occasions, challenged some individuals to a duel with deadly weapons, according to the etiquette of duelling. Not one of the individuals so challenged to a duel had the honour to accept, or issue a public apology in lieu of fighting such a duel.
>
> As I wrote some thirteen or more years ago: I have never bothered to have recourse to civil law, and established Courts, to sue those making libellous allegations about me quite simply because the only law I believe in and strive to uphold is the law of personal honour. Given that I have challenged two journalists, according to the law of personal honour, to a duel with deadly weapons for making such malicious allegations, and given that they did not have the honour to accept this challenge or issue an apology in lieu of fighting a duel, I consider my honour vindicated.
>
> Such challenges, the lack of evidence to support the allegations and rumours, and the refusal of those so challenged to a duel of honour to either fight that duel of honour or issue an apology, reveals the truth of this particular matter – at least to those possessed of arête."

Conclusion

After mentioning a since deleted 2023 missive of a few paragraphs, titled *Epilogos*, on the DM wordpress blog, the author of *Lest You Forget* concluded that:

> <quote>(a) David Myatt is writing articles and giving interviews from the acausal; (b) Someone else is writing and giving interviews under his name. Which makes the most sense?</quote>

What makes the most sense is that the missive was deleted because what was surmised or expected in a certain time-frame did not occur, as sometimes happens in the real world. What is interesting and perhaps indicative is that other recent items on the DM blog sound a similar Epilogos note, as in the missive titled *One Tree Among Many* from the 2025 collection *Debitum Naturæ*, [3]

> <quote>
>
> Beside the stone wall that marks one of the boundaries of what has for several years been my home is an evergreen Oak; almost a dome of spreading branches and so tall it might well be an hundred or so years in age. The tallest tree around from near where several other and various and tallish specimens of arboreal life provide perches for those whose Dawn Chorus becomes, was, is, a hymnal to such natural Life as has for centuries pleased us.
>
> Two months ago, the Oak was sad; with leaves dry and dying and infested. But now, as clouds break to reveal sky-blue, bringer of early Summer warmth: the tree has that light green of leaf rebirth, and catkins heralds of acorns an English season hence.
>
> So there is joy within as this aged man "his foliage drying up and no stronger than a child, with three feet to guide him on his travels, wanders – appearing a shadow in the light of day." [1]
>
> Would that he might hear one more Dawn Chorus to so remember those, these, simple natural beauties of life which he as so many others so easily forgot enwrapped as he, they, were in believed in, in felt, selfish concerns which all will, must, die with us while the Sun again warms each year as it warms and life-sprouting rain seeds rebirth without any interference from us at all.
>
> So I sit, windows of sky and trees to enlighten again my life, listening to a heartbreaking, suspended moment in my measured out so very limited timespan of causal life: the 12th century Cistercian Répons de Matines pour la fête de sant Bernard.

1. τό θ᾽ ὑπέργηρων φυλλάδος ἤδη κατακαρφομένης τρίποδας μὲν ὁδοὺς στείχει, παιδὸς δ᾽ οὐδὲν ἀρείων ὄναρ ἡμερόφαντον ἀλαίνει. Aeschylus, Agamemnon, 79-82. My translation.

</quote>

What also makes sense, as our ripostes may have revealed to a few, is that there is no need for phantasmagorical stories involving beliefs that the DM wordpress blog is operated by an imposter and that items on that blog, such as the recent texts *Some Notes On De Vita Coelitus Comparanda* and *Lawh al-Zumurrud* in the 668-page compilation *Greek And Latin Translations*, [4] were written by someone else.

Why such beliefs, such phantasmagorical stories, about DM? Are they designed or penned, consciously or otherwise, to compliment the beliefs of the multitude of public allegationists and denigrators of David Myatt who refuse to or who cannot answer questions asked of them, as outlined in the 2025 text *Allegations And A Modern Narrative*? [5] and which beliefs

"describe and propagate what has become a particular and now well-established and, in the mainstream Media and academia, unchallenged narrative about a particular person founded as it is on certain allegations."

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An Amusing Addendum

In the July 2025 text *Revisiting A Phantasmagorical Story* several instances were provided which rebutted the claim by the author of *Lest You Forget* that, in relation to an interview with David Myatt published under the title *Some Questions for David Myatt July 2024*, [6] "that all of the questions were answered with information that is publicly available."

The rebuttal was:

"[The] claim by the author of *Lest You Forget* is incorrect, since nowhere else does DM give details such as (a) the placenames Miller's Dale and Hathersage; (b) a 'fixed wheel' Mercian framed cycle with a Brooks Professional leather saddle; (c) cycling every working day from Shrewsbury; (d) rural employment near Bishop's Castle; and so on."

In this personal addendum, we after consulting a certain person through an intermediary, [3] provide further examples from that July 2024 interview with DM.

Nowhere else does DM mention the following, use phrases or provide details such as:

° "the Confucian Hsing"

° "My contact with Mr Bray, such as it was, was by means of postal letters and formed part of what turned out to be a misguided and in hindsight a reprehensible attempt to form an

'underground' neo-nazi honeytrap..."

° "political friend of mine, who at the time was briefly associated with the National Front..."

° "stay with a comrade from Column 88 and to tour the Cathedral..."

° "cycling from Cairo to the oasis of Daklah laden with fifteen litres of water in three plastic containers; one atop the rear rack and one each in the panniers on either side..."

° "I also failed to break the hour for a 25 mile time trial although I twice was within a few minutes with the joke among my club being that I might have succeeded had I shaved off my beard..."

That makes at least ten instances which indicate that the interviewee was David Myatt not some imposter posing as Myatt, and also indicates that the DM wordpress blog is Myatt's blog contra the suspicions of TCD and the claims of others.

Rufus Malisius et al
July 2025

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[1] *Witch of the Welsh Marches* is included as Appendix II of the text *Old Accusations Resurrected* which is part of the 379-page compilation *Concerning David Myatt: Philosophy, Peregrinations, Allegations*, https://archive.org/download/dm-accusations-philosophy/dm-accusations-philosophy.pdf

[2] *A Matter of Honour*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/11/dwm-a-matter-of-honour.pdf

[3] *Debitum Naturæ*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2025/03/rescriptions.pdf

[4] *Greek And Latin Translations*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/10/dwm-hermetica.pdf

[5] *Allegations And A Modern Narrative, #*

[6] https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/07/davidmyatt-interview-july-2024.pdf

[7] "David Myatt agreed to an interview via e-mail, having been contacted on my behalf by an intermediary [...] The interview was conducted over several days with answers to my questions received and further questions sent [...] with Myatt agreeing to reveal the veracity of the questions and answers by publishing them on his blog under the title One Morning In Late May." *Dialogue With An Iconoclast*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2025/05/28/one-morning-in-late-may/

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David Myatt

Understanding and Rejecting Extremism
A Very Strange Peregrination

Preface.
Part One. Towards Understanding Extremism - Some Notes From Personal Experience.
Part Two. A Learning From Grief.
Part Three. A Rejection of Extremism Perhaps Explained.
Appendix. Usage of Terms.

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Preface

The first, and by far the shortest, part of this work contains some of my reflexions on, and some of my conclusions concerning, my forty years as a practical extremist and my forty years of practical experience of extremism and of other extremists; a practical experience that began in 1968 and ranged from fascism, and the racism of National-Socialism, to radical Islam, and which practical experience included founding and leading a political organization; producing propaganda, organizing activities and demonstrations, some of which ended in violence; speaking in public and participating in marches, demonstrations, and brawls; formulating extremist ideology; imprisonment for racist and other violence; participating in and recruiting for paramilitary activities; inciting hatred, violence and prejudice; engaging in criminal activities to fund extremist causes; encouraging and supporting terrorism; and so on.

My conclusions regarding extremism resulted from some years of moral, personal, and philosophical questioning and reflexion; a questioning whose genesis was a personal tragedy in 2006, and which questioning led me a few years later to reject all forms of extremism and develope my own weltanschauung - the philosophy of pathei-mathos - based on the virtues of empathy, compassion, and humility.

I make no claim concerning the originality, or concerning the correctness or the value or the importance of my conclusions about extremism. They are just my personal, and fallible, conclusions which - given my extremist past - may interest, or be of some use to, some people; and, being such personal conclusions, they are neither presented in an academic way nor are comparisons made with the work and the conclusions (academic or otherwise) of others about extremism.

Part two consists of transcriptions of some handwritten letters sent to a long standing friend following that tragedy in 2006. Since such personal correspondence is usually far more revealing - of personal views, motivations, and feelings - than some essay or other in which one pontificates about this or that, some readers may find this part more interesting and insightful than either part one or part three.

The third part consists of personal replies sent to individuals I did not personally know but who contacted me, between 2011 and 2012 and usually by e-mail, with questions about my extremist past, my 'numinous way', and my philosophy of pathei-mathos. These replies may thus serve to place into perspective my rejection of all forms of extremism and as well as elucidate the development of my weltanschauung from that 'numinous way' to the philosophy of pathei-mathos.

For publication, I have occasionally added some footnotes to such personal correspondence and replies, usually to provide a reference and/or a translation of some quotation.

I have outlined in an Appendix how I understand and use certain terms, since (i) my particular usage of some common terms may differ from how they are ordinarily used or how they have been previously defined and used in some academic and other works relating to extremism and its causes, and (ii) I occasionally employ certain terms developed for or used by my philosophy of pathei-mathos (such as separation-of-otherness, abstractions, and masculous).

David Myatt
2013

Part One

Towards Understanding Extremism
Some Notes From Personal Experience

Harshness, Hatred, and The Separation-of-Otherness

Some four years of reflexion concerning my forty years of experience have inclined me to consider that the genesis of extremism, and the making of extremists, may well be and may well involve three inter-related things: harshness, hatred, and what I term the-separation-of-otherness.

Thus, in my view, an extremist in active pursuit of some objective, usually of a political or a religious nature, manifests a certain personal harshness, a certain propensity toward impersonal hatred, and makes not only a clear distinction between 'them' and 'us' but also between (i) some vision of or some belief in a particular past and (ii) the state of things now and how it is believed things will be, or should be, the immediate future. All of which predispose a person toward, or which can be used (by agitators, ideologues, fanatics, propagandists, leaders) to incite people toward, violence and - sometimes - toward terrorism.

The extremist therefore identifies with a particular category which is given certain characteristics or which is believed to be based on certain characteristics, and which category is invariably regarded - instinctively or otherwise - as either having a special (or even God-given) destiny or as being better than or superior to 'the others'. In case of racism, for example, the category is what is believed to be one's own particular ethnic group; in the case of radical nationalism, one's own particular country, land, or nation; in the case of radical Islam, of having the authentic interpretation and belonging with those who do adhere to that interpretation.

There thus exists, or developes, or there is cultivated, a distinct and a prideful sense of identity, dependant upon the belief - instinctive, or formulated in some manifesto, tract, doctrine, ideology, or dogma - that what exists now (society, or 'our way of life', for example) is under threat, and either (i) has deviated from a posited or some believed in ideal or idealized community/society/way of life that is said to have existed in the past or (ii) can and should move toward that new community/society/way of life demanded by the ideology, manifesto, tract, doctrine, dogma, ideologue, or interpretation.

This identity produces or can produce resentment, anger; caused by both (i) a perceived or a felt disparity between the now and the assumed ideal, past or future, and (ii) by the belief that someone or some many are responsible for the 'current state of affairs' and/or are preventing a return to, or the creation of, the ideal. For the problems or the conditions of the present are assumed, by extremists, to have certain identifiable and simple suprapersonal causes, just as the path to the goal is regarded as requiring that those causes be dealt with; with the causes of the problems often or mostly being the work of 'others'; not our fault, but instead the result of 'our enemies', and/or of some opposing ideology. That is, our enemies 'threaten' our way of life and/or are to blame.

Hence in order for extremists to return to this past perfection - or in order for them to create a new form of this past perfection, this past ideal, or in order for them to create a new perfection inspired by some past or newly posited ideal - the enemies, and/or opposing ideologies and those adhering to them, must be dealt with. There must therefore be struggle; the notion of future victory; and at the very least political/social/religious activity, and propaganda, directed toward political/social/religious goals; a moving toward regaining the authority, the power, the influence which supporters of, for example, an ideology

believe or assume they and their kind have lost and which they almost invariably believe are now 'in the hands of their enemies' and/or of traitors or 'heretics'.

All this combines to provide the extremist with a simplicity of purpose, for their life now has a meaning which - instinctive or otherwise - vivifies, removes doubt, with the result that the goal, the ideal, the ideology, is given or assumes a high priority in the life of the individual, often to the extent that they are prepared - even willing - to use violence, and actively hate their perceived enemies, 'the others', whom thus they, in their harshness and intolerance, have dehumanized.

Extremism, Ideation, and Abstractions

Such violence, such hatred, such a dehumanizing of those deemed enemies with the consequent immoral denial of innocence [1], are inevitable consequences of all ideologies founded on notions of a prideful identity which glorify a past (real or idealized), which posit some future ideal or goal, and which involve a struggle against stated enemies to achieve such a goal or such an ideal.

For all extremists accept - and all extremisms are founded on - the instinctive belief or the axiom that their cherished ideation(s) or abstraction(s) is or are more important, more valuable, than the individual and the feelings, desires, hopes, and happiness, of the individual. The extremist thus views and understands the world in terms of abstractions; in terms of

> "...a manufactured generalization, a hypothesis, a posited thing, an assumption or assumptions about, an extrapolation of or from some-thing, or some assumed or extrapolated ideal 'form' of some-thing. Sometimes, abstractions are generalization based on some sample(s), or on some median (average) value or sets of values, observed, sampled, or assumed.
>
> Abstractions can be of some-thing past, in the present, or described as a goal or an ideal which it is assumed could be attained or achieved in the future." [2]

The abstractions of extremism are manifest in the ideology, which posits or which attempts to explain (however irrationally and intolerantly) some ideated form, some assumed or believed in perfect (ideal) form or category of some-thing, and which ideated form is or can be or should be (according to the ideology) contrasted with what is considered or assumed to be its 'opposite'. For example, in nazism and neo-nazism, the basal ideation is the White (or the Aryan) race, so that for those who accept such a racial ideology a White or Aryan ideal (man and woman) exists, has existed, or should exist, with individuals judged or expected to judge themselves according to this standard and expected to strive to emulate or attain it; and with enemies (such as Jews - Zionists [3] - and Muslims) pejoratively contrasted with it, and thus viewed in a bigoted and a dehumanizing way. The individual, extremist or otherwise, is therefore required to accept - be subservient to - the judgement that the ideology asserts, or which some ideologue proclaims, is correct; for all ideologies denigrate or require (overtly or otherwise) the suspension of individual judgement either in favour of the collective, 'correct', ideological one, or in favour of the judgement of some leader, ideologue, or some 'higher authority'.

For there is the belief or the assumption, implicit in ideation, that what is observed by the senses, or revealed by observation, is either an 'imperfect copy' or an approximation of that posited ideal thing or form, with the additional assumption or belief that such an ideated form contains or in some way expresses (or can express) 'the essence' or 'the ethos' of that thing and of similar things, and ideologies of whatever kind assert or claim that (i) it is this essence or ethos that the ideology - or some leader or ideologue - has revealed or does reveal, and (ii) this essence or ethos can and should inspire and motivate individuals to strive and struggle to implement, to make real, their posited ideal or ideals even if, or especially if, such striving and struggle involves conflict and violence.

The Masculous Extremist

Given the foregoing, the extremist is a certain type of person; or at least, in my experience, the majority of extremists are: by nature, or become so through association with or because of the influence of others, or because of ideological indoctrination. This type of person has or developes not only a certainty-of-knowing about their cause, faith, or ideology, but also a need or an enthusiasm for territorial pride and personal aggression. In brief, they have or they develope an inflexible masculous character, often excessively so; and a character which expresses the masculous nature, the masculous ethos, of extremism. A character, a nature, unbalanced by muliebral virtues.

For it is in the nature of extremists that they disdain, and often despise, the muliebral virtues of empathy, sensitivity, humility, gentleness, forgiveness, compassion, and the desire to love and be loved over and above the desire for conflict, territorial identity, and for war. Thus we find in extremism a glorification of

the masculous at the expense of the muliebral; a definite personal certitude of knowing; a glorification of toughness and aggression and war; an aggressive territorial pride; a tendency to believe, or the forthright assertion, that 'might is right' and kampf is necessary; the desire to organize/control; a prominent desire for adventure and/or for conflict/war/violence/competition; and - especially in ideologues, fanatics, propagandists, agitators, and leaders - the love of manipulation through the charisma of words.

For extremism certainly manifests - and is an example, par excellence - of the love some people have or seem to need for the manipulation of others through words both spoken and written. As I have noted elsewhere: It is as if we terrans, en masse, have forgotten, keep forgetting, or have never discovered the wisdom that what involves too many words - and especially what involves or requires speeches, rhetoric, propaganda, dogma - is what obscures empathy and thus the numinosity that empathy reveals; the numinosity presented to us by the pathei-mathos of our human past; manifest to us - and living now - in the way of living of those whose personal pathei-mathos - whose personal experience of suffering, death, destruction, hate, violence, of too many killings - has forever changed them. The 6

numinous revelation of kindness, of humility, of gentleness, of love, of compassion; of being able to restrain, control, ourselves; of being able to comprehend our small, insignificant, place in the indefinity of the Cosmos, bringing as this comprehension does an understanding of the importance, the numinosity, that is a shared and loyal love between two people: and revealing as this does the Cosmic unimportance of such wars and conflicts and such brutality as have blighted our terran history. [4]

A Cure For Extremism?

Understood thus, extremism could be considered to be akin to bad (or rotten) individual physis [5]; as a manifestation of an unbalanced, an intemperate, psyche [6]; and as something which is or which has the potential to be contagious. Or, expressed less dramatically, extremism is a modern manifestation of hubris; of a lack of respect for, and a lack of appreciation of, the numinous. And, as hubris, is a manifestation of the error that is the genesis of the tyrant [7] as well as the genesis (in my view) of what has been termed the patriarchal ethos and in particular of how that ethos continues to not only survive but also still dominates the world.

It really does appear to be the case, as I perhaps somewhat controversially noted in a recent missive, that we men en masse have learnt nothing from the past four or five thousand years,

> For the uncomfortable truth is that we, we men, are and have been the ones causing, needing, participating in, wars and conflicts. We - not women - are the cause of most of the suffering, death, destruction, hate, violence, brutality, and killing, that has occurred and which is still occurring, thousand year upon thousand year; just as we are the ones who seek to be - or who often need to be - prideful and 'in control'; and the ones who through greed or alleged need or because of some ideation have saught to exploit not only other human beings but the Earth itself. We are also masters of deception; of the lie. Cunning with our excuses, cunning in persuasion, and skilled at inciting hatred and violence. And yet we men have also shown ourselves to be, over thousands of years, valourous; capable of noble, selfless, deeds. Capable of doing what is fair and restraining ourselves from doing what is unethical. Capable of a great and a gentle love.
>
> This paradoxy continues to perplex me. And I have no answers as to how we might change, reform, this paradoxical φύσις of ours, and so - perhaps - balance the suffering-causing masculous with the empathic muliebral and yet somehow in some way retain that which is the genesis of the valourous. And if we cannot do this, if we cannot somehow reform ourselves, can we terrans as a species survive, and do we deserve to? [4]

My only fallible suggestions are the empathy, the primacy of love and of pathei-mathos, and the appreciation of the numinous and of humility, that form the basis of my philosophy of pathei-mathos, and which philosophy is only my attempt to expresses what I believe I have understood because of and from my own personal pathei-mathos.

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Notes

[1] My understanding of innocence is that it is an attribute of those who, being personally unknown to us, are therefore unjudged us by and who thus are given the benefit of the doubt. For this presumption of innocence of others – until direct personal experience, and individual and empathic knowing of them, prove otherwise – is the fair, the reasoned, the numinous, the human, thing to do.

Empathy and πάθει μάθος incline us toward treating other human beings as we ourselves would wish to be treated; that is they incline us toward fairness, toward self-restraint, toward being well-mannered, and toward an appreciation and understanding of innocence.

[2] The definition is taken from the glossary in *The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos*. 2013. ISBN 978-1484096642

[3] The term Zionist is often employed by contemporary neo-nazis as a euphemism for Jews, partly in order to try and circumvent racial hatred legislation in countries where such legislation is in force, and partly to try and avoid accusations of being a 'conspiracy theorist'.

[4] I use the term φύσις (physis) here in reference to the nature or the character of a person. As Heraclitus noted:

> σωφρονεῖν ἀρετὴ μεγίστη, καὶ σοφίη ἀληθέα λέγειν καὶ ποιεῖν κατὰ φύσιν ἐπαίοντας
>
> Most excellent is balanced reasoning, for that skill can tell inner character from outer.
>
> Fragment 112

[5] *Blue Reflected Starlight*. 2013

[6] Psyche is here used in reference to its classical origins and my philosophy of pathei-mathos; as an emanation, embodied in a fallible mortal, of Life qua being.

[7]

> ὕβρις φυτεύει τύραννον:
> ὕβρις, εἰ πολλῶν ὑπερπλησθῇ μάταν,
> ἃ μὴ ‘πίκαιρα μηδὲ συμφέροντα,
> ἀκρότατον εἰσαναβᾶσ᾽
> αἶπος ἀπότομον ὤρουσεν εἰς ἀνάγκα
> ἔνθ᾽ οὐ ποδὶ χρησίμῳ
> χρῆται
>
> Insolence [hubris] plants the tyrant. There is insolence if by a great foolishness there is a useless over-filling which goes beyond the proper limits. It is an ascending to the steepest and utmost heights and then that hurtling toward that Destiny where the useful foot has no use
>
> Sophocles, Oedipus Tyrannus. vv.872ff

Part Two

A Learning From Grief
Transcriptions Of Some Personal Letters

The Scent of Meadow Grass

Four days on from Fran's death, and I am in one of the ancient meadows on the Farm - soon, the haymaking will begin, again, but for now I can smell that special smell - the scent - of meadow grass growing in hot June Sun.

The varied grasses are at least knee high; often higher - and I startle a Deer, hiding, as I walk through the grass: up it leaps to bound and leap away to escape through a hole in the far hedge where the Oak, now full in leaf, rises so tall above me, only a faint breeze to disturb its leaves. Over the field, a Buzzard circles, occasionally calling while small Cumulus clouds drift under the blue sky of another English Summer. Around, over, the pond where I sit, Damsel flies, and two dark blue large Dragonflies, skitting, dancing, mating, landing - for the flow of life goes on.

Why such warm almost cloudless weather? It is not as if I wish my sadness, my grief, my guilt to be lifted and taken from me - but, still, a certain beauty touches me, bringing a few moments of peace. Shall I strive to push these aside, and remember, again, as yesterday when I walked through nettles, letting them sting my bare hands and arms? Now, a stripped yellow Dragonfly ventures forth over the pond - to be attacked, driven away by the Blue as two Blackbirds, tree dwelling and five hedge-Oaks apart, sing their varied, long-lasting songs, for the flow of living goes on.

So many Damsel flies, now, I have lost count, and, then, a Ruddy Darter lands on a leaf, feet from my feet. For minutes, it is still, as, around me, Bumblebees and fastly-moving, loud, flies pass by in their seemingly random way. On a nearby fallen branch - some small, glossy, black, winged insect scoops out dead wood with its legs, having made a perfectly round, small, hole above the sunken leaf litter where black Beetles scutter, to dive down to what is their deep. Then, a Bumblebee drops, stumbly, briefly, down to the very edge, as if to drink, for the flow of life goes on.

Is there meaning, for me, here? It would seem so in these brief moments - and yet, and yet there is no Fran to return to, no Fran sitting here, sharing such moments. But is she, in some indefinable numinous way, here beyond the bounds of memory, Time, grief, and thought? I do not know, only knowing a certain vague, mysterious feeling, which might just be imagination. Now, I must arise and walk: no sleep, here, as in the years gone by when I would lie down among this warm grass to feel the peace that lives in such a place as this.

June 2006

°°°

Bright Purple Orchids

It is just over one month since I sat on this hill - then, it was also in the Sun of an early Summer's morning, and only a few days after Francine had killed herself, tormented as she was by despair, anguish and a deep self-deprecation. For I called her Francine - and she liked it - since it seemed to capture something of her quixotic, individual, nature which the names Frances and Fran did not really express. Now, as in the past when she was alive, I find myself still saying to myself - and sometimes out loud - "I love you Francine," as if it were some mantra that might bring her back to life.

But, yet again, I am alone - here, where there are bright purple Orchids on the lower slopes just above the tree-line and where, below, a Deer stood on the narrow footpath, watching me approach until, apparently unafraid, it sauntered off into the bushes growing by and beyond the stream that runs down through that quite small wooded valley. Overhead - the resident Buzzard, calling. Around - flies, starting their day as the warmth of the Sun increases to slowly dispel the clinging mist that lingers cloud-like over the flat land between those not-too-distant hills.

The stark cry of a Woodpecker, as it flies, dipping, from tree to tree. The loud Bumblebee, feeding on the many small flowers - blue, yellow, violet, red. The many birds - whose personal names I do not and probably never shall know - singing, in the many trees and bushes below, up from where there is a small clearing, gently rising as the hill beyond, and in which clearing two chestnut horses graze, half a mile or more from the nearest cottage whose white walls and faded-red roof break the swathe of green which, furlong upon furlong, reaches up to the very top of the hill, making my horizon: fields of pasture; hedges bursting with English-summer green The ferns, since my last visit, are fully open, and almost all stretched fully out, and I sit on an old plastic bag, feeling the tragedy of Francine's death, and that I should be crying far more than I am now. For the tears, hours upon hour, day following day, hav lessened, until - yesterday - I wept only once. So I feel guilty, partly believing I should be mourning her far more. But Nature, here, is alive and I have begun to sense again the flow of Life, sensing somehow and strangely - and hoping it is not some delusion - that she, by her dying has given me this gift, this chance; these moments to reconnect myself with Life. A chance to redeem and be redeemed, to feel the beauty and the goodness inherent in life and to know, to deeply feel, the promise of human existence - as if she by her living and her dying has not only freed herself from her own inner pain, anguish and torment, but also finally, irretrievably, freed me from that lower part of myself that still kept me in thrall, even sometimes during our relationship, to abstractions, to a wayward questing after suffering-causing ideals.

So I am embodied, here, by my being, my thoughts, my feeling - as I sense she is, and somehow alive if I feel this, if I remember this, her, if I change; if I make her sacrifice worthwhile. For there is a depth not felt before; never quite experienced like this before; a depth of feeling; a depth of being; a deep connexion with Life, especially as it presences itself, here, around me, in me, on this hill, site of an ancient hill-fort - as if the sadness and the sorrow and the tragedy have been transformed, melded somehow with the quiet reverential joy of being in such a beautiful, still numinous aspect of Nature, to form something new,

strange, far beyond words, bringing a definite knowing of myself, of my failure, a knowing of humility never known before. Thus there is a letting-be; a simple dwelling through sitting in silence and in peace, exhaling wordless and wordfull words of love. Change, life, death - all around; all here, and one day I also shall change as my beautiful Francine has changed. No fear, now; only that knowing that knows the flow for the changing it is.

Yet do such feelings, such thoughts, demean her death? Or are they merely some escape or delusion? I do not really know - I never probably will know for certain - but I hope not, even as I know I might be mistaken, in this. But this is all I have: this, the result of my month of effort, the month of tears - these slight answers; these meagre answers; these so slight positive feelings, feelings which may fade, which could fade, bringing back such anguish as caused so many thoughts of bringing forward death. For over a month, a struggle to find answers to the questions, the despair, which perplexed and often almost overwhelmed me. Faith; prayer; redemption - seeking to believe; needing to believe; desiring to pray, trying to pray. Trying again to find the answers in God; in Christianity, in Buddhism, in Taoism, in Islam, and in and from many other Ways.

But there is now, for me it seems, only the quiet sitting in places such as this; only the answers of, the development of, The Numinous Way. Only the feeling of being one connexion; only the yearning to presence the good, to cease to cause suffering; to strive to keep that silence, that non-interference, which which may well be the beginning of my own redemption and a move toward, back, to being in balance with Nature, with the Cosmos, with myself - and with the Fran who has gone, leaving me behind.

There is, here, only sky, trees, hill, and history - and no one to share such beauty, such warmth of Summer Sun. No one to lie beside and feel the yearning for that short sleep which often overcomes us in a such heat as this.

Instead - a small brown spotted Butterfly passes; then, an even smaller one of browny-orange with black spots on its wings, and then a larger white of black-tipped wings. So many flowers to feed, upon - and the heat of the Sun has taken those almost-annoying flies off, away, perhaps bushward into shade, leaving me free to rest in my new strange sad-tragic-quiet-reverential-remorseful-joy while a small Cumulus cloud in an otherwise cloudless sky drifts above, to my right, making faces. A sad face; then of anger then of joy - until it, too, becomes almost formless here in this flicker of Life which passes quickly upon one planet in one Galaxy among a Cosmos, changing slowly, as it does.

So many flowers; and Grasshoppers, calling, in the longer grass, above where three Crows caw, as they caw. So much Life, bursting, burgeoning, forth, to mingle as I become mingled with a future and a past, one connexion among so many where, ten feet away, the wind-shaped sapling of Oak, no taller than a three Rabbits, hopping, curves gracefully out over lichen-covered rock.

June 29, 2006

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Existence Without End

This afternoon is hot, following the long hours of rain during the night, but there is a lovely breeze as the Sun dries the Clover-filled grass where I sit resisting the temptation to sleep, stretched out, warm.

For it is so beautifully warm, this Sun, taking away for a while the sadness of the sleepless night when dreams and memories of Fran kept me, often weeping and often silently hunched by the window, listening to the rain. No music of mine, then, as I yearned to capture, to express, the almost despairing sadness of it all. There were only words; only words such as these, and not for the first time I gently envied those gifted with the talent of musical composition. But no words can express what the sounds of numinous music can and sometimes have expressed, and I was left to sigh and close my eyes to try and dream such memories of happier days as have kept me alive as the days since her death turned first to a week and then to a month, no God to bring forth the comfort and the love so desired, so needed in the bleakness of that, of this, long night.

But this Sun brings something, while it lasts - something strange: a quite quiet remembrance of the joys and beauty of life when personal love lived to suffuse us with both happiness and dreams - no death to tear us apart. Yet how many times, how often and how stupidly, did I turn away from the sharing of such love - from its value, its humanity, its goodness known only, valued only, felt only, with its loss, with such a loss as this? Turned away from - for what? Some hard, unforgiving, inhuman ideal. Turned away from - too many times these past thirty years so that a storm now wells up inside me as the clouds of the night grew, waiting to break in a tempest of tears. So stupid, the man that I was, and maybe still am.

Swallows, sweeping low over the grass; a Honey-Bee, feeding, from the clover. A small Fly, by my hand. All emanations of that flow of Life which lives, presenced on this planet which is both a dwelling and a home.

Someday I - all this, here: the Fly, the Bee, the birds; the Clover - will be gone, as she is gone and as the Cumulus clouds that now drift past the hill will be gone. Gone - to where? Returned; continued; lost. changed... And what remains, of us? I do not know, and can only suggest or presume.

Yet there is something, here; some feeling, burgeoning in Sun - of Life in its essence; of consciousness, living, of compassion, love; droplets forming one whole, one river flowing from one source to one end in one sea in one moment of one Time. Thus, a brief smile, a knowing of moments where the I is at least lost as it become lost in the happiness of such sharing as love makes. No God - but a warmth of being flowing from one small beginning to one Cosmic existence without end.

Yes - she is there; as I, the Bee, the Fly, the Clover, the Swallow, the rain, the river, will be there, transformed, transmuted, one infinitesimal emanation of Thought among so many where the Cosmos evolves to be, there, where Time shall never end. Am I dreaming - or just listening to, feeling, the quiet soft emanations of a Cosmos dreaming, breathing, seeing, being, existing in both the sadness and the love?

Now, thinking ended, I can drift into that warm sleep that so often heals... And then, for a moment, such peace it is as if the joy of death reached out to touch me, claim me. Is this, then, what touches some in that their last moment of decision? For it feels as if it is the dying which is easy - and the living which is, which can be, which will be, hard, as the despair, the burdens remain to reclaim them, me, us. But have I strength enough, dreams enough, hope enough to help me here? Yes, perhaps I have again, for a while...

Afternoon of 6th July, 2006

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The Joy-bringing Sky-blue

A wonderfully warm and sunny day with no clouds to cover the joy-bringing sky-blue. The Sun was warm even as it ascended, early, while I cycled rural lanes almost totally devoid of traffic because of being Sunday, and early. So pleasing, this simple joy of an English morning in late late Summer when I – tired from hours of work yesterday – leant against a fence to just-be in each slowly passing moment. Such peace, as if the measure of life was at last not only known but felt, lived, loved, when no human-made noise intrudes and one feels the strength, the giving, of the Sun; feels the growing that is in the fields, trees, bush, hedge, as if they are all – as they are – connected, parts of one living, growing, presence; one living-being, breathing… So much, so much so simply known and felt as warmth and the natural silence brings a sleepy calm and there is the brief-sleep of lying in warming welcoming grass before one awakes to feel all living-life knowing thus human-caused suffering for the blight, the stupidity, that it is.

To be, to let-be, to leave-alone is it seems an answer – and so I am slowly, so slowly, returned to my dwelling where now, three hours later, I sit on the grass in the garden feeling knowing my weakness of months years decades past.

So I am haunted, here and again, where again the Swallows gather as they gather at this time of year: chirping to each other and preparing in some weeks to leave. Thus do they skim the fields, catching, eating, their food as the cycle of natural life upwardly repeats and a cooling breeze dims a little of the humid heat of the day, here in a greening part of a still-living England.

Haunted, here and again – amid such joyful growing warmth – with, by, because of, her death; with by, because of, the multiplicity of my multitudes of suffering-causing and so stupid mistakes…

3rd of August 2006

°°°

The Sun of Mid-September

A small black winged insect lands on my knee as I sit on the grass waiting, to write - I do not know what this insect is, but it is slowly cleaning its long antennae and then its wings which briefly catch the Sun and iridess. Such complexity, in miniature - such life, living, as it lives.

It is just past mid-September and warm, very warm, with small Cumulus clouds beneath a joyful sky of blue and I am awake, it seems, at last, from the daily dream of the past six or more weeks when I sleep-walked through life to wake only briefly, so briefly, to cry unexpected as when I two days ago walked one narrow path where trees reared up, arching over as some cathedral isle, and bright morning sunlight filtered and fractured to touch me, the ground, the life that grew, seeping, around. I cried then such tears as saw me crouched, hunched up, then kneeling - feeling the sorrowful tragedy of her loss, her dying: of my mistakes. A sorrow which the wakeing-dreaming-sleep of those past weeks kept me distant from as I, again and foolishly, meddled, wrote, postured, to keep pain and experience away through a desire, a hope, to believe; through the gestures and words of prayer; through articles written. For I had felt again that I knew; that I had words to issue forth - some role again to help me live and keep such life as mine alive beyond that tragedy of self-inflicted death.

Such tears began to break such illusion, such wakeing-dreams, down. Now - so green this grass, so warm this Sun of mid-September that I cannot sleep or hold this role any longer. There is, can be, nothing but the flow of life which I as one living being cannot hope to contain, constrain, for I am, in being, no-one and nothing; only one fleeting flicker of life as that insect, living, flickers briefly to fly away lost to sight under Sun.

There are images, of Space, to remember: one nexion, here, sitting upon grass, among the billions presenced here on one planet orbiting one star in one Galaxy among billions. So many, so many - that I am become again what I am, was, one fallen leaf drifting, flowing down one stream in one field in one land on this one planet among so many. I have no power to really change what-is, what-was; no power of bringing-into-being; no power to even really know; only living, breathing, dying.

So there is a smile, fine words flowing of knowing not to cause suffering again - words written before this failure, born from weakness. For I know my failure, here, these past weeks - no excuse, not even that wordless, strong, desire to live beyond the grief, beyond the nothingness without her, beyond the faith that clung to life, hoping for redemption in a total loyal submission to the one God beyond all gods. Such loyalty is troubling, still... But it is the warmth of Sun, the green of grass, that brings me back, for there is only the brief touching of such beauty as we can find, discover, know; only the thin, faint, hope to somehow bear and carry this to others - to pass the numinous knowing on so that someone, somewhere, somewhen can transcend, themselves, feeling the living matrix, beyond, where in ending we merge, again, one being-become.

All else is insufficient, illusion, delusion, for there is what there is. Yet I am weak, worn out from experience, loss upon loss, mistake following mistake, so there is, shall be, can be, only a living from moment to moment; no plans to follow then deny; no aims to strive or hope for.

The Swallows of Summer have gone, and I smile as I run my hand through the warming, growing, grass in this field where the breeze does not move the acorn as it falls, tree to ground, here by the pond set and drying below leaf-shedding Willow. My tears can never fill this - and it might be good to die now, in this peaceful warmth as the Craneflies rise to stumble to briefly live before life leaves them without a knowing such as this.

So, there is now only the living of existence; only the quiet slow semi-joyful waiting for this life to slowly, quickly, painless or with pain, dimly end to be returned, perchance transformed. Only being, beyond desire: one cloud but briefly passing making many faces under Sun...

September 2006

°°°

Crouched Up Over Muddied Earth

Who is there to hear the words of remorse, to see, feel, such tears of anguish as bring me down, crouched up over muddied earth? Who - if there is no God, no Saviour, no Heaven, Paradise, and no personal life beyond that ending which is death?

Who hears? Who can forgive? She who could, might, is gone, dead, lost to me and to life, and here - on this wooded hillside where the strong breeze creeks trees and fastly scutters cloud - there is only a faint hope: dim, as the dimness on the far horizon where the Sun is still nearly one whole hour from rising. It would be good to believe - as I tend to believe, as I tend to hope -that the Life, the living-beings, here can and do hear, and can and could respond. But I am only one being, one human, for them - tree, bird, deer, rabbit, the very hill itself - to be wary of as they, each in their life in their own way, are wary, and even the two Ravens, prukking as they skim the trees above, are only Ravens. No omens, there. So there

seems only fantasy while I whisper, slowly, to the life that lives here. No answers; no answers: only the breeze bringing darker clouds, and rain.

Here, among brambles, I sit where the fallen leaves of Oak, Ash, have covered the grass, and the breeze no longer carries the sound of a distant traffic-filled road. For it is Sunday, and still, with only this human who stirs in the gibboning gloom of Dawn on a Winter's day warm for the time of year.

Soon, there will be weariness to take me back along the muddied path that seeps over hill - no one to meet, walking, while such earlyness lasts. And it is good, this solitary silence - once, a few times, I have, being late, seen strangers approaching, and shyly, wary like an animal, have crept away into woods, or beyond some hedge, keeping thus my own strange company: no human words to break the bleakness or the slight joyness of mood.

So there is a kind of living, a kind of thinking, for me - seven months beyond her death, with no religious faith, belief, to bring me company. Thus, I am alone, again. And yet, there is this, this being-here, where the rain washes away the tears that some leaves briefly held after they fell as they fell from one man, anguished in one moment of one walk on one day one warmish Winter. No bright Sun, today, rising over hill: although somehow, for some reason, there comes that slow muted joy to bring a slight brief smile - for there is Life, around, beings living as they live; one future, one present, to connect one consciousness since I am a living in illusion.

So brief, the insight, and I am become again one man ambling toward old age, slowly climbing with my Ash walking-stick the steep slope of a hill.

Soon, there will be tea, toast, a seat by the window, as the rain of dull day beats down, again. So brief, that insight: but sufficient as often to keep me dreaming, replete, for many hours, today...

December 2006

°°°

A Time To Reflect

A time to reflect as I – tired from long days of manual work – sit in the garden watching the clouds clear to bring some warm Sun on this windy day of a coldish wind. On the horizon to the South: Cumulus clouds billowing up to herald more showers, and I, for a moment as a child again, watch a few cloud-faces change to disperse; as if the clouds are for that moment, just that one moment, a memory of a person who lived, once, on this Earth: reaching out to be remembered as they the cloud move as they are moved in their so-brief and new existence.

The hedgerows are greening; the branches of trees coming into leaf, and life is renewed while I wait for the Swallows to return, here, to this Farm. This is Life: in its purest truth devoid of the empathy-destroying, suffering-causing, abstractions that we humans have manufactured to blight this planet and so grievously injure our fecund still beautiful but now suffering Mother Earth who gives us, and who gave us, life.

The brief warm Sun renews as it almost always does for me, and so – for this moment, this one moment – I am happy, again; feeling the measure of Meaning, of happiness, of joy itself; which is in a simple just-being, sans abstractions, sans thought, and beyond the dependency of, the addiction to, anger…..

Here – the child, again; free to watch the bee bumble from flower to flower; free to feel a certain playful awe. Here, the concern with only what is seen, touched, known, smelt, in the immediacy of dwelling.

There should be nothing more; nothing to wreck such simple being; nothing to bring the-suffering. But I, we, are stupid, weak, vain, addicted – and so in our failing repeat and repeat and repeat the same mistakes, and so cause and maintain the pain of our, of their, of other, suffering. Mea Culpa; Mea Culpa; Mea Maxima Culpa...

April 2007

°°°

Almost Mid-Summer

Another beautifully warm and Sunny day, bright with the light remembered from childhood years in Africa and the Far East: so different from the normally dullish light of temperate England.

Thus, here in the warm Sun and as so often, there is a time of reflexion; a stasis as life becomes reviewed through memories. And it is occurring to me more and more that this is all that there is, beyond the immediacy of the moment: only memories of moments past.

So many memories which slowly fade as bright colour exposed to Sun: as the bright checks of my Tweed cap have slowly faded over the years, unrenewed as the greens of the grass, the bush, the tree, become renewed each year, through Spring. Only memories, as of Fran; to be savoured but perhaps now not too much to be dwelt upon in almost unbearable sadness, for thus is – for thus has the – a type of balance returned; that balance, that dwelling in immediacy, which I from learning feel and know is the essence of wu-wei.

This is a change within me, regarding the life and death of Fran, and the life and death of Sue; regarding my own diverse journeys and explorations. A change toward a being-settled that has partly arisen from at last forsaking abstractions and partly from accepting that it is immediacy and remembrance of memories which convey the only correct meaning we human beings have or can find and which is numinous. No projection, thus, of an abstractive life-beyond this mortal life; no need for a religious type of faith; no battle or desire to strive to be in accord with any abstraction; and even no need to believe in, or even un-numinously desire, some-thing. No depth of unfathomable wordless sadness to bring that ultimate life-ending despair such as I assume Fran felt in the last hours of her own mortal living.

For there is only the bright Sun; the slight breeze in bush and tree; the verdant, living, green of grass; the yellow Buttercups that are profusely sprinkled there in the old Orchard of old Apple trees whose lower branches have been windfallen, or become broken with age, or stripped of bark by the two Goats who roam there, where Chickens range, food-seeking. Only the passing billowing fair-weather white Cumulus clouds below the sky-blue of Earth’s earthly mortal life.

Across from where I sit – at the back of the Farmhouse – that Barn whose Summer Swallows swoop in and out to feed their still nesting young who gape and chatter as their food is brought. And I am only this moment, only this moment, as the young Farm dog who comes to lay down in the grass beside me is only the young Farm dog. He looks up at me once – three times – tail wagging, before settling down to sleep.

There is no world beyond, for us here; for the life here. Only the weather; only the changing weather; only some natural need to move us, slowly by our limbs. A need for shelter, water, food. Only the Seasons changing as they change. Only the gentle companionship of a gentle acceptance that lives, grows, changes, slowly, as all natural life lives, grows – changes – slowly, as Sun through cloudless Summer sky.

My decades long mistake of unbalanced stupidity has been to be un-rooted; to be of unnatural uneedful haste. To cease to dwell within each immediacy of each moment. To be swayed by, persuaded by, in thrall to – to even love – un-numinous and thus un-ethical abstractions. To be thus that which we human beings have become: a stage between animal – talking – and compassionate, empathic being aware of and treasuring each small pulse of life that lives near, within, us because there is no separation unless we in hubris and by abstraction create such separation.

Thus are we now struggling, halting, wasting ourselves and all of Life around us; infected now with the virus of abstractions so that, upon this living Earth, we – in our new de-evolution – despoil, disrupt, destroy the Life that is our Life and the genesis of The Numinous, often in the name of that un-ethical abstraction called “progress”. And yet we have a cure for our millennia-long debilitating sickness; have always had a cure, although so many for so long, as I, have failed in our blind stupidity to see it.

So, this is all that there is: only the bright Sun; the slight breeze in bush and tree; the verdant, living, green of grass; the yellow Buttercups that are profusely sprinkled here where, now, The Numinous lives, on another beautifully warm and Sunny day, bright with light remembered…

June 2008

°°°

This Flow of Feelings

The truth is that I am not able to contain, restrain, the sorrow, the sadness felt through this knowing of my multitudinous mistakes. Unable: and so I am become, am now, only a flowing of moments remembered with such a ferocity of engagement that I am there, reborn, again:

> There… to smell, to feel, the sultry freshness of warm Spring morning when off I cycled to work some twelve miles distant and she, first wife, was left to cry in loneliness, alone: no ending to that argument the dark night before as I in selfish concentration enjoyed the greening grass of

> vergeful country lanes, the birdful treeful songs, passing as they passed while the clouds above that brought the heavy warming rain depart. So glad then to be alone again among and cycling such peaceful Shropshire lanes...

Only now - only now - knowing feeling how I should have returned to clasp her in my arms and be the love she then so needed. To late this seeing far beyond such selfish self as kept me then so blind.

The truth of there, again:

> There... where the warmth of English Summer took to us seat ourselves in picnic beside the river Avon flowing as it flowed through rural counties. You - new wife, for our family living; while I - for ideations that I carried in the silly headpiece of my head, so that I with misplaced stupid passion could only talk of strife, somewhere. You, breathing hope as the very breeze breathed such warmth as kept us slim of clothes...

And only now - only now - knowing feeling how I should have embraced you there to return in sameness the gentle love so freely given for years until my selfish self so self-absorbed rightly broke your patience down. Far too late now my seeing far beyond such selfish self as kept me then so subsumed with ideations.

The truth I am reborn there, again:

> There... where Fran stood beside her whiteful door as morning broke that late Spring day when I with firm resolve turned to take myself away: no doubt, no love, to still such hurt as walked me then. No empathy from sadful eyes to turn me back to try to try to try in love again. Instead - only such selfish hope as moved me far to meadow fields of farm where warm Sun kept me still, and smiling, while she remained bereft abandoned to lay herself down until her breath of life left her: no hand, no love, of mine to save her there where she died silent, slow, in loneliness alone...

Only now - only now - knowing feeling so intensely how I should have stayed: love before all excuses.

Thus, such a flow of such demeaning memories as make my present no presentiment of so many pasts: so much unforgivable, unliveable now - that I become my tears of failing to hope to sleep to dream to still this flow of feelings.

But there is no present - only moments with which to mesmerise myself, as when the Blackbird beyond this window sings and I am there, there again on meadow-fields of farm where work and living kept me safe, secluded, for five full years and more. Such peace, such hope, until death of Fran came to claim me for the failure that made me who and what I was and am.

For the truth is of failure; my failure of so many years and decades past. To fail to simply love to dream to hope as they my loves so loved in dreamful hope as kept them made them far better beings than I in insolent pride ever was or even now could ever hope or dream to be. No faith, no deity, no sacrament of absolution now to charm away, explain, redeem such a feckless selfish failure. Only more remorseful days - and darkful nights - alone that bear some winsome hope of words as this in weaksome recompense for wreakful storm I was upon those lives when I, dark tempest, tore their fragile human hopes asunder.

To die, here now, is easy: one example from far too many, with nothing here for needful Pride to gorge myself upon, again. Only such a flow of such demeaning memories as make my present no excuse for the stupid arrogance of such a prideful past. Only a hope for this example to void for one - some others - such ideation as kept and made me slave; one unreligious allegory for perchance not so many. Since

> If you came this way,
> Taking any route, starting from anywhere,
> At any time or at any season,
> It would always be the same

I am no exception. So, perhaps, five thousand years remain before our species - whimpering after such bouleversements as still befits us now - fails, to fall, to perish, to be replaced: unless we change. But how?

The truth is, I have no answers. I only live other than I have lived, in empyrean hope of abatement of suffering, somewhere, somehow: and knowing a shared, loyal, love for the beautiful, the numinous, truth it is.

March 2011

°°°

And What You Thought You Came For

And what you thought you came for
Is only a shell, a husk of meaning
From which the purpose breaks only when it is fulfilled If at all.
Either you had no purpose
Or the purpose is beyond the end you figured
And is altered in fulfilment.

TS Eliot: Little Gidding

There is now for me a quite simple, solitary, almost reclusive life, almost ended; as if the Cosmos - Wyrd - has contrived to place me exactly where I need to be: in, with, such a situation and surroundings as makes me remember the unwise deeds of those my pasts, and which placement offers more opportunities for one fallible human being to learn, especially about how people are not as, for many decades, I with my arrogance and abstractive purpose assumed.

For now I of the aged poor have no purpose, no ideation, to guide; no assumptions founded on, extrapolated from, some causal lifeless abstraction. No politics; no religion; not even any faith. There is instead only the living of moments, one fluxing as it fluxes to, within, the next. No dreams of Destiny; no supra-personal goals; no desires of self to break the calm of day and night. Only walks, and a being, alone to mingle with weather, Life, Nature as one so mingles when happiness is there inside unsupported by some outer cause or expectation of or from another.

Few possessions, belongings, as if I am a Gentleman of The Road again, but briefly staying here in this some un-heated house; or perhaps some almost-monk of one half-remembered paien apprehension, with neither monastery nor home, who feels now the hidden meaning of life: that this is all that there is or should be, this peace brought because there is a freedom from desiring desires. Someone sad, burdened by a deep naked knowledge of himself, but who and now, too sensitive perhaps, smiles too often and tries to hide the burgeoning tears of joy that sometimes seem to so betake him unawares...

I, now, someone - who unlike so many millions world-wide - fortunate indeed to have shelter, food adequate to feed his gauntness for a day; clothes sufficient to keep-in warmth; and health - though agely ageing, slowly fading - enough to keep him fending for, and fendful of, himself. There could be more; there was far more, but that seems long ago; unneeded now. For this is all that there is, this happiness in moments when - needs fulfilled - no lust for change, having laid in wait within, bursts forth bringing thus such breaking difference as so often causes two, more, far more, humans to break or drift apart.

Emotions governed, basic needs supplied, with memories - of lives - sufficientized for years of daily dreams, what more remains, becomes required? Little, so very little, except we being human, external still, do still so cause such suffering, so much - for what?

For there has come upon me these past few years, of this so simple living, a certain understanding. Of how I am never, was never, ever, totally alone, being only one briefly born connexion. Of just how easy it is to be content, breeding happiness in oneself and others, and how even easier it is to lapse, to fail, to fall; to let feelings, abstractions, guide, control, as when in the past I would breed discontent within myself, with loved ones and others, never satisfied with this or that. For happiness, I presumed, lay in better things - a better home some better place; better food clothes holidays finer wine; that other woman, there; and, perhaps far worse, lay with better way of life for those unknown, a way wrought by deeds done, by pursuit of lifeless ideation as if I, that temporary self, might have made some difference and that those causal shells had or might be given meaning or even by violence, blood, become somehow gifted with the breath of life.

So little self-control. So much love, hopes, lives destroyed; and how much suffering I by hubris caused. So much - for what? Some selfish passing pleasure; no external change that lasted; that ever could, would, last. Since real change, discovered, is only and ever within ourselves, alone - there, interior, ready to gently touch another, one gift of one person personally known so that only now perhaps I am with, of, the numen living.

Thus I am returned to sometimes where I so briefly was, my purpose altered, far beyond the goals I in arrogance so vainly figured. For I am nothing special, unique; only some half-remembered vague aspirations of this age, whose words, life - as so many - perhaps uncovers divinity as the divine but whose

past concerned creating illusion, illusions, in expiation of a humanity then so lost.

Returned, as when I with tent, wandered, roamed. Returned, as those sunny warm days that Summer in Leeds when - before a monastery claimed me - I would walk barefoot inanely smiling so pleased to be free, young, alive.

Returned as when, bus-arrived, love caught me and she that April day embraced me with such hope, such gentle hope, such simple sharing dreams that remembrance now brings so many tears of sadness. For I in selfishness broke them.

Returned as that day - so many many years on - when love for me lived within another as we two so slowly walked some Worcester streets...

How foolish, how so very foolish, to have lost such times, such love, by lust for change, by such selfish stupidity as lived within me still and still until years years further on that other dying came in May to almost break betake me.

Now, I am only someone living - a simple living - with a certain fallible inner understanding, born of suffering, deaths, distress, despair. So there is so aptly now only slow quiescent walks alone and such memories, such memories, as I hope I hope have made a better man.

August 2011

°°°

This Only This

In the garden, heard through the large open window, the birds having sensed the onset of Spring sing as they sing at this most glorious time of year. And I, I overwhelmed again by the sadness emanating even here from my knowing of the suffering-causing personal deeds of my past. So many, so many I had not thought to count so many - until now. So many how could I while buoyed by hubris have hurt that many? So much deception, so many lies, while they - the friends, family, wives, lovers - trusted with that goodness born of heavenly-human hope.

No prayers, no supplication, to wash away, remove, the manifold stains. If only, if only I (as once, those several times) believed, so that penance, absolution - embraced - might bring the chance to dream, to-be, to see, to love again. But no apologies possible nor by they desired, for they are gone - deceased, or lost those many years ago; no words sufficient, of meaning, to redeem a memory of such a scarring pain.

No mechanism, manufactured, to return before the time of such hurtful hurting with such knowing as so bends me now, down, down and kneeling sans any means of prayer. Only emotion falling, fallen, keeping such memories as some music makes numinously plaintive the joy the pain, century folding folded to century while they the multitudinous I's made the good the trusting suffer. No past of expiations. No Spring of goodness to burgeon forth to herald they through pathei-mathos changed.

Which is why, perhaps, so many still need desire - to trust in - God. For there is this only this: to write to rest to sleep to dream to cease to feel. And the world will still be there when I am gone.

March 2012

Part Three

A Rejection of Extremism Perhaps Explained
Some Personal Replies (2011-2012)

No Words Of Mine Can Describe The Remorse

Yesterday was one of those glorious English Summer days of warm Sun, blue sky, when I - after a long walk - had sat down in the tufted grass on that slope of a hill to view the vista below. The river curving as it curved through the hedged-in fields of crops and pasture; the far distant greenful hills unclear in heat-made haze; the country lane that, now devoid of vehicles, would give access again to scattered houses and those well-separated working farms. It felt - perhaps was - paradise on Earth, for I fortunate to have water, food enough to feed me for a day; clothes and boots - though worn - sufficient for their purpose; even a place - dry, undamp, with bed - to sleep such sleep as might by night be gifted. It felt - and was -

good to be alive, touched a little and for a while by some type of inner peace. So little, so very little, really needed...

The problem in the past had been me, my lack of understanding of myself and my egoism. It was my fault: not the place, not the time, not the people, for I so desired with that arrogance of youth to exchange this paradise, here, for those ideas, the idealism, the abstractions, I carried around in my prideful hubriatic head. Seldom content, for long, since happiness came with - was - the pursuit, or the gratification of my personal desires. So destructive, so very destructive. So hurtful, inconsiderate, selfish, profane.

The defining moment, for me – in terms of understanding myself, in terms of understanding politics and the error of my decades of extremism – was the tragic personal loss of a loved one in May 2006. In the hours following that event I just knew – tearfully knew without words – my own pathetic failure; what I had lost, what was important. Thus there came upon me that day a sense of overwhelming grief, compounded by a remembrance of another personal loss of a loved one thirteen years earlier. For it was as if in those intervening years I had learned nothing; as if I had made the life and the dying and death of Sue, in 1993 – and of what we shared in the years before – unimportant.

I have no words to describe how insignificant, how worthless, I felt that day in May 2006; no words to describe, recall, retell, the remorse, the pain. Suffice now to recount that my life was never, could never be, the same again. Gone – the arrogance that had sustained me for so many experiential decades. Gone – the beliefs, the abstractions, the extremisms, I had so cherished and so believed in. That it took me another three years, from that day, to finally, irretrievably, break the bonds of my Shahadah sworn six years earlier – and the oath of personal loyalty that I believed still bound me to one person still alive then in a far distant land – most certainly says something more about me, about my character, about my interior struggles.

Thus it was that I came to know, to feel, how irrelevant politics and political organizations were for me, personally. So that ever since I have had no desire whatsoever to involve myself in politics – or even in trying to somehow change the world be it by politics, or by religion, or by whatever. Instead, my concern has been to try to [fully] understand and thence reform myself; to reflect upon my four decades of diverse involvements, discovering as I did those involvements for the extremisms they were; and to try to, and finally sans all abstractions, answer important questions such as Quid Est Veritas.

As I wrote in my May 2012 essay Pathei-Mathos, Genesis of My Unknowing:

> "What I painfully, slowly, came to understand, via pathei-mathos, was the importance – the human necessity, the virtue – of love, and how love expresses or can express the numinous in the most sublime, the most human, way. Of how extremism (of whatever political or religious or ideological kind) places some abstraction, some ideation, some notion of duty to some ideation, before a personal love, before a knowing and an appreciation of the numinous. Thus does extremism – usurping such humanizing personal love – replace human love with an extreme, an unbalanced, an intemperate, passion for something abstract: some ideation, some ideal, some dogma, some ‘victory’, some-thing always supra-personal and always destructive of personal happiness, personal dreams, personal hopes; and always manifesting an impersonal harshness: the harshness of hatred, intolerance, certitude-of-knowing, unfairness, violence, prejudice.
>
> Thus, instead of a natural and a human concern with what is local, personal and personally known, extremism breeds a desire to harshly interfere in the lives of others – personally unknown and personally distant – on the basis of such a hubriatic certitude-of-knowing that strife and suffering are inevitable. For there is in all extremists that stark lack of personal humility, that unbalance, that occurs when – as in all extremisms – what is masculous is emphasized and idealized and glorified to the detriment (internal, and external) of what is muliebral, and thus when some ideology or some dogma or some faith or some cause is given precedence over love and when loyalty to some manufactured abstraction is given precedence over loyalty to family, loved ones, friends.
>
> For I have sensed that there are only changeable individual ways and individual fallible answers, born again and again via pathei-mathos and whose subtle scent – the wisdom – words can neither capture nor describe, even though we try and perhaps need to try, and try perhaps (as for me) as one hopeful needful act of a non-religious redemption."

Therefore I have no political views now; I do not and cannot support any political organization, as I do not adhere to nor believe in nor support any particular religion or even any conventional Way of Life. All I have are some personal and fallible answers to certain philosophical, personal, ethical, and theological,

questions. No certainty about anything except about my own uncertainty of knowing and about the mistakes, the errors, of my past.

Having written so much - far too much - for so many decades and having made so many suffering-causing mistakes, I also have no desire now to write anymore about anything, except perchance for a few missives such as this, as part perhaps of my needed expiation, and in explanatory reply when asked of certain things. Such as in exposition of my mistakes, my remorse, and particularly in explanation of the personal love, the gentleness, the compassion, the humility, the peace, that I feel - feel, not know - might possibly enable us to find, to feel, our paradise on Earth, and so not cause suffering, not add to the suffering that so blights this world and has so blighted it for so long, mostly because of people such as me. The ideologues, the extremists, the fanatics, the terrorists, the bigots, the egoists. The unhumble ones unappreciative of the numinous: those whose certainty of knowing - and those whose sense of a personal 'destiny' - makes them uncompassionate, unempathic, hateful, prejudiced, intolerant, and devoted to either 'their cause' or to themselves. Those whose happiness comes with - and is - the pursuit, and/or the gratification of their so selfish desires.

Just how many more seasons - years, decades, centuries, millennia - will we humans as a species need to find and to live our mortal lives in compassionate, empathic, paradisal peace?

June 2012

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Letter To My Undiscovered Self

For nearly four decades I placed some ideation, some ideal, some abstraction, before personal love, foolishly - inhumanly - believing that some cause, some goal, some ideology, was the most important thing and therefore that, in the interests of achieving that cause, that goal, implementing that ideology, one's own personal life, one's feelings, and those of others, should and must come at least second if not further down in some lifeless manufactured schemata.

My pursuit of such things - often by violent means and by incitement to violence and to disaffection - led, of course, not only to me being the cause of suffering to other human beings I did not personally know but also to being the cause of suffering to people I did know; to family, to friends, and especially to those - wives, partners, lovers - who for some reason loved me.

In effect I was selfish, obsessed, a fanatic, an extremist. Naturally, as extremists always do, I made excuses - to others, to myself - for my unfeeling, suffering-causing, intolerant, violent, behaviour and actions; always believing that 'I could make a difference' and always blaming some-thing else, or someone else, for the problems I alleged existed 'in the world' and which problems I claimed, I felt, I believed, needed to be sorted out.

Thus I as a neo-nazi, as a racist, would for some thirty years and by diatribes spoken, written, rant on and on about these alleged problems: about 'the Jewish/Zionist problem, about 'the dangers of race-mixing', about the need for 'a strong nation', about 'why we need a revolution', about 'the struggle for victory', about 'the survival of the Aryan race', and so on and so on. Later on, following my conversion to Islam, I would - for some seven or so years - write and talk about 'the arrogance of the kuffar', about 'the need for a Khilafah', about 'the dangers of kufr', about 'the need for Jihad against the kuffar', and so on and so on.

Yet the honest, the obvious, truth was that I - and people like me or those who supported, followed, or were incited, inspired, by people like me - were and are the problem. That my, that our, alleged 'problems' (political/religious), were phantasmagoriacal; unreal; imagined; only projections based on, caused by, invented ideas that had no basis in reality, no basis in the simple reality of human beings. For the simple reality of most human beings is the need for simple, human, things: for personal love, for friendship, for a family, for a personal freedom, a security, a stability - a home, food, playfulness, a lack of danger - and for the dignity, the self-respect, that work provides.

But instead of love we, our selfish, our obsessed, our extremist kind, engendered hate. Instead of peace, we engendered struggle, conflict, killinInstead of tolerance we engendered intolerance. Instead fairness and equality we engendered dishonour and discrimination. Instead of security we produced, we encouraged, revolution, violence, change.

The problem, the problems, lay inside us, in our kind, not in 'the world', not in others. We, our kind - we the pursuers of, the inventors of, abstractions, of ideals, of ideologies; we the selfish, the arrogant, the hubriatic, the fanatics, the obsessed - were and are the main causes of hate, of conflict, of suffering, of inhumanity, of violence. Century after century, millennia after millennia.

In retrospect it was easy to be, to become, obsessed, a fanatic, an extremist - someone pursuing some goal, someone identifying with some cause, some ideology; someone who saw 'problems' and felt such 'problems' had to be sorted out. For such extremism, such goals, fulfilled a need; they gave a sense of identity; a sense of belonging; a sense of purpose. So that instead of being an individual human being primarily concerned with love, with and responsible for personal matters - the feeling and issues and problems of family, friends, loved ones - there was a feeling of being concerned with and part of 'higher more important things', with the inevitable result one becomes hard, hardened, and thence dehumanized.

Easy to be thus, to be an outward extremist; just as it is easy for some other humans (especially, it seems, for men) to be and remain extremists in an inner, interior, way: selfish, hubristic, arrogant, unfeeling, and thus obsessed with themselves, their physical prowess, and/or subsumed by their personal desires, their feelings, their needs, to the exclusion of others. For - despite our alleged, our believed in, 'idealism' - we the outward extremists were, we had become like, those selfish, hubristic, arrogant, unfeeling humans; only that instead of being slaves to our personal desires, feelings, needs, we were enslaved to our ideals, our goals, our ideologies, our abstractions, and to the phantasmagoriacal problems we manufactured, we imagined, or we believed in.

In essence, it was a failure of humanity on our, on my, part. A failure to see, to know, to feel, the human - the individual - reality of love, of peace. A failure to personally, as individuals, be empathic, compassionate, loving, kind, fair.

For love is not some ideal to be striven for, to be achieved by some supra-personal means. It is just being human: among, with, other humans, in the immediacy-of-the-moment. From such a human, individual, love - mutual and freely given, freely returned - there is peace: tranquillity, security.

That it took me four decades, and the tragic death of two loved ones, to discover these simple truths surely reveals something about the person I was and about the extremisms I championed and fought for.

Now, I - with Sappho - not only say that,

> I love delicate softness:
> For me, love has brought the brightness
> And the beauty of the Sun [1]

but also that a personal, mutual, love between two human beings is the most beautiful, the most sacred, the most important, the most human, thing in the world; and that the peace that most of us hope for, desire in our hearts, only requires us to be, to become, loving, kind, fair, empathic, compassionate, human beings.

For that we just have to renounce our extremism, both inner and outer.

February 2012

Notes

[1]

ἔγω δὲ φίλημμ᾽ ἀβροσύναν [...] τοῦτο καί μοι
τὸ λάμπρον ἔρως ἀελίω καὶ τὸ κάλον λέλογχε.

Sappho, poetic fragment: P. Oxyrhynchus. XV (1922) nr. 1787 fr. 1 et 2

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Four Replies: Just My Fallible Views, Again

The following extracts are from several personal e-mail replies, sent between June and September of 2012, to a lady correspondent originally from England but then living in an Eastern European country.

Reply 1

You seem very much preoccupied with lessons you have learned from grief and regret, pain and suffering [...]

[My] recent propensity to be somewhat subsumed with a certain sadness [arose] from not only pondering on such questions as pathei-mathos, the causes/alleviation of suffering, and the nature of religion, expiation, and extremism, but also from understanding, from feeling, just how much suffering I personally have caused during my extremist decades and knowing that had it not been for the tragic death of a loved one some six years ago I would most probably have continued my career as a suffering-causing extremist.

Also, having spent decades trying to idealistically inspire people or manipulate them, and being manipulative either for allegedly idealistic reasons (some political or religious cause) or for purely selfish reasons, I finally came to know just how easy it is to make excuses for one's mistakes and unethical behaviour, especially in relation to some ideology or some political or religious cause. Having good intentions, I discovered, is not a valid reason to cause suffering, although believing one acted from good intentions does and can salve one's conscience. For I came to the conclusion that idealism itself was one of the fundamental causes of suffering, and that ultimately it is matter of us taking individual responsibility for ourselves and all our actions; for the suffering we cause, have caused, or can cause. To shift that responsibility onto others (as in some chain-of-command) – or onto some political cause or some faith – is just, in my fallible view at least, unethical.

As is positing or believing in some supreme deity who will decide matters for us (and judge us and others) and/or who has, apparently, laid down what is right and what is wrong.

There are somewhat complex and difficult questions here (or at least they seem complex and difficult questions to me). Questions such as if there is no God/supreme-deity – and no mechanism such as karma and thus no rebirth – then how to understand suffering and what do reformation of ourselves and expiation mean, and do they even have, or should they have, any meaning sans religion? How do we – sans religion and ideology – decide, know, what is ethical and what can motivate us to act ethically? What is innocence? Horrid things happen every day to people who do not deserve them. Every minute of every day somewhere some human being suffers because of some deed done to them by some other human being. Should that concern us? If so, why, and what could/might we do about it, and will what we do cause more suffering?

What I have termed 'the philosophy, the way, of pathei-mathos' – that is, my now much revised 'numinous way' – is just my attempt to answer such questions. And an attempt born from me accepting the truth about myself and my suffering-causing past. To do otherwise, I feel and felt, would have been to somehow in some way demean – to not learn from – that tragic recent death of a loved one. To, instead, continue with the arrogance, the hubris, of my past.

Perhaps it would have been easier for me to just accept the answers of some existing Way or of some religion. Certainly, a religious expiation could have eased the burden, relieved and relieve some or most of the grief, felt. A burden, a grief, which certainly has fuelled and infused my writings these past few years and some of which writings are my rather feeble attempts at a non-religious but hopefully still numinous expiation.

[…]

Reply 2

Perhaps all we can do is try and communicate, in some way (but gently) that wordless (empathic) knowing of another human being to others. A wordless humanizing knowing that I have come to appreciate many men seem to so often lack or believe or feel is far less important than their macho posturing and their love of and seeming need for conflict, control, competition, and war. Perhaps if women were more assertive, empowered, accepting of themselves, and perhaps if men appreciated women more – and men (heaven forfend) developed within themselves certain muliebral qualities – there might be less suffering in the world.

[…]

In my personal experience at least there is and was a positive aspect to Catholicism, as there is (again in my view and my experience) a positive aspect to most if not all conventional religions from Islam to Judaism to Buddhism to Christianity.

This is, they have the propensity to remind us of the need for humility by setting certain limits regarding our behaviour, and by in some way and in their own manner making us aware of the numinous, the sacred. Which is why, over the decades, I have learned to respect them and their adherents while accepting that their answers, their way, are not my answers, my way.

In respect of the sacred, for instance, I still find that one of the most beautiful expressions of the numinous is Catholic chant: Gregorian, Cistercien, and Vieux-Roman. Indeed, one of my favourite pieces of music is now, as it has been for decades, *Répons de Matines pour la fête de Saint Bernard*. One of my treasured memories is, as a monk, singing the office of Compline and then, in the sublime silence of the church, going to the Lady Chapel to kneel in contemplative wordless prayer on the stone floor in front of a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Such peace, such purity, in those moments. Another treasured memory is, decades later and when a Muslim, travelling in the Western Desert and with my Egyptian guide stopping to face Makkah and pray Zuhr Namaz while the hot Sun beat down and a hot breeze blew sand to cover part of my prayer mat. Again, a purity of silence – no one else around for perhaps a hundred miles – and a wordless warm feeling of connexion with something pure and far beyond and balancing our human hubris: to place us into the necessary supra-personal perspective.

Perhaps on balance the positive, humanizing, virtues of such religions now outweigh their negative qualities? Certainly, it seems to me, that most of the worst excesses of – for example – Christianity are now and hopefully historical (and one thinks here of excesses such as the Inquisition).

You just seem so sad… and it's such a pity to waste time being sad when there are a million and one reasons not to be.

In a strange way a certain sadness seems to keep me focussed, balanced, and human, preventing – sans religion – the return of that arrogant, hubriatic, violent individual who incited and preached hatred, intolerance, violence, killing, and who was responsible for causing much suffering.

[…]

Thus consciously recalling my own pathei-mathos, and that of others, and feeling the sadness that is part of such a learning, is I feel somewhat necessary, at least for me and for now.

Reply 3

As I type this I am listening to the orchestral version of Ravel's Pavane pour une Infante Defunte, and the beautiful music, your message, remind me yet again of our strange human condition; of our ability, our potential, to do what is fair, to be kind and to love, and also of our propensity to hate, to resort to violence, to be barbaric, as if the suffering of so many for so many millennia meant nothing, with nothing learned, except by a few.

A while ago, when I chanced to be travelling in England the train stopped at a station to allow new passengers to embark, I noticed a group of some four young men, in their early twenties. Yet even had not two of them been wearing (what I am informed are called) 'hoodies' embroidered with the name and symbol of their organization I would have recognized them. For forty years ago that would have been me, there, at such a place on such a day as that. A young man enthusiastically on his way to some political demonstration, or some meeting; proudly, defiantly, displaying his allegiance to his extremist cause, and standing, walking - holding himself - in such a way that you know he is ready for, even eager for, a fight.

This distant, momentary, and regardable encounter caused this ageing man - a wheen beyond three score - a certain sadness. What value, then - what purpose - my writings these past few years? For it was as if the pathei-mathos of that aged man, as that of so many others - our knowing of the human cost and consequences of hatred - had little or no effect. The same prejudice; the same propensity and need for violence; the same disruption of so many non-harming innocent lives; the same lack of empathy, understanding, love; the same intolerance and the same spewing forth and distribution of ignorant propaganda. Only the names, the people, the symbols and the flags, change; year following year, decade after decade.

I well knew the perceived enemies of these latter-day types: the people hated, reviled; the subject of the speeches, the propaganda, of their leaders.

I well knew how they hated, and why. I well knew the slyness of their leaders, of how they desired to describe, to positively portray, themselves - and the excuses made regarding violence. Above all, perhaps, I know so well the ignorance, the intolerance, the inhumanity, on which their beliefs, their cause, was founded, and which ignorance, which intolerance, which inhumanity, was indeed their cause, whatever the words, whatever the name, whatever the flag, whatever the year.

Not long after that impersonal encounter I did personally try to rationally engage with a few supporters of that organization, in an effort to correct - from personal experience - at least some of their prejudices about Islam and Muslims. To no avail, of course, so deep, irrational, was that prejudice, so strong the hatred of their perceived enemies; so alien to them was any vestige of humility. And would I, some forty

years ago, have listened to some old man pontificating about his experiences, his life, his learning? I doubt it. For I then, as they now, had that certainty-of-knowing, that arrogance, that is one of the foundations of extremism, of whatever kind.

Perhaps my political opponents of decades past were right and that the only effective way to deal with such people of intolerance, hatred, violence, and prejudice is to oppose them 'on the streets' and take every opportunity to reveal them for the bigots they are... But I no longer have any definitive answers, having only a certain certitude about my own unknowing.

Reply 4

[...]

To have such [youthful] certainty might make life easier and perhaps - in my case - as enjoyable as I remember those now long gone decades of youth and early manhood. I, as I am sure many others do and have done, have occasionally day-dreamed about returning to some such time in the past with the understanding and the knowledge gained in the intervening years and so perhaps act differently and (at least in my case) thus avoid causing the suffering so caused then.

But I do believe that my lack of certainty now is - even at the cost of a certain sadness - a good thing for me, as it prevents that arrogance of my youthful self from returning and seems to somehow better enable me to appreciate, to feel, the numinous and thus the distinction between what is good and what is bad.

Hence I find myself in the curious position of now possibly understanding and appreciating the wordless raison d'etat of Catholic monasticism, manifest as this is in a personal humility; a humility that during my time as a monk my then still hubriatic self could not endure for long. Which recent understanding and appreciation led me for a short while at least, and only a few years ago, to wistfully if unrealistically yearn to return to that particular secluded way of life. And unrealistic because for all that understanding, appreciation, and yearning, I no longer had the type of faith that was required, the type of Christian faith I did have when I had lived that monastic way of life. A lack of faith I really discovered and felt when I went, during that not-too-long-ago period of yearning, to stay once again and for a while in a monastery...

You really do seem to have been born with an overwhelming urge to fix the world, don't you? Is that why you're so sad? Because you can't fix it?

Unfortunately, I do seem to have been cursed, for some forty years, with idealism and with a hubriatic, fanatical, belief in what I deludedly believed was 'a good cause'. Which idealism and which belief caused me, as an extremist, to inflict and contribute to suffering; to incite violence, hatred, prejudice, intolerance.

But my sadness now is because of that extremist past; because of my arrogance; because I did cause such suffering; because I for so long incited violence, hatred, prejudice, intolerance. Because I did what was wrong, and cannot undo the harm done.

This sadness - this knowing of my own mistakes, this knowing of my own arrogance, this knowing of the harm I have done - means that I have no desire whatsoever to try and 'fix the world'. Rather, it means a deep personal remorse, a desire - however silly it might seem to others - for expiation. It means I do not like myself - as a person - knowing what I did, what I was capable of, and maybe still am capable of. It means I have to remember - every day - my mistakes, my uncertitude of knowing, and what is good, numinous, beautiful, innocent. It means living a quiet and quite reclusive life.

Which sadness and which remembering were part of the genesis of my philosophy of pathei-mathos. Of my feeling that perhaps we - as compassionate individuals aware of our fallibility and past mistakes - should not concern ourselves with what is beyond the purveu of our empathy. Which in practice means the living of a private, a very personal, life where we do not concern ourselves with things we admit we do not really understand and have no personal knowledge of; that we do not meddle in the affairs of people we do not know and do not interact with on a personal basis; and that we only ever get involved in valourous defence of someone unfairly treated or unfairly attacked if we personally encounter such a situation or such an event.

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One Error-Prone Self

The reason why I now do not - and have no desire to - "get involved with social change" (or to "go out into the world and try to give something back" as another correspondent recently expressed it) is the reality of

me having made, and knowing and feeling I made, so many mistakes, shown such poor judgement, been so arrogant, so selfish, for so many decades - for most of my adult life. Given this reality, I simply do not trust myself anymore not to cause suffering, not to make even more mistakes, not to show poor judgement again. Just as I know my responsibility, my blame, for those my past mistakes and their human consequences.

Thus, why would I want to inflict myself on the world anymore? External engagement might in theory (just might) be possible for me again were I to have the guidance, the oversight, of others; a moral authoritative framework provided by good people I could empathize with and trust to guide, advise, correct me. But even then, even then given my past propensity to be hubriatic and selfish, I might veer away from doing what was right.

For the simple honest truth is that I now feel, in my very being, that I have no right to, can find no justification for me to - beyond that necessitated by personal honour in the immediacy of the moment [1] - interfere in the lives of others, in however small a way even if my initial motives might be (or seemed to me to be) good. For who I am to judge, decide, things beyond the purvue of empathy and a very personal honour? I am just one fallible exceedingly error-prone human being with a long proven history of impersonal interference, of hubriatic, suffering-causing, and selfish, deeds. Someone who does not trust himself anymore and who values and tries to cultivate wu-wei. Which is the major reason why some months ago I ceased to write (to pontificate) - about anything; leaving me with only some few and sporadic (and soon also to cease) personal correspondences such as this [2].

In effect, I feel I am not - by being reclusive - retreating from the world, just seeking not to inflict my error-prone self on the world, on others. An error-prone self, a person, I admit I now do not like very much. Which is why there is also no longer any desire, not even any secret desire, to share my life, in however small or complete a way, with anyone or even with others be they friends old or new. Of course I could be wrong, and am just being silly or stupid. But it is how I have come to feel.

All I now have therefore are the brief human contacts that this type of reclusive non-religious life allows or finds is fitting. The smile, the cheery return of a 'hello' or a 'good morning' when a person is passed while out walking. Or perchance talk of the weather. No reason for me to be gruff, aloof or rude. Quite the contrary - a need to smile; to be polite; perhaps even a little charming and briefly. As if such small so human things so briefly made might be some minuscule emanation of that wordless quiet quite inexplicable inner joy and peace which somehow in some strange manner seems to flow within when I am out, outdoors, wherever whenever, able thus to feel the freshness of the air, see clouds and sky, feel this living planet as Nature lives and changes, and be again one particular if fragile brief mortal emanation, one microcosmic none-harming connexion, to all Life. For there, alive, it is as if I am who and what I now should be: no thought, no words, to spoil or soil earth, wind, sky, sea, clouds, heavens, or water.

But yes, there is a certain inner emptiness, and often, and bearing grief and sadness, when alone indoors. Inner vacant sometimes colding spaces which perhaps a belief in God - or the gods - might fill, and which certainly a partner or prayer or both would warm and dissipate. Yet this certain inner emptiness, such sadness, I sense is perhaps is as it should be for me, as part expiation for the varied harm my varied pasts - in this one life - have caused.

So many, so very many many, others in so many places world-wide far less fortunate than I, so that I have to - must - accept my pottering hopefully now non-harmful way of life, remembering. Always remembering that *θάνατος δὲ τότ᾽ ἔσσεται, ὁππότε κεν δὴ Μοῖραι ἐπικλώσωσ᾽* [3] and the suffering I personally have caused, balanced (perhaps) as such remembering is by a (perhaps naive) hope that someone or some many may learn and change as I seemed to have learnt and changed: learned to see, to feel, to try to gently be, the goodness we humans are capable of and have often shown ourselves to be capable of. A goodness revealed by empathy, and thus presenting to us an understanding of innocence, peace, forgiveness, honour, love and joy, far beyond any words I know.

The grievous reprehensible sadness-causing mistake I as extremist, with my fanatical hubriatic certitude of knowing, made for some forty years - and which all extremists of whatever kind always make - was/is to place some idea, some ideal, some dogma, some abstraction, before the innocence of human beings and before those quite simple things which empathy and pathei-mathos reveal and which express our humanity:

> "...the desire for personal love and the need to be loyally loved; the need for a family and the bonds of love within a family that lead to the desire to protect, care for, work for, and if necessary defend one's loved ones. The desire for a certain security and stability and peace, manifest in a home, in sufficiency of food, in playfulness, in friends, in tolerance, in a lack of danger. The need for the dignity, the self-respect, that work, that giving love and being loved,

provide..." [4]

and a knowing of, a feeling for, and acknowledgement of, innocence: where those who are personally unknown to us are unjudged by us and are given the benefit of the doubt, since this presumption of innocence of others – until or unless direct personal experience, and individual and empathic knowing of them, proves otherwise – is the fair, the reasoned, the numinous, the human, thing to do.

That reprehensible mistake I made is why extremists embody and manifest hate and violence and conflict; because extremists dehumanize, as well as so often enjoying and needing the exhilaration, the sense of identity, the 'enemies', that hate and violence and conflict and abstractions give birth to and always thereafter nurture. A dehumanization so evident in the truth that extremists place some goal, some idea, some ideal, some dogma, some abstraction, some political/social/religious agenda, before a personal love, before a personal loyalty, before stability, peace, and innocence; blind as extremists mostly are - willfully or neglectfully, or naturally because of their character - to the good and to the good people of human intentions which and who exist and which and who have existed in those societies such extremists almost invariably, because of their hubriatic certitude-of-knowing, seek to undermine, destabilize, decimate, overturn, revolutionize, or destroy.

But I have no chanted, sung, or contemplative Opus Dei to try, in monastic peace and with hope and faith, to balance - Soli Deo Honor et Gloria - the unwise deeds of so many; nor any longer a desire or need to interfere in the lives of others. So there is for me only the living of each moment as it passes: no aim, no goal. Instead:

> The smile of joy when Sun of Summer
> Presents again this Paradise of Earth
> For I am only tears, falling

November 2012

Notes

[1] As I mentioned in *The Numinous Balance of Honour* section of my *The Way of Pathei-Mathos - A Philosophical Compendiary*,

> "[The] personal virtue of honour, and the cultivation of wu-wei, are - together - a practical, a living, manifestation of our understanding and appreciation of the numinous; of how to live, to behave, as empathy intimates we can or should in order to avoid committing the folly, the error, of ὕβρις, in order not to cause suffering, and in order to re-present, to acquire, ἁρμονίη. For personal honour is essentially a presencing, a grounding, of ψυχή - of Life, of our φύσις - occurring when the insight (the knowing) of a developed empathy inclines us toward a compassion that is, of necessity, balanced by σωφρονεῖν and in accord with δίκη."

[2] The minor reason why I some months ago ceased to write is that my Recuyle of the Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos contains (in my fallible view) all that is required for an understanding of, and all that is relevant to, my now completed weltanschauung.

[3] 'Our ending arrives whenever wherever the Moirai decide'. Attributed to Καλλίνου, as recorded by Ἰωάννης Στοβαῖος in his Ἀνθολόγιον (c. 5th century CE).

In respect of Μοῖραι (τρίμορφοι μνήμονές τ᾽ Ἐρινύες) - Trimorphed Moirai with their ever-heedful Furies - qv. Aeschylus [attributed], Prometheus Bound, 515-6, and Aeschylus, Agamemnon, 130:

> Μοῖρ᾽ ἀλαπάξει πρὸς τὸ βίαιον
> ...by the purging Moirai subdued

[4] *Some Personal Musings On Empathy* [Part II of *Recuyle of the Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*]

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A Slowful Learning, Perhaps

"And what the dead had no speech for, when living,
They can tell you, being dead: the communication
Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living." [1]

Perhaps it is incumbent upon us to now celebrate, remember, transcribe, only the kind, the gentle, the

loving, the compassionate, the happy, and the personal, things - and those who have done them - and not the many things that have caused suffering, death, destruction, and inflicted violence on others. For, so often it seems, we human beings have and have had for millennia a somewhat barbaric propensity to celebrate, to remember, to transcribe, our seeming triumphs of personal pride and of victory over others - be such others some declared enemy or some designated foe - always or almost always forgetting the suffering, the deaths, the destruction, that such a seeming, and always transient, victory over others has always involved, and always or almost always forgetting the suffering, the hurt, the unhappiness, that our selfish prideful desire to triumph, to succeed, causes in someone or some many somewhere.

For millennia so many have been fixated on either our selves - our pride, our success, our needs, our desires - or on the pride, the success, the needs, the security, the prosperity, we have assigned to or we accepted as a necessary part of some ideal, some entity, some supra-personal abstraction.

Thus, anciently, in the name of some Pharaoh or some Caesar, or some King, or some Chief, or some leader, or some religious faith, or on behalf of some interpretation of some religious faith, we sallied forth to war or to battle, causing suffering, death, destruction, and doing violence, to others. Invading here; invading there. Attacking here; interfering there. Defending this, or defending that. Destroying this, or destroying that.

Thus, latterly, in the name of some country, or some nation, or some political ideal, or some cause, or on behalf of some-thing supra-personal we believed in, we sallied for to war or did deeds that caused suffering, death, destruction, and inflicted violence on others. Defending this, or attacking that. Invading here; or colonizing there. Dreaming of or determined to find glory. Always, always, using the excuse that our cause, our ideal, our country, our nation, our security, our prosperity, our 'way of life', our 'destiny', hallowed our deeds; believing that such suffering, death, destruction as we caused, and the violence we inflicted on others, were somehow justified because 'we' were right and 'they' our foes, were wrong or in some way not as 'civilized' or as 'just' as us since 'their cause' or their 'way of life' or way of doing things was, according to us, reprehensible.

Whose voice now tells the story of all or even most of those who suffered and those who died in conflicts four thousand years ago? Three thousand, two thousand, years ago?

It is as if we, as a sentient species, have learnt nothing from the past four thousand years. Nothing from the accumulated pathei-mathos of those who did such deeds or who experienced such deeds or who suffered because of such deeds. Learnt nothing from four thousand years of the human culture that such pathei-mathos created and which to us is manifest - remembered, celebrated, transcribed - in Art, literature, memoirs, music, poetry, myths, legends, and often in the ethos of a numinous ancestral awareness or in those sometimes mystical allegories that formed the basis for a spiritual way of life.

All we have done is to either (i) change the names of that which or those whom we are loyal to and for which or for whom we fight, kill, and are prepared to die for, or (ii) given names to such new causes as we have invented in order to give us some identity or some excuse to fight, endure, triumph, preen, or die for. Pharaoh, Caesar, Pope, Defender of the Faith, President, General, Prime Minister; Rome, Motherland, Fatherland, The British Empire, Our Great Nation, North, South, our democratic way of life. It makes little difference; the same loyalty; the same swaggering; the same hubris; the same desire, or the same obligation or coercion, to participate and fight.

How many human beings, for instance, have been killed in the last hundred years in wars and conflicts? Wars and conflicts hallowed, or justified, by someone or some many somewhere. One hundred million dead? More? How many more hundreds of millions have suffered because of such modern wars and conflicts?

It is almost as if we - somehow flawed - need something beyond our personal lives to vivify us; to excite us; to test ourselves; to identify with. As if we cannot escape the barbarian who lies in wait, within; ready to subsume us once again so that we sally forth on behalf of some cause, some leader, or some ideal, or some abstraction, or as part of some crusade. As if we human beings, as Sophocles intimated over two thousand years ago, are indeed, by nature, and have remained sometimes honourable and sometimes dishonourable beings [2], able to sometimes be rational, thinking, beings, but also unable to escape our desire, our need, our propensity, to not only be barbaric but to try to justify to ourselves and to others our need for, and even our enjoyment of, such barbarity.

Or perhaps the stark truth is that it is we men who are flawed or incomplete and who thus need to change. As if we, we men, have not yet evolved enough to be able to temper, to balance, our harsh masculous nature with the muliebral; a balance which would see us become almost a new species; one which has, having finally sloughed off the suffering-causing hubriatic patriarchal attitudes of the past,

learnt from the pathei-mathos of our ancestors, from the pathei-mathos of our human culture, born and grown and nurtured as our human culture was, has been, and is by over four thousand years of human-caused suffering. A learning from and of the muliebral, for the wyrdful thread which runs through, which binds, our human pathei-mathos is a muliebral one: the thread of kindness, of gentleness, of love, of compassion; of empathy; of the personal over and above the supra-personal.

A learning that reveals to us a quite simple truth; that what is wrong is causing or contributing to suffering, and that, with (at least in my admittedly fallible opinion) one exception and one exception only [3] we cannot now (again, at least in my admittedly fallible opinion) morally justify intentionally causing or contributing to the suffering of any living being.

How many more centuries - or millennia - will we need? To learn, to change, to cease to cause such suffering as we have for so many millennia caused.

My own life - of four decades of suffering-causing extremism and personal selfishness - is, most certainly, just one more example of our manful capacity to be stupid and hubriatic. To fail to learn from the pathei-mathos of human culture, even though I personally had the advantages of a living in diverse cultures and of a 'classical education', and thus was taught or became familiar with the insights of Lao Tzu, of Siddhartha Gautama, of Jesus of Nazareth, of Sappho, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Cicero, Livy, Marcus Aurelius, Dante Alighieri, Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, TS Eliot, EM Forster, and so many others; and even though I had the opportunity to discover, to participate in, and thus felt, the numinosity, the learning, inherent in so many other things, from plainchant to Byrd, Dowland, Palestrina, Tallis, to JS Bach and beyond. And yet, despite all these advantages, all these chances to learn, to evolve, I remained hubriatic; selfish, arrogant, in thrall to ideations, and like so many men somewhat addicted to the joy, to the pleasures, of kampf, placing pursuit of that pleasure, or some cause, or some ideation, or my own needs, before loved ones, family, friends. Only learning, only finally and personally learning, after a death too far.

Is that then to be our human tragedy? That most of us cannot or will not learn - that we cannot change - until we, personally, have suffered enough or have encountered, or experienced, or caused, one death too many?

November 2012

Notes

[1] TS Eliot, Little Gidding

[2] As Sophocles expressed it:

> πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κοὐδὲν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει…
> σοφόν τι τὸ μηχανόεν τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ᾽ ἔχων
> τοτὲ μὲν κακόν, ἄλλοτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἐσθλὸν ἕρπει
>
> There exists much that is strange, yet nothing
> Has more strangeness than a human being…
> Beyond his own hopes, his cunning
> In inventive arts – he who arrives
> Now with dishonour, then with chivalry
>
> Antigone, v.334, vv.365-366

[3] The one exception is personal honour; the valourous use of force in a personal situation, as mentioned in The Way of Pathei-Mathos - A Philosophical Compendiary.

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Miserere Mei, Deus

In respect of religion, there seems to have grown within me, this past year, a feeling regarding prayer, especially contemplative prayer, or rather that quiet way of being when - with no expectation of or belief in God - no words are desired or required and one is aware of the numinous in such an unaffected way that there is a calmness emanating not from within - not caused by our knowing or feeling of self - but from that ineffable vastness beyond which includes us and all the life that seeps into us, there in our stillness: emanations, of not only the dreams, the hopes, the love, the sadness, the sorrow, the grief, the pain, the joy, the tragedy, felt, known, experienced by we humans millennia after millennia, but also of

the being, the essence, of the other life around us, here as Nature, and elsewhere, which, as we, 'hath but a short time to live'.

A feeling, an intimation, of perhaps in some small way now understanding the Latin Opus Dei - Officium Divinum - as a needful daily reminder of our needful humility, as the plaintive cry Miserere Mei, Deus so reminds, and as the Namaz of Islam also so reminds with its Ruku, Sajdah, and recitation of Subhana Rabbiyal a'la. A needful daily reminder that we are transient beings, prone to dishonour, selfishness, and hubris, but who can be loving and kind, and beings prone to the charisma, the temptation, of words, either our own or those spoken or written by others. A reminder that we can so easily forget, have so often forgotten, "that gentleness, that modest demeanour, that understanding, which derives from an appreciation of the numinous and also from one's own admitted uncertainty of knowing and one's acknowledgement of past mistakes. An uncertainty of knowing, an acknowledgement of mistakes, that often derive from πάθει μάθος." [1]

A feeling, thus, of again understanding the necessitude we humans seem to have for prayer and for God, for Allah, for the gods, for the divine; and why this need, and its varied expression over millennia, should be respected and not profaned by that hubriatic personal certitude-of-knowing which enthrals, and has enthralled, so many especially in more recent times, making many of them prejudiced against organized religions and often against other expressions of spirituality.

Personally, I have - fully knowing my past hubris, the suffering I have caused, and aware of my manifold errors and mistakes over four decades - a great respect for other religions and spiritual ways, and aware as I am how they each in their own manner, express, have expressed, or are intimations of, the numinous. For instance, I have come to appreciate, more and more over the past few years, the numinosity of the sacred music of the Christian Church (especially Catholicism), from before Gregorian chant to composers such as Byrd, Dowland, Lassus, to Palestrina, to Phillipe de Monte, and beyond. So much so that such sacred music is now the only music I can listen to, out of choice, redolent as it is, has become, for me, of the beautiful, of humility, of tragedy, of a sacred suprapersonal joy, of what is or can be divined through contemplative prayer. A remarkable treasure of culture, of pathei-mathos...

Without such religious, such spiritual, such organized, reminders, daily or weekly - that is, without prayer and without what is perhaps the best that religions and spirituality manifest - how do we balance another need of ours? That need to cause suffering and cry havoc, and a need whose genesis, perhaps, resides in our desire to be, to express, to re-affirm the separation-of-otherness, manifest as this is and has been in our own self-importance, our egoism, our greed; and in our belief that 'we', our assumed or our assigned category, are better than, superior to, 'them', the others: that 'we' are 'right' or have right on our side while 'they' do not and are wrong, leading as such belief so often does and so often has done to conflict and war and to us treating 'the others' in a dishonourable, uncompassionate, way because we, or those we follow and obey, have dehumanized 'them'. For I now incline toward the view that without such categorization, such assumptions - such a prejudice, such a belief - about 'us' and 'them', without such greed, such self-interest, and such a need to express, to manifest, importance, then war and suffering-causing armed conflict are not possible.

Is humility, therefore and as most religions and spiritual ways inform us, a necessity for us, as human beings? And if so, then how to manifest such humility, to be reminded of such a need, if we, as I now, personally have no expectation of or belief in God, or in Allah - in Heaven or Jannah - or in gods, or even in mechanisms such as rebirth and karma? Such questions have greatly occupied me for the past three years.

Given what I have intuited about our human nature - what many others have intuited or discovered over millennia - and what I believe I may have learned from my own pathei-mathos, I feel humility is indeed a necessity for us, as a means of guiding us toward avoiding causing suffering; as a means of placing our own life in the cosmic perspective of Life. That is, as a means of appreciating our nature as fallible, error-prone, beings who have the ability, the character, to not only refrain from committing the error of hubris but to also rationally understand why hubris is an error and what the numinous may be, beyond ideations and beyond the myths, the allegories, the spiritualities, the words, that we have used and do use in order to try and express it.

As to how to manifest humility - sans religions, sans prayer to a deity or deities, (etcetera) - I admit I do not know, although my Recuyle Of The Philosophy Of Pathei-Mathos is my attempt to find, and to try and express, some answers [2]. Fallible answers such as the importance, the numinosity, of personal love; fallible answers such as empathy, and the knowing, the understanding, of others (and of ourselves) that empathy provides and of how such empathy and such empathic knowing is and can only be personal.

Fallible answers such as an appreciation of - and the presumption of - innocence, understood as

innocence is as an attribute of those who, being personally unknown to us - of whom we have have no empathic knowledge - are therefore unjudged by us and who thus are given the benefit of the doubt until direct personal experience and individual and empathic knowing of them prove otherwise; and fallible answers such as appreciating how the separation-of-otherness leads to, is the genesis of, hubris.

Which leads me, and has led me, to other related questions. Without religions or some form or forms of social spirituality - without a belief in Heaven or Jannah or in a promised afterlife, or in rebirth and karma - how can humans change and so avoid the rotten behaviour, the hubris, that causes or contributes to suffering, and should we, as individuals or collectively, even try to change others, or should we concern ourselves only with our own inner and outer reformation? Has The State [3] assumed such a moral rôle by means of laws, punishments, and other mechanisms of authority or persuasion, and should The State assume or be allowed to assume such a moral rôle? My own answers, fallible and such as they are [4], are that our change, our reformation, are personal; consequences of pathei-mathos, a balanced judgement, and of empathy, and thus involve an appreciation of the numinous; and that the only non-suffering, non-hubriatic, way to change or try to change, to reform, others is by personal, direct, example and by valourous deeds in the immediacy of the moment. These answers are thus spiritual, apolitical, and imply that

> "...what matters [is] our own moral character, our interior life, our appreciation of the numinous, and the individual human beings we interact with on the personal level; so that our horizon is to refine ourselves into cultured beings who are civil, reasoned, empathic, non-judgemental, unbiased, and who will, in the words of one guide to what is moral, Ἀπόδοτε οὖν τὰ Καίσαρος Καίσαρι καὶ τὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ τῷ Θεῷ." [5]

December 2nd, 2012

Notes, Post Scriptum:

[1] *Toward Humility – A Brief Personal View*, included in *Pathei-Mathos: A Path to Humility* (2012)

[2] In addition to that recueil, the text *Conspectus of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos* provides a reasonable overview of such answers.

[3] As mentioned in *Politics, Society, Social Reform, and Pathei-Mathos,* The State is defined as:

> The concept of both (1) organizing and controlling – over a particular and large geographical area – land (and resources); and (2) organizing and controlling individuals over that same geographical particular and large geographical area by: (a) the use of physical force or the threat of force and/or by influencing or persuading or manipulating a sufficient number of people to accept some leader/clique/minority/representatives as the legitimate authority; (b) by means of the central administration and centralization of resources (especially fiscal and military); and (c) by the mandatory taxation of personal income.

[4] Outlined in *Recuyle Of The Philosophy Of Pathei-Mathos* and *Conspectus of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*.

[5] The quotation is from my *Prejudice, Extremism, Islamophobia, and Culture*.

Appendix

Usage of Terms

Abstraction

An abstraction is a manufactured generalization, a hypothesis, a posited thing, an assumption or assumptions about, an extrapolation of or from some-thing, or some assumed or extrapolated ideal 'form' of some-thing.

Sometimes, abstractions are generalization based on some sample(s), or on some median (average)

value or sets of values, observed, sampled, or assumed.

Abstractions can be of some-thing past, in the present, or described as a goal or an ideal which it is assumed could be attained or achieved in the future.

All abstractions involve a causal perception, based as they are on the presumption of a linear cause-and-effect (and/or a dialectic) and on a posited or an assumed category or classification which differs in some way from some other assumed or posited categories/classifications, past, present or future. When applied to or used to describe/classify/distinguish/motivate living beings, abstractions involve a causal separation-of-otherness; and when worth/value/identity (and exclusion/inclusion) is or are assigned to such a causal separation-of-otherness then there is or there arises hubris.

Abstractions are often assumed to provide some 'knowledge' or some 'understanding' of some-thing assigned to or described by a particular abstraction. For example, in respect of the abstraction of 'race' applied to human beings, and which categorization of human beings describes a median set of values said or assumed to exist 'now' or in some recent historical past.

According to the philosophy of pathei-mathos, this presumption of knowledge and understanding by the application of abstractions to beings - living and otherwise - is false, for abstractions are considered as a primary means by which the nature of Being and beings are and have been concealed, requiring as abstractions do the positing and the continuation of abstractive opposites in relation to Being and the separation of beings from Being by the process of ideation and opposites.

Descriptor

A descriptor is a word, a term, used to describe some-thing which exists and which is personally observed, or is discovered, by means of our senses (including the faculty of empathy).

A descriptor differs from an ideation, category, or abstraction, in that a descriptor describes what-is as 'it' is observed, according to its physis (its nature) whereas an abstraction, for example, denotes what is presumed/assumed/idealized, past or present or future. A descriptor relies on, is derived from, describes, individual knowing and individual judgement; an abstraction relies on something abstract, impersonal, such as some opinion/knowing/judgement of others or some assumptions, theory, or hypothesis made by others.

An example of a descriptor is the term 'violent' [using physical force sufficient to cause bodily harm or injury to a person or persons] to describe the observed behaviour of an individual. Another example would be the term 'extremist' to describe - to denote - a person who treats or who has been observed to treat others harshly/violently in pursuit of some supra-personal objective of a political or of a religious nature.

Extremist/Extremism

By extreme I mean to be harsh, so that my understanding of an extremist is a person who tends toward harshness, or who is harsh, or who supports/incites harshness, in pursuit of some objective, usually of a political or a religious nature. Here, harsh is: rough, severe, a tendency to be unfeeling, unempathic.

Hence extremism is considered to be: (1) the result of such harshness, and (2) the principles, the causes, the characteristics, that promote, incite, or describe the harsh action of extremists. In addition, a fanatic is considered to be someone with a surfeit of zeal or whose enthusiasm for some objective, or for some cause, is intemperate.

In the philosophical terms of my weltanschauung, an extremist is someone who commits the error of hubris.

Fanatic

Someone with a surfeit of zeal or whose enthusiasm for and/or commitment to some cause or ideal or ideology is excessive, intemperate.

Ideation

To posit or to construct an ideated form - an assumed perfect (ideal) form or category or abstraction - of some-thing, based on the belief or the assumption that what is observed by the senses, or revealed by observation, is either an 'imperfect copy' or an approximation of that thing, which the additional assumption that such an ideated form contains or in some way expresses (or can express) 'the essence'

or 'the ethos' of that thing and of similar things.

Ideation also implies that the ideated form is or can be or should be contrasted with what it considered or assumed to be its 'opposite'.

Ideology

By the term ideology is meant a coherent, organized, and distinctive set of beliefs and/or ideas or ideals, and which beliefs and/or ideas and/or ideals pertain to governance, and/or to society, and/or to matters of a philosophical or a spiritual nature.

Incitement

Incitement is used in the sense of 'to instigate' or to provoke or to cause or to 'urge others to'.

Indefinity

var. indifinity. Unmeasurable; immeasurable; endlessness; of no known limit. [Derived from indefinite c.1600 ce]

Innocence

In general, innocence is regarded as the attribute of those who, being personally unknown to us, are unjudged us by and who thus are given the benefit of the doubt. For this presumption of innocence – until personal experience and individual knowing of them prove otherwise – is the fair, the moral thing, to do.

In specific instances, such as quite young children, innocence implies actions are blameless, without harmful intent, and thus should be understood as causing no harm.

Masculous

Masculous is a term, a descriptor, used to refer to certain traits, abilities, and qualities that are conventionally and historically associated with men, such as competitiveness, aggression, a certain harshness, the desire to organize/control, and a desire for adventure and/or for conflict/war/violence

/competition over and above personal love and culture. Extremist ideologies manifest an unbalanced, an excessive, masculous nature.

Masculous is from the Latin masculus and occurs, for example, in some seventeenth century works such as one by William Struther: "This is not only the language of Canaan, but also the masculous Schiboleth." *True Happines, or, King Davids Choice: Begunne In Sermons, And Now Digested Into A Treatise*. Edinbvrgh, 1633

Muliebral

The term muliebral derives from the classical Latin word muliebris, and in the context the philosophy of Pathei-Mathos refers to those positive traits, abilities, and qualities that are conventionally and historically associated with women, such as empathy, sensitivity, gentleness, compassion, and a desire to love and be loved over and above a desire for conflict/adventure/war.

Politics

By the term politics is meant both of the following, according to context. (i) The theory and practice of governance, with governance itself founded on two fundamental assumptions; that of some minority - a government (elected or unelected), some military authority, some oligarchy, some ruling elite, some tyrannos, or some leader - having or assuming authority (and thus power and influence) over others, and with that authority being exercised over a specific geographic area or territory. (ii) The activities of those individuals or groups whose aim or whose intent is to obtain and exercise some authority or some control over - or to influence - a society or sections of a society by means which are organized and directed toward changing/reforming that society or sections of a society in accordance with a particular ideology.

Radical Islam

By radical Islam is meant a particular modern harsh interpretation of Deen al-Islam. This is the belief that practical Jihad against 'the enemies of Islam' and the occupiers of Muslim lands is an individual duty incumbent upon every able-bodied Muslim; that Muslims should live among Muslims under the guidance of Shariah; that Muslims should return to the pure guidance of Quran and Sunnah and distance

themselves from the ways and the influence of the kuffar.

Many though not all radical Muslims also support the restoration of the Khilafah; are intolerant of those Muslims they consider have allied themselves with the kuffar; and believe that 'martyrdom operations' against enemies are permissible according to Quran, Sunnah, and Ijmah. In addition, many supporters of such operations also believe that the deaths of non-combatants in some or all such operations are permissible according to the aforementioned criteria.

Separation-of-Otherness

The separation-of-otherness is a term used, in the philosophy of pathei-mathos, to describe the implied or assumed causal separateness of living beings, a part of which is the distinction we make (instinctive or otherwise) between our self and the others. Another part is assigning our self, and the-others, to (or describing them and us by) some category/categories, and to which category/categories we ascribe (or to which category/categories has/have been ascribed) certain qualities or attributes.

Given that a part of such ascription/denoting is an assumption or assumptions of worth/value/difference and of inclusion/exclusion, the separation-of-otherness is the genesis of hubris; causes and perpetuates conflict, hatred, violence, and suffering.

The separation-of-otherness conceals the nature of Beings and beings; a nature which empathy and pathei-mathos can reveal.

Society

By the term society is meant a collection of people who live in a specific geographic area or areas and whose association or interaction is mostly determined by a shared set of guidelines or principles or beliefs, irrespective of whether these are written or unwritten, and irrespective of whether such guidelines/principles/beliefs are willingly accepted or accepted on the basis of acquiescence.

State

By the term The State is meant:

> The concept of both (1) organizing and controlling – over a particular and large geographical area – land (and resources); and (2) organizing and controlling individuals over that same geographical particular and large geographical area by: (a) the use of physical force or the threat of force and/or by influencing or persuading or manipulating a sufficient number of people to accept some leader/clique/minority/representatives as the legitimate authority; (b) by means of the central administration and centralization of resources (especially fiscal and military); and (c) by the mandatory taxation of personal income.

Terrorism

A useful definition of terrorism is that it is the calculated use of violence or the threat of violence to inculcate fear; intended to coerce or to intimidate governments or societies in the pursuit of an ideology or of goals that are generally considered to be political, religious, or ideological.

The Good

The good is considered to be what is fair; what alleviates or does not cause suffering; what is compassionate; what is honourable; what is reasoned and balanced.

Violence

By the term violence is meant the use - by a person or persons and in pursuit of an ideology or of goals that are generally considered to be political, religious, or ideological - of physical force sufficient to cause bodily harm or injury to a person or persons.

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A Matter of Honour

Contents

° Preface
° Journalists, Allegations, and Propaganda
° The Logical Fallacy of Incomplete Evidence - A Case Study
° Conclusion
° Appendix: An Apposite Quotation

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Preface

Given the persistence of unsubstantiated rumours and allegations regarding involvement with Occultism, I deemed it necessary to publicly comment, in some detail, about the matter and thus provide 'my side of the story', and which public comment is based in part on some remarks included in early draft versions (≤ 9) of my autobiography Myngath.

However, as I note here in the conclusion, even though the matter is one of honour I do not expect the plethora of rumours and allegations to suddenly cease as a result of such comments by me, although I perhaps naively nurture a vague hope that what I write here may cause a few individuals to reconsider the veracity of such rumours and allegations.

David Myatt
March 5th, 2012
(Revised January 2013)

°°°

Journalists, Allegations, and Propaganda

For many years – in fact up to and including the present – rumours and allegations concerning my involvement with practical occultism and satanism have been in circulation, and regularly referred to and repeated by journalists, and others, in newspapers, magazines, articles and, latterly, on that new medium - greatly susceptible to the spreading of dishonourable allegations and rumours - that has been termed the Internet. One of these allegations is that I am a certain person known as Anton Long.

In the past thirty-seven years only four people, on hearing or learning about such rumours and allegations, have had the decency to ask me, in person, "for my side of the story". The first was Colin Jordan, the second was John Tyndall, the third was Steve Sargent, and the fourth was a Muslim whom I came to

greatly admire and to whom I gave a personal pledge of loyalty.

I have, when asked in person, or via impersonal means of communication such as letters, always denied such allegations of such involvement, as I have, on numerous occasions, challenged anyone to provide evidence to support such accusations. No such evidence has ever been forthcoming [1].

For instance, I was for several days, in early 2000, covertly filmed, photographed, and followed by an investigative team working for the BBC as part of their research for a Panorama programme about David Copeland and the London nail-bombings [2]. Prior to that surveillance, and for an ever longer period, I was also the subject of covert surveillance by a private investigator hired to undertake preliminary research for that BBC investigation. What did all this covert surveillance and investigation reveal? A satanist? No. Someone living an ordinary, rather boring, life with his wife and family in a small village near Malvern who went to work everyday on a bicycle to a nearby farm.

Covert surveillance photograph of me on my way back from work and broadcast by the BBC, 2000

In addition, since at least 1997 I have no doubt been under regular covert surveillance by Special Branch and MI5 – and especially so since 9/11 given some statements I made while a Muslim - with all my communications (internet, telephonic) monitored via GCHQ. Indeed, following my conversion to Islam and during the time I seemed to be, for the security services and the Police, 'a significant person of interest', I recall many meetings and friendly conversations with one of the Special Branch officers on attachment to the city near where I was then living.

Given such surveillance and interest, no doubt there are records somewhere of my activities as a neo-nazi extremist;

of my subsequent life as a radical Muslim supporting Jihad, and finally of my life as a reclusive philosopher, a friend of σοφόν who seeks, through λόγος, to uncover – to understand – Being and beings, and who thus suggests or proposes an ontology of Being. What there will not be, will be any records of 'Myatt as Satanist'.

In respect of rumours and allegations, I have, on a few occasions, challenged some individuals to a duel with deadly weapons, according to the etiquette of duelling. Not one of the individuals so challenged to a duel had the honour to accept, or issue a public apology in lieu of fighting such a duel.

As I wrote some thirteen or more years ago:

> "I have never bothered to have recourse to civil law, and established Courts, to sue those making libellous allegations about me quite simply because the only law I believe in and strive to uphold is the law of personal honour. Given that I have challenged two journalists, according to the law of personal honour, to a duel with deadly weapons for making such malicious allegations, and given that they did not have the honour to accept this challenge or issue an apology in lieu of fighting a duel, I consider my honour vindicated."

Such challenges, the lack of evidence to support the allegations and rumours, and the refusal of those so challenged to a duel of honour to either fight that duel of honour or issue an apology, reveals the truth of this particular matter – at least to those possessed of arête.

However, I quite understand why many people - journalists included - did in the past (and possibly still do) impersonally dislike or hate me, given my past and unethical support for, and my past propagation of neo-nazism, and my previous lamentable public incitement of hatred, intolerance, and violence. I was only reaping what I had sown. Thus I believe I also understand the motivation of those journalists and those authors who used rumours and allegations of involvement with Satanism to discredit me, for they were most probably only doing what they thought was necessary in the struggle against racism, extremism, and bigotry. But does that struggle - for what is ethical - justify their (in my view) unethical use of rumours and unproven allegations?

My own rather old-fashioned view is and was that a personal knowing of someone, extending over a period of many months if not a year or more, is the only honourable way to form a reasoned opinion about someone. For honour means the cultivation of traditional gentlemanly and ladylike virtues and one of which virtues is that we strive to treat other human beings in a fair way; ignoring what others have said or written about them; ignoring their past (real or alleged); and giving them the benefit of the doubt unless and until direct personal experience, direct knowledge of them, reveals them to be dishonourable.

Instead of penning material based on such a personal knowing, it occurs to me that some journalists who wrote and published stories about me might knowingly or unknowingly have or had a somewhat prejudiced view, having put some political or personal agenda before veracity, and thence use their position and/or their influence (use the power of the Media) to propagate their opinion, their version of events, and belittle or otherwise denigrate persons they disliked or did not approve of because they viewed that person not in an empathic, non-judgemental way - as an individual human being whom they had taken the trouble to get to know - but in an impersonal abstract way according to some label or category they had assigned to that individual because of the alleged political or religious views of that individual. Thus, in my own case, they prejudged me - categorized me - as a 'fascist' or a 'nazi' or a 'satanist' - and since they disliked or hated fascists and nazis and considered satanists were immoral and 'evil', they adjudged me a reprehensible person whom they did not like.

Furthermore, in place of a personal knowing - and/or a scholarly research into the life and times of the person they intend to write about and lasting many months if not a year or more - they rely on certain journalistic practices in order to gather information. Practices such as: (1) bribing or persuading corrupt Police officers and government officials and others in order to obtain confidential information about individuals; (2) hacking/intercepting people's private telephonic/internet communications; (3) hiring private investigators to follow individuals and gather information about them; (4) hypocritically attempting to excuse such unethical conduct by making the spurious claim that what they write or say is 'in the public interest' when not only is this so-called 'public interest' an unethical abstraction but also when they as individuals would be offended if someone used such hack journalistic practices against them and their own family. Thus, and for example, a well-known anti-fascist organization could unethically obtain confidential information about its opponents by getting someone sympathetic to their cause in the civil service to obtain national insurance numbers, dates of birth, places of residence, and employment history; as they could employ the services of an unethical private investigator to obtain that and other information via corrupt officials and by covert surveillance.

The result of such journalistic practices, of such a lack of personal knowing, of such a lack of scholarly research, and of such prejudgement of a person, is a hasty piece of work that - to paraphrase what a friend of mine once wrote -

possibly says more about the journalist, more about our society, and more about the modern Media, that it does about the person who is the subject of such a piece of work.

In addition, and importantly, are those who in the past have prejudged me - who have written about me as a violent extremist - accepting of individual change, of the virtues of reformation and pardonance? Are they aware of my voluminous recent writings regarding my philosophy of pathei-mathos and those regarding my extremist past and my rejection of extremism? [3] Are they open to the possibility of my change and reformation? Or will they continue with 'the party line' and thus continue to insist that I am some sinister person whose recent mystical writings are just some sort of diabolical ploy?

More interestingly (perhaps) could my career as an extremist have been brought to an earlier end had one or some of my opponents taken the trouble to get to know me personally and rationally revealed to me the error of my suffering-causing, unethical, extremist ways? Perhaps; perhaps not - I admit I do not know. I do know, however, how my personal interaction with, and the ethical behaviour of, the Police I interacted with from the time of my arrest by officers from SO12 in 1998, permanently changed (for the better) my attitude toward the Police.

The Logical Fallacy of Incomplete Evidence - A Case Study

In a Master of Arts thesis entitled *Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles* a post-graduate student named Senholt made certain claims, and drew certain conclusions, in respect of myself and alleged involvement with the Occult group the 'order of nine angles'. One of his claims is that "the role of David Myatt is paramount to the whole creation and existence of the ONA."

Given that this thesis [4] is often cited as having 'proved' my involvement, I believe a brief overview of the claims, and proofs offered, seems to be in order, especially as - to my knowledge - it has not so far been subjected to a critical analysis.

A reading of the thesis reveals two interesting things. First, the use of and reliance upon secondary and tertiary sources, many of which are anonymous and many of which are derived from 'the world wide web', that most unreliable source of information. For example, he relies on the book Black Sun by Goodrick-Clarke even after admitting it contains errors and that the author offers no proof for the assumptions made in respect of me and the ONA [5].

Second, that Senholt, undoubtedly inadvertently, commits the logical fallacy of incomplete evidence [6]. That is, the multitude of facts and circumstances which do not support his contention about me and the ONA are omitted.

Thus, and in my view, the Senholt thesis, while interesting, does not meet the requirement, the criteria, of scholarship.

This criteria is essentially two-fold: (i) of detailed, meticulous, unbiased research on and concerning a specific topic or topics or subject undertaken over a period of some considerable time, usually a year or more in duration, and of necessity involving primary source material; and (ii) a rational assessment of the knowledge acquired by such research, with such conclusions about the topic, topics, or subject therefore being not only the logical result of the cumulative scholarly learning so acquired but also possessing a certain gravitas, just like genuine scholars.

His lack of primary research is evident in several factual errors. A few examples:

(1) He repeats Searchlight's claim that their 'expose' of me in the April 1998 issue of their magazine caused internal strife in the National Socialist groups I was then involved with, whereas it had no effect at all, other than to make people laugh, since few if anyone of the extremists in such groups ever took seriously anything stated in Searchlight. Instead, as their name for it indicated -

Searchlies - they regarded it as "just more Jewish propaganda" and indeed as something of a badge of honour to be mentioned in it, with the general feeling being that 'if you get mentioned in Searchlies you must be doing something right!'

(2) He asserts that in 1998 the Police raided my home and arrested me. Which is correct. He then asserts that I was arrested again two years later, after the London nailbomb attacks, together with some other Combat 18 members.

Which is incorrect. The facts being that I was not arrested in 2000, and that the 1998 raids were the ones that also involved some C18 and NSM members.

(3) He writes that: "His conversion did not escape the mainstream media, and most English newspapers and media-outlets wrote about the incident, including the BBC." In fact, as a search of media archives would have revealed, my conversion in 1998 was never mentioned until two years after the fact, and most of the media publicity in 2000 linking me with Copeland made no mention of it.

But perhaps Senholt just meant to write something along the lines of 'the fact that Myatt was, at the time of Copeland's trial, a Muslim did not escape some of the mainstream media...'

Moving on to his claims that there are several things which link me with the ONA. All of these alleged links can be shown not only to be unsupported by the facts but also that they do not even amount, as Senholt states, to circumstantial evidence in support of the claim made that I am Anton Long. The claims are:

(1) The use of alternative dating systems, such as yf, by both me and the ONA.

The fact that group A and group B use the same or a similar alternative dating system is not proof that B is a subset of A, only of borrowing, imitation, adaptation, and possibly of plagiarism.

(2) Some occult texts with my name on them.

See the first part of 'omitted facts and circumstances', below -

regarding using the occult as a neo-nazi honeytrap.

(3) That ONA insight roles included supporting neo-nazi groups and terrorism (neo-nazi and Islamic), things which I was openly involved with.

As with alternative dating systems and some ideas (such as acausality - see item (5) below) there is only a possible borrowing, imitation, adaptation, plagiarism.

Also, what is not mentioned are the other ONA insight roles which do not fit in with my life. Such as a police officer, assassin, and joining an anarchist group.

(4) That there is linguistic evidence linking my writings and those of 'Anton Long'.

No evidence from forensic linguistics is presented, so that this claim is just claim about two people using similar concepts and ideas and sometimes the same words.

That is, there is no direct evidence of a link, so that once again this is probably just others borrowing, imitating and adapting already existing ideas and concepts, something that, like plagiarism, happens all the time.

(5) That my departure from Islam (in 2009) coincided with 'Anton Long' writing a plethora of new ONA items.

Since Senholt does not give dates, and does not list the items, before and after this date, this is a rather vague assumption which also ignores two important facts. First, the vast quantity of literature I produced from 2006 onwards (following the suicide of my fiancée) in the form of essays about my Numinous Way/philosophy of pathei-mathos, letters, poetry, and so on. Second, Senholt does not discuss the fact that there were and are several self-confessed satanists (such as the pseudonymous Jason King) who are of opinion that most if not all of the newer, recent, items attributed to Anton Long were written by someone quite different from the 'original Anton Long' associated with the original ONA (or ONA 1.0 as King described it).

(6) That some of my ideas and concepts - such as acausality and Aeons and Homo Galactica - are and have been used by the ONA.

These concepts date to the early to middle 1970's, evident in such non-occult writings as *Emanations of Urania*, and, later on, in my *Vindex - Destiny of the West*.

As an early advocate of copyleft, I have never been bothered by plagiarism or by others using and adapting my ideas and my 'inventions', such as The Star Game. Thus there is use and adaptation by others, and possibly plagiarism, but no proof of a direct link.

In most of the above cases there is also the established and the admitted fact up until 1998 I knew, as friends, some of the people involved with various occult groups, although - as mentioned to Professor Kaplan [7] and others - I did not share their views with us therefore agreeing to disagree on many things. Thus some allowed borrowing of ideas, concepts, and inventions, by such friends is hardly surprising.

Finally, the omitted facts and circumstances that do not support Senholt's claims and conclusions include:

(1) My publicly stated admission, made in the 1990's in correspondence with Professor Kaplan and others - and publicly repeated by me many times in the past ten and more years - that my occult involvement, such as it was in the 1970's and later, was for the singular purpose of subversion and infiltration in the cause of National-Socialism, with part of this being to spread racist ideas and denial of the holocaust. Thus one such occult group I associated with was a honeytrap, and the whole intent was political, revolutionary, not occult and not to with 'satanism'. It was a matter of using, or trying to use, such occult groups for a specific neo-nazi purpose without any interest in or personal involvement with the occult.

As I wrote in part two (1973-1975) of *Ethos of Extremism*:

> "In respect of covert action, I came to the conclusion, following some discussions with some C88 members, that two different types of covert groups, with different strategy and tactics, might be very useful in our struggle and thus aid us directly or aid whatever right-wing political party might serve as a cover for introducing NS policies or which could be used to advance our cause. These covert groups would not be paramilitary and thus would not resort to using armed force since that option was already covered, so far as I was then concerned, by C88.
>
> The first type of covert group would essentially be a honeytrap, to attract non-political people who might be or who had the potential to be useful to the cause even if, or especially if, they had to be 'blackmailed' or persuaded into doing so at some future time. The second type of covert group would be devoted to establishing a small cadre of NS fanatics, of 'sleepers', to - when the time was right - be disruptive or generally subversive.
>
> Nothing came of this second idea, and the few people I recruited during 1974 for the second group, migrated to help the first group, established the previous year.
>
> However, from the outset this first group was beset with problems for - in retrospect - two quite simple reasons, both down to me. First, my lack of leadership skills, and, second, the outer nature chosen for the group which was of a secret Occult group with the 'offer', the temptation, of sexual favours from female members in a ritualized Occult setting, with some of these female members being 'on the game' and associated with someone who was associated with my small gang of thieves [...]
>
> But what happened was that, over time and under the guidance of its mentor, the Occult and especially the hedonistic aspects came to dominate over the political and subversive intent, with the raisons d'etat of blackmail and persuasion, of recruiting useful, respectable, people thus lost. Hence, while I still considered, then and for quite some time afterwards, that the basic idea of such a subversive group, such a honeytrap, was sound, I gradually lost interest in this particular immoral honeytrap project until another spell in prison for an assortment of offences took me away from Leeds and my life as a violent neo-nazi activist [...]
>
> I had occasion, during the 1980's, to renew my association not only with some old C88 comrades but also with the mentor of that Occult honeytrap when, after of lapse of many years, I became involved again in neo-nazi politics and revived my project of using clandestine recruitment for 'the cause'. By this time, that Occult group had developed some useful contacts, especially in the academic world, so some friendly co-operation between us was agreed; a co-operation which continued, sporadically, until just before my conversion to Islam in 1998.
>
> This clandestine recruitment of mine was for a small National-Socialist cadre which went by a variety of names, beginning with 'G7' (soon abandoned), then The White Wolves (c. 1993), and finally the Aryan Resistance Movement aka Aryan Liberation Army [qv. Part Five for details].
>
> However, while some of these Occult contacts were, given their professions, occasionally useful 'to the cause' and to 'our people', by 1997 I had come to the conclusion that the problems such association with

> Occultism and occultists caused far outweighed the subversive advantages; a conclusion which led me to re-write and re-issue a much earlier article of mine entitled *Occultism and National-Socialism*, and which revised article was subsequently published in the compilation Cosmic Reich by Renaissance Press of New Zealand. As I wrote in that article - "National-Socialism and Occultism are fundamentally, and irretrievably, incompatible and opposed to each other."
>
> By the Summer of 1998 I had abandoned not only such co-operation and contacts with such Occult groups but also such clandestine recruitment on behalf of National-Socialism, concentrating instead on my Reichsfolk group and my 'revised' non-racist version of National-Socialism which I called 'ethical National-Socialism'.
>
> Later still, following my conversion to Islam, I was to reject even this version of National-Socialism."

This explains many things, including early occult articles with my name - not the name 'Anton Long' - in zines such as The Lamp of Thoth, and the early version of Copula cum Daemone (which in fact was about the birth of Adolf Hitler). One question Senholt does not ask is why both my name and the name Anton Long occur on the same early texts, with the simple answer being that there were two different people, one of whom (me) ceased all involvement with such occult honeytraps in 1998.

(2) My time as a Christian monk and my writings praising Catholicism in particular and Christianity in general.

This does not fit in with the claim of me being a life-long 'devotee of extreme ideologies' or being a satanist, so it is ignored. No attempt was made to use primary sources - to talk to people who knew me as monk and who could recount my life then, and my autobiography Myngath where I recount my time as a monk.

No mention is made of my many articles in which I praise Catholicism or refer to it in a positive way. For example, my mention of the numinosity of the Latin Tridentine Mass [qv. Concerning The Nature of Religion and The Nature of The Numinous Way] and of the sacrament of confession. As I wrote in Soli Deo Gloria:

> "It is my personal opinion that traditional Catholicism, with its Tridentine Mass and its particular conservative traditions, was a somewhat better, more harmonious, expression of the numinous (a necessary and relevant expression of the numinous), than both Protestantism and the reforms introduced by the Second Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, and which reforms served only to undermine the numinous, to untwist the threads that held together its 'hidden soul of harmony'."

There is also the small matter of me being married in Church in accordance with the Christian ceremony of marriage. And the small matter of writings of mine such as Pathei-Mathos - A Path To Humility.

(3) My article *Occultism and National-Socialism* - written in the 1980's and republished in the 1990's and again around 2006 - and in which I denounced occultism, is ignored.

(4) My writings about National Socialism and Islam - spanning some three decades - are for the most part ignored, except when they are adduced to show I, as a nazi or as a Muslim, incited violence and possibly terrorism. Are they ignored because they in their quantity and content reveal they were written by someone who was at the time of their writing a dedicated neo-nazi and then a dedicated Muslim, and which dedication to such causes most certainly precludes being some sort of sinister person who was just using those causes for his own satanic ends?

In addition, and importantly, what are also overlooked are: (a) The very real threat of being imprisoned for some of those writings - something surely only a genuine fanatic, a believer, would be prepared to do.

(b) My decades of political activism on behalf of National-Socialism, my two terms of imprisonment resulting from such activities, and my involvement with the paramilitary group Column 88. Which long-term activities over some thirty years, which imprisonment, and which paramilitary involvement surely indicate an inner - a rather fanatical - dedication to that cause.

(c) My travels, as a Muslim, to certain lands, the talks I gave to and the discussions I had with Muslims [8], and my regular attendance at Mosques to pray with other Muslims, which would indicate someone who was, during those years, committed to that Way of Life.

(5) My semi-autobiographical poetry [9], my published correspondence, and my ethical philosophy of The Numinous Way/philosophy of pathei-mathos, are completely ignored. Why are these voluminous writings and these ideas of mine ignored? Because they honestly reveal the thoughts and feelings and ideas and experiences and (importantly) the failings of someone so different from a satanist that they have to be ignored.

(6) My years of interior ethical and philosophical struggle to reform, to change, myself - documented in hundreds of letters, essays, poems, especially after the suicide of my fiancée in 2006 - are completely ignored. Why? Because they do not fit in with the idea, with the theory, of me being 'a deceitful, manipulative, sinister trickster', the archetypal satanist.[10]

It seems, therefore, that some of the facts of my life have been interpreted in order to fit a theory regarding some posited and ideal ONA member, with this interpreted ONA life - with inconvenient facts and circumstances conveniently omitted or ignored - then being held up as proof that I am Anton Long, since this truncated, re-interpreted, life of mine allegedly seems to fit in with the person Anton Long is alleged to be or is said to be according to his satanist writings or according to what some anonymous person has written on the World Wide Web.

In essence, there are no proofs presented in the thesis, with many aspects of my life omitted and with no mention, let alone analysis, of those voluminous writings of mine which portray a person almost the exact opposite of a satanist.

As one person wrote in respect of the rumour, the allegation, and the claim, that I am the pseudonymous Anton Long,

> "We basically have a choice between: (i) believing Myatt is an astonishingly diabolical, duplicitous, creative, polymathical genius who over four decades has been playing 'sinister games' and who has not deviated

> from his youthful sinister cunning plan, and which diabolical genius makes the likes of Crowley and LaVey (and everyone else associated with modern Satanism and the 'left hand path') seem pathetic and mundane; or (ii) assuming Myatt has spent most of his adult life as a covert servant of the British state; or (iii) accepting that Myatt has lived a quite adventurous (but not an exceptionally amazing) life, has made mistakes, has suffered a personal tragedy, and has learned from and been changed by his experiences and by that tragedy [...]
>
> Which of [these] three scenarios is therefore the most plausible?
>
> Which offers the most simple, the most rational, explanation for Myatt's peregrinations? Which require the pomp of conspiracy theory, and which involve superfluous causes, and (sometimes bizarre, sometimes astonishing) ad hoc assumptions and claims?" [11]

Conclusion

In respect of allegations about involvement with satanism and 'being Anton Long' - and in respect of those who manufacture and propagate them - my own experience, my pathei-mathos, manifest in my philosophy of Pathei-Mathos, leads me to two conclusions. My first conclusion is that the research done by some modern authors and even some academics - whose works are published by reputable publishers or quoted by others engaged in academic research - is inadequate and does not meet the taxing criteria of scholarship. Thus these works are unreliable; they have no gravitas, no worth - in terms of learning - for the sagacious.

My second conclusion is that most if not all modern Media that concern themselves with the deeds and lives of individuals – from un-scholarly books and essays, to newspapers, to television news programs and political documentaries, to magazines, to the World Wide Web – are by their very impersonal and mass-media nature unethical. Why? Because they are un-numinous, and encourage and often embody hubris, being as they are the realm of personal opinions, hasty judgement, and misapprehension, and the abode of those for whom 'a story' or some personal/political agenda/prejudice or 'their career' or some unethical un-numinous abstraction (such as 'the public interest') come before honour, empathy, and the reasoned judgement of a personal knowing that has extended over a lengthy period of causal Time and/or been based on an extended period of scholarly research.

A corollary is that those who use such Media, and/or unscholarly books/essays, as sources of allegedly reliable information, as a guide, as a or as the basis for their judgement about and knowledge of someone or some many, are being unfair and uncultured because lacking in the following necessary virtues: (1) a reasoned, balanced, and thus ethical, judgement; (2) the empathy of manifold direct personal contacts; and (3) a scholarly research and/or a personal knowing extending over many years. Virtues which are the genesis of a genuine understanding of, and thence an unbiased knowledge of, another human being; and virtues which rapid, impersonal, mass means of modern communication actively discourage and which virtues are seldom, it seems, cultivated and employed by those involved with and who use and who rely on such modern means for information.

Quite simply it is matter of honour. Of personal knowing. As I mentioned above, the traditional gentlemanly and ladylike virtues and their cultivation are no longer the standard which individuals are expected to aspire to and to uphold. Thus I do not expect the plethora of rumours and allegations about me to suddenly cease, although I admit I do and perhaps naively nurture a vague hope that what I have written here may cause a few individuals to reconsider the veracity of such rumours and allegations.

As for who and what I really am, I can only suggest the curious read such writings of mine as the following: (a) One Vagabond In Exile From The Gods; (b) Religion, Empathy, and Pathei-Mathos; and (c) Understanding and Rejecting Extremism.

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Notes:

[1] Many people seem to rely on four items in respect of accusations of occult involvement. These items are: (1) an article published in 1998 in the Searchlight magazine entitled The Most Evil Nazi in Britain; (2) a 2009 thesis by Senholt entitled Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles; (3) a chapter in Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke's book Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism and the Politics of Identity (published in 2001); and (4) a 1974 interview I allegedly gave to a reporter.

(a) In respect of the Senholt, see the section in this article subtitled *The Logical Fallacy of Incomplete Evidence - A Case Study.*

(b) In respect of Goodrick-Clarke, his identification of me, in his book, as 'Anton Long' is solely based on his claim that I was the author of a manuscript entitled *Diablerie, Revelations of a Satanist* the only known copy of which is in the British Library. No evidence, no sources, are provided for this claim - this assumption. Neither are any evidences or sources given for his other claims about me, such as that "the ONA was founded by David Myatt" or that I was "a long time devotee of satanism."

In addition, Goodrick-Clarke never bothered to contact me regarding these claims of his, and the first thing I knew about them was when the book was published. Had he contacted me, then, I would have been in a position to supply him with the unpublished autobiographical MS that the plagiarist had purloined and used as the source for that fanciful work of fiction entitled Diablerie. An unpublished autobiographical MS that I circulated to a few friends, and a few 'interested parties', in the 1980's when I was engaged in writing *The Logic of History* from which the text *Vindex, The Destiny of the West* (published in 1984) derived. One of 'the interested parties' was the publisher of *Vindex, The Destiny of the West* who subsequently published some other pro-NS works of mine. An interesting overview of Diablerie is given in the 2012 e-text *A Sceptics Review of Diablerie*, by R. Parker.

It is interesting and - to me - relevant that among the many errors of Goodrick-Clarke are the following:

i) I was not born in 1952, as he claimed.

ii) I first met Colin Jordan in 1968, not 1969 as he claimed.

iii) My two terms of imprisonment for political offences were not both for six months, as he claimed.

iv) Morrison was never 'my follower' as Goodrick-Clarke claimed (Eddy was never anyone's follower).

v) Morrison's first name is Eddy, not Eddie as Goodrick-Clarke claimed.

vi) The Occult lady that 'Anton Long' met in the early 1970's did not 'lead the ONA' as Goodrick-Clark claimed, but rather the Camlad association, with the ONA being founded and then led by Anton Long himself following his meeting with that lady.

vii) He mentions a certain Wulstram Tedder whom he claims was a former aide of Colin Jordan during the old NSM days, whereas 'W Tedder' was one of the noms-de-plume I used, for instance when writing for John Tyndall's Spearhead magazine in the 1980's.

It also interesting that Goodrick-Clarke was ignorant of - or did not bother to discover - many documented things about me during the late 1960's and the early 1970's, such as my arrest by the Yorkshire Regional Crime Squad for organizing a gang of thieves. Instead, the often fictitious account he gives of 'my life' during that time is almost entirely taken from the fictional Diablerie manuscript

Such errors, and the lack of evidence to support his assumptions about me, really say all that needs to be said about this particular 'source'.

Interestingly (perhaps) another fanciful work of fiction, similar to Diablerie, and purporting to be yet another autobiography by 'Anton Long' seems to have been recently written by someone, possibly for financial gain resulting from selling it at some silly price to collectors of rare Occult memorabilia. The bulk of this new fictional 'autobiography' consists of an early (now out of date) edition of Myngath to which various fictional autobiographical stories and 'sinister incidents and diatribes have been added in line with what might be expected from a mythical 'Anton Long'. Given that the majority of these autobiographical stories in this so-called *Bealuwes Gast* are quite risible and fanciful (and not fundamentally satanic at all), and given that the 'sinister diatribes' seem to have been cut-and-pasted from various internet articles attributed to those who over the years have used the nom-de-plume Anton Long, it seems unlikely that this forgery will ever be taken seriously by anyone. I mean - and to name just one risible example - who can take seriously a 'clockwork orange cult' and the wearing of white lab coats to boot...

Since this Bealuwes Gast also contains certain autobiographical information contained in private correspondence (e-mails) sent by me to a certain correspondent in 2009, I believe I know the identity of the author, or at least the identity of the person who supplied that private information to the author.

(c) In respect of the 1974 'interview', I reproduce a comment I made in part one of my Autobiographical Notes, first published in 2001:

> "The journalist promised to let me read his final copy before it was published – a condition I had specified before giving the interview – and several photographs of me were taken, with him suggesting I hold something to do with the Occult, since he had noticed I had a collection of horror, and Occult, fiction (most of which in fact were given or loaned to me by Eddy Morrison). Perhaps foolishly, I agreed, holding up some Occult thingy which Joe Short had given to me a few days before. Our conversation lasted for about half an hour, during which the journalist took a few notes (it was not recorded).
>
> I assumed that he would simply recount what I had said. Of course he neither showed me the article before publication, nor printed what I said, except for one short sentence about causing chaos. The journalist also made some rather silly allegations about animal sacrifice, which were investigated at the time by both the Police and the RSPCA whose conclusion was that they were fabrications concocted by the journalist, and perhaps, as I concluded, to get his name on the front page of the newspaper and sell more copies.
>
> What surprised me (and to be honest, upset me, for a while), after this interview, was how so many people believed everything the journalist had written, without bothering to ask me for my side of the story. As if just because something was printed in some newspaper or other then "it must be true" or – as the cliché of mundanes goes: "there is no smoke without fire." And it was then that I learnt several valuable lessons: just how easily people can be manipulated, just how dishonest and conniving (and thus dishonourable) some journalists seemed to be, by nature; and just how powerful the established Media was, able make or break a person's reputation."

(d) In respect of the 1998 Searchlight item, I reproduce here a rather polemical item written by me, the fanatic, in 1998 (during my extremist decades) just before my conversion to Islam and privately circulated to the few members of Reichsfolk. The item was subsequently re-issued - with some amendments and alterations made by Richard Stirling - in 2003 as a confidential supplement to the *Reichsfolk Situation Report* of that year.

> "Not once, in the past thirty years, has anyone provided any evidence of my alleged involvement with the Order of Nine Angles or with Satanism in general [...]
>
> All Searchlight has ever done is make unsubstantiated allegations [...]
>
> One of the unsubstantiated allegations of the Searchlight crowd is that I was a friend of someone called Vik Norris – something they blandly stated in their alleged 'expose' of me, under the headline *The Most Evil Nazi in Britain*, in the April 1998 issue of Searchlight magazine. No evidence for this allegation was presented then, or subsequently.
>
> Indeed, the article simply contains bland assertions by them about me and Satanism with no evidence presented to support such assertions. For example: (1) they stated that the ONA was "formed by Myatt himself in the early 1980′s" but offer no proof for this claim of theirs; (2) they write about "Myatt and his satanic friends" yet never name these alleged 'satanic' friends or provide any proof of involvement by any

of my friends with Satanism; (3) they claim that "within days of being investigated", the ONA withdrew its material from the Internet and that I had shaved off my beard in an attempt to disguise myself, with yet again no evidence being provided for these allegations, which were patently untrue, as anyone could have verified at the time by searching the Internet, calling on me at my home or place of work or asking those with whom I worked.

Unsurprisingly, many people over the years have – for personal or political reasons – referenced this Searchlight article as 'proof' of my alleged involvement, when anyone of any sagacity on reading that and similar articles about me can rationally deduce that it and other such articles are merely malicious propaganda designed to discredit, but worded in such a dishonourable way that even were one to sue the authors for libel in a British civil court (assuming one had the money to do so) there would be no guarantee of success – a legalistic tactic such dishonourable journalists often rely on when they peddle their lies and make their malicious accusations.

As for me, I have never bothered to have recourse to civil law, and established Courts, to sue those making libellous allegations about me quite simply because the only law I believe in and strive to uphold is the law of personal honour. Given that I have challenged two journalists, according to the law of personal honour, to a duel with deadly weapons for making such malicious allegations, and given that they did not have the honour to accept this challenge or issue an apology in lieu of fighting a duel, I consider my honour vindicated and their own dishonourable character proven."

[2] The completed BBC programme was broadcast, as a 'Panorama Special' entitled The Nailbomber, on the 30th June, 2000. Nick Lowles, who at the time was working for Searchlight, was listed as the associate producer.

[3] The recent writings of mine include the compilation *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism*, as well as voluminous essays about The Numinous Way/The Way of Pathei-Mathos, and which mystical Way of Life is one of compassion, empathy, humility, gentleness, and love.

As I wrote in *Letter To My Undiscovered Self*,

"The honest, the obvious, truth was that I – and people like me or those who supported, followed, or were incited, inspired, by people like me – were and are the problem. That my, that our, alleged 'problems' (political/religious), were phantasmagorical; unreal; imagined; only projections based on, caused by, invented ideas that had no basis in reality, no basis in the simple reality of human beings. For the simple reality of most human beings is the need for simple, human, things: for personal love, for friendship, for a family, for a personal freedom, a security, a stability – a home, food, playfulness, a lack of danger – and for the dignity, the self-respect, that work provides.

But instead of love we, our selfish, our obsessed, our extremist kind, engendered hate. Instead of peace, we engendered struggle, conflict, killing. Instead of tolerance we engendered intolerance. Instead fairness and equality we engendered dishonour and discrimination. Instead of security we produced, we encouraged, revolution, violence, change.

The problem, the problems, lay inside us, in our kind, not in 'the world', not in others. We, our kind – we the pursuers of, the inventors of, abstractions, of ideals, of ideologies; we the selfish, the arrogant, the hubriatic, the fanatics, the obsessed – were and are the main causes of hate, of conflict, of suffering, of inhumanity, of violence. Century after century, millennia after millennia [...]

That it took me four decades, and the tragic death of two loved ones, to discover these simple truths surely reveals something about the person I was and about the extremisms I championed and fought for.

Now, I – with Sappho – not only say that,

> I love delicate softness:
> For me, love has brought the brightness
> And the beauty of the Sun....

but also that a personal, mutual, love between two human beings is the most beautiful, the most sacred, the most important, the most human, thing in the world; and that the peace that most of us hope for, desire in our hearts, only requires us to be, to become, loving, kind, fair, empathic, compassionate, human beings. For that we just have to renounce our extremism, both inner and outer."

As I wrote in *Pathei-Mathos, Genesis of My Unknowing*:

"There are no excuses for my extremist past, for the suffering I caused to loved ones, to family, to friends, to those many more, those far more, 'unknown others' who were or who became the 'enemies' posited by some extremist ideology. No excuses because the extremism, the intolerance, the hatred, the violence, the inhumanity, the prejudice were mine; my responsibility, born from and expressive of my character; and because the discovery of, the learning of, the need to live, to regain, my humanity arose because of and from others and not because of me.

Thus what exposed my hubris - what for me broke down that certitude-of-knowing which extremism breeds and re-presents - was not something I did; not something I achieved; not something related to my character, my nature, at all. Instead, it was a gift offered to me by two others - the legacy left by their tragic early dying. That it took not one but two personal tragedies - some thirteen years apart - for me to accept and appreciate the gift of their love, their living, most surely reveals my failure, the hubris that for so long suffused me, and the strength and depth of my so lamentable extremism.

But the stark and uneasy truth is that I have no real, no definitive, answers for anyone, including myself. All I have now is a definite uncertitude of knowing, and certain feelings, some intuitions, some reflexions, a few certainly fallible suggestions arising mostly from reflexions concerning that, my lamentable, past, and

thus - perhaps - just a scent, just a scent, of some understanding concerning some-things, perfumed as this understanding is with ineffable sadness."

[4] A revised and updated version of Senholt's thesis, under the title *Secret Identities in The Sinister Tradition*, is included in Per Faxneld & Jesper Petersen: *The Devil's Party - Satanism in Modernity, Oxford University Press*, 2012. ISBN 9780199779246

[5] For my view on Goodrick-Clarke, see footnote 1.

[6] The logical fallacy of incomplete evidence is when material concerning or assumptions about a particular matter are selected and presented to support a particular argument or conclusion, while other material or assumptions which do not support, which contradict, the chosen argument or conclusion are withheld or not discussed. In effect, selective evidence and/or selective argument are used in order to 'prove' a particular point, with such selectively being deliberate, or the result of fallacious reasoning or unscholarly research.

[7] Refer to footnote #51 of Kaplan's book *Nation and Race*. Northeastern University Press. 1998.

[8] Refer to Mark Weitzmann, Anti-Semitism and Terrorism, in Dienel, Hans-Liudger (ed), Terrorism and the Internet: Threats, Target Groups, Deradicalisation Strategies. NATO Science for Peace and Security Series, vol.67. IOS Press, 2010. pp.16-17.

[9] The compilation *Relict* contains my selection of most of those poems, written between 1971 and 2012, that I feel are worth reading.

[10] Mention perhaps should also be made of my many writings about extremism, my extremist past, and my rejection of extremism, which post-date Senholt's thesis, and in which writings I have endeavoured to explore and understand the roots of both my extremism and of extremism itself. These writings include *The Development of The Numinous Way* (2012) and *Recuyle of the Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos* (2012).

Other such writings are included in the more recent *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism*.

Also of interest should be my seven-part retrospective and autobiographical text *The Ethos of Extremism*, *Some Reflexions on Politics and A Fanatical Life*, and which "personal reflexions on my forty years of extremism may be of interest to a few people, especially given that, as a result of experience, a pathei-mathos, I have come to reject racism, National-Socialism, hatred, and all forms of extremism, having developed a personal weltanschauung, a non-religious numinous way, centred around empathy, compassion, fairness, and love."

[11] Wright, Julie. *David Myatt, Satanism, and the Order of Nine Angles*. e-text, 2012. Revised 2016.

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Appendix

An Apposite Quotation

There are no excuses for my extremist past, for the suffering I caused to loved ones, to family, to friends, to those many more, those far more, 'unknown others' who were or who became the 'enemies' posited by some extremist ideology. No excuses because the extremism, the intolerance, the hatred, the violence, the inhumanity, the prejudice were mine; my responsibility, born from and expressive of my character; and because the discovery of, the learning of, the need to live, to regain, my humanity arose because of and from others and not because of me [...]

I quite understand why, in the past, certain individuals disliked - even hated -me, given my decades of extremism: my advocacy of racism, fascism, holocaust denial, and National-Socialism, followed (after my conversion to Islam) by my support of bin Laden, the Taliban, and advocacy of 'suicide attacks'.

I also understand why - given my subversive agenda and my amoral willingness to use any tactic, from Occult honeytraps to terrorism, to undermine the society of the time as prelude to revolution - certain people have saught to discredit me by distributing and publishing items alleging I am or was a 'satanist'.

Furthermore, given my somewhat Promethean peregrinations - which included being a Catholic monk, a vagabond, a fanatical violent neo-nazi, a theoretician of terror, running a gang of thieves, studying Buddhism, Hinduism, Taoism; being a nurse, a farm worker, and supporter of Jihad - I expect many or most of those interested in or curious about my 'numinous way' and my recent mystical writings to be naturally suspicious of or doubtful about my reformation and my rejection of extremism.

Thus I harbour no resentment against individuals, or organizations, or groups, who over the past forty or so years have publicly and/or privately made negative or derogatory comments about me or published items making claims about me.

Indeed, I now find myself in the rather curious situation of not only agreeing with some of my former political opponents on many matters, but also (perhaps) of understanding (and empathizing with) their motivation; a situation which led and which leads me to appreciate even more just how lamentable my extremism was and just how arrogant, selfish, wrong, and reprehensible, I as a person was, and how in many ways many of those former opponents were and are (ex concesso) better people than I ever was or am.

Which is one reason why I have written what I have recently written about extremism and my extremist past: so that perchance someone or some many may understand extremism, and its causes, better and thus be able to avoid the mistakes I made, avoid causing the suffering I caused; or be able to in some way more effectively counter or prevent such extremism in the future. And one reason - only one - why I henceforward must live in reclusion and in silencio.

Source: *Pathei-Mathos – Genesis of My Unknowing*

May 2013 Edition

Myngath

Some Recollections of a Wyrdful and Extremist Life
by David Myatt

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Contents

Part One

- Apologia
- Early Years
- Ecce Ego Contra
- Facies Abyssi

Part Two

- Sensus Internus
- Pathei-Mathos
- The Numinous Way/Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos

Appendix 1 - Pathei-Mathos – Genesis of My Unknowing
Appendix 2 - The Development of the Numinous Way
Appendix 3 - Ethos of Extremism

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Part One

Apologia

This work is a concise recalling - as an aural recollection to a friend, recorded and then transcribed - of some events in my wyrdful and sometimes quite eventful life. A concise recalling of some events (with much left unwritten), because it is the essence of this particular life, recalled, that in my fallible view is or rather may be instructive, and I have tried to present this essence in a truthful way and thus be honest about my failings, my mistakes, my past activities, and my feelings at the time.

As a friend who read a draft of Myngath commented, "It is a strange work because the supra-personal adventures gradually give way to very personal encounters..."

Which in many ways sums up my life - a hubriatic quest, by an arrogant selfish opinionated violent young man, which led to involvement with various extremisms and certain dubious activities; then, via πάθει μάθος, to a certain critical self-understanding often, or mostly, deriving from personal relationships; then to a rejection of all extremism; and finally to the

development of a rather mystical philosophy - the philosophy of pathei-mathos - based on empathy and personal virtues such as compassion and humility.

A somewhat strange life, therefore; although, as I wrote in *Pathei-Mathos, Genesis of My Unknowing*:

> "There are no excuses for my extremist past, for the suffering I caused to loved ones, to family, to friends, to those many more, those far more, 'unknown others' who were or who became the 'enemies' posited by some extremist ideology. No excuses because the extremism, the intolerance, the hatred, the violence, the inhumanity, the prejudice were mine; my responsibility, born from and expressive of my character; and because the discovery of, the learning of, the need to live, to regain, my humanity arose because of and from others and not because of me.
>
> Thus what exposed my hubris - what for me broke down that certitude-of-knowing which extremism breeds and re-presents - was not something I did; not something I achieved; not something related to my character, my nature, at all. Instead, it was a gift offered to me by others..."

DWM
2010

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Early Years

Africa

My earliest - and some of my fondest - memories are of colonial Africa in the 1950s, where I, as a quite young child, spent many happy years. There are memories of travelling, with my father, in a car - with running boards and coach doors - along an upward road in the Great Rift Valley, and which road seemed to drop precipitously on one side, and which steep slopes held many a crashed vehicle, recent, and otherwise. There are memories of travelling to a European-only resort - by Lake Naivasha, I seem to recall - where there was a path down to the lake strewn with beautiful flowering plants, and where one could spent many happy hours while, in the clubhouse, elderly (to

me) memsaabs would down their G&T's.

There are memories of playing in a shallow river near our dwelling in East Africa - no one around for miles - and of a family picnic by another, quite distant and deeper, far wider, river on whose bank was a wooden sign with the inscription *Beware of the Crocodile*. There are memories of going AWOL and walking - with the younger of my two sisters - miles and miles along a road, into the bush, and which road I had been told was off-limits to Europeans. We stopped once, as the Sun descended on that travelling day, to drink from our canteen of water and open the tin of beans I carried which we ate, cold (being even then of a practical outdoor nature, I had ensured I had a can opener). I seem to recall the Police - a European officer and his Askari - found us as dark fell, and I could not understand what all the fuss was about. Since everybody said we should not go there, I simply had to go and see what was there - which turned out to be just a road from somewhere to somewhere else.

There are memories of climbing trees - and falling from one and breaking my left arm. My younger sister - a companion on many such outdoor exploits - for some reason knew what to do, and made a sling from my shirt. Memories of - inadvertently I must add in my defence - smashing the glass counter of an Asian owned shop in the nearest village, whose owner demanded my father pay for the damage, which, of course, he did. I just had, you see, to try and juggle with some of the brass weights the shopkeeper used for his balancing scales. There is a memory of walking through some trees not far from my favourite stream and instinctively, with the panga I often carried while outdoors, chopping the head off a Cobra which, startled, reared up in front of me.

My interests were the interests I found by being outdoors. There was a colony of safari ants, for instance, that I chanced upon one day while out wandering, and I would spend hours watching them as their wide columns moved and marched across the reddish ground. Then there were the Chameleons I once, for some reason, long forgotten, wanted to find, and did, bringing one home to keep as a pet, which I did until I lost interest.

Once - for perhaps a year, or possibly more - I was packed off to some Catholic prep school, about which I remember very little except falling asleep a few times in lessons, and wandering off, into the grounds, when something interested me, or when I wanted to climb some tree. I do remember having a rather large magnifying glass and spending what seemed like many happy hours peering at things, outside. Perhaps I should have been in class - for I have vague recollections of being shouted at, by some adults, who seemed somewhat angry, and being somewhat bemused by all the fuss, as I recall on

one occasion receiving six strokes of the cane for - something. Perhaps it was because - once, when the Sun reached in through a classroom window - I accidentally set fire to some papers on my desk using my magnifying glass. But, for whatever reason, I was soon and gladly returned to my parents (perhaps I got expelled), and life for me continued as before, mostly outdoors, mostly day-dreaming, and quite often exploring.

Far East

Africa faded into the Far East - as the decade of the fifties faded to a few years past a new one - and to life in what was then a rural area, not far from a lovely sandy beach by the South China Sea, and a service-taxi ride from the still then rather ramshackle and quixotic city of Singapore with its riverside cluttered with row upon row of Junks, and many of its streets festooned with stalls.

For some reason I soon had to go to school, every day, and by Gharry. At first, I loathed it - bumph to read, sitting at some desk, sometimes in the air-conditioned main building, and sometimes in the much better open-air Attaps in the grounds. Then - and quite why I do not now recall - I began to enjoy it. Perhaps it was the running track, where I loved to run, barefoot in the tropical heat; perhaps it was the young, gorgeous, blonde, English teacher who would often sit on one of the desks at the front, her legs crossed, and read to us some story, some poem, or some part of some classic novel. Whatever it was, I began to look forward to that school where by the end of the term, I was "second in the class", and top in several subjects, including (if my ageing memory is correct) English and Maths. I developed an almost insatiable appetite for knowledge, and began to read voraciously - especially about Physics, Astronomy, and History. In addition, I learnt ancient Greek, and Sanskrit, and studied formal logic.

It was as if I had suddenly, quite unexpectedly, acquired a new way of seeing the world around me; as if some unseen force, some wyrd, some *δαίμων*, had shaken me and awoken within me certain dormant faculties. Or perhaps it was just the lovely tropical weather, the quixotic surroundings.

Whatever, through and with these faculties, with the knowledge I imbibed

from books, a feeling, an insight, came to dwell within me. This was of our potential, as human beings; of how we might - and indeed should - change ourselves in a conscious way through overcoming challenges, as I had grown in strength and insight through running, training, through swimming often almost a mile out to sea, and through devouring knowledge. This insight became a vision of, as I have written elsewhere, "us freeing ourselves from the chains of this world and venturing forth to explore and colonize the stars. For I felt that it was this new freedom, brought by venturing forth to the stars, which would give us the great challenges needed to evolve still further, and naturally, into another type of being. And it was the pursuit of this ideal which I believed would create noble individuals and a noble, civilized, society...." [1]

By this time, both my sisters had left home, to be properly educated in England, something which I had wilfully resisted. One became - for some years - a Nun; the elder, a nurse at a teaching hospital in London, at a time when competition for such places at such a place was fierce, and required, I seem to recall, two 'A' levels.

As for me, I was enjoying my new life. Some years previously, I had taught myself to play chess, and now I began to play it at every opportunity, including at a local chess club (almost exclusively European, again if my ageing memory is correct) where I was the only boy. Some visiting Chess grandmaster was giving a simultaneous display - at the Singapore Polytechnic - and so off I went, one among perhaps thirty or so competitors, and one of only a few to manage to draw against him. And it was there, while wandering around, that I first saw a display of Martial Arts. It was almost balletic; full of seemingly effortless grace, and I felt at once that I wanted to be able to do that, to move so gracefully with the ability to generate, direct and control a certain physical power. So, youthful, vibrant, and arrogantly naive, I approached them. At first they - those Chinese men - seemed surprised, if not somewhat amused, that a young European boy (wearing white socks, khaki shorts, white shirt, and sandals) would be interested. But I persisted, and was invited to meet them a week later, at the place where they practised.

I remember that journey well. The service taxi dropped me near the Capitol cinema in Singapore city and, with a mixture of excitement and nervousness, I walked past that restaurant - much frequented by my father and I - that served rather good steak, chips, and fried tomatoes, for what seemed a long way. The young men were surprised to see me, although an elderly gentleman was not, and thus began my training. To be honest, I never became very good, and certainly no match for most of those there, and subsequently. But I doggedly persisted - so much so that, after many weeks, I

was invited to join them on their usual post-session foray among the eating stalls by the river, and did not arrive back home until well past midnight, much to the relief of my mother who was on the verge of calling the Police.

Thus began my interest in and study of what, at the time, we colonial Europeans often called Oriental Philosophy, and thus was I invited to the rather splendid home - complete with garden - of one of the Masters of that particular Martial Art. From this developed an interest, both practical and theoretical, in philosophy, and religions, in general, including Hindu, Chinese, and Buddhist philosophy, religion, and practices, and Singapore was certainly a good place to learn about such things, given its diversity of culture, and replete as it was with Buddhist, Hindu, Taoist, temples and places of gathering. A good place, also, to be initiated, as a boy, into the delights of women; or, more correctly, learning of and from the delights of young delightful foreign ladies.

Fenland Beauty

Fade, to England on a dull, cloudy, cold day. An aeroplane; a long journey, broken by some days in Ceylon. The descent down through the clouds on the way to landing in England was quite bleak, for me. Everything looked so enervating, and for several weeks after arriving in England my only desire was to return to the Far East, or Africa. My father felt the same, and began to seek alternative employment in Africa, while I, to alleviate my boredom and inner bleakness, took to cycling the fenland country around and beyond the small village where we were, temporarily, staying. There was talk of school, but I artfully resisted, manufacturing a variety of excuses while I waited for my father to succeed. He did, some place further south in Africa than where we had lived, and near the Zambezi river, which rather interested me, although my initial joy on learning this was tempered by the reality of us - my mother and I - having to wait six months before we could join him, given the relative isolation of the place, his need to find us accommodation, and other sundry practical matters. The desire I had nurtured, for some time, to study assiduously, and go to an English University to read Physics, slowly dwindled; the dull cold bleakness of the English weather as water thrown upon that fire.

So I left home, at age fifteen, to lodge with a widowed lady in the nearby town, and spend what I assumed would be only six months at some College morosely and not at all seriously studying for 'O' levels. College work was easy, and at times boring, and I spent most weekends cycling mostly southwards, coming to enjoy the physical exertion, the landscape itself, and almost always taking a selection of books with me, carried in my saddlebag.

But there was something else, engendered by these journeys. A sense, a feeling - a wordless intuition - of not being apart from that particular fenland landscape, with its vast panorama of sky, its fertile soil, its often wide drainage ditches that, though hewed by humans, centuries of natural change had melded into being a part of Nature, there. It was as if this land - of small hamlets, small villages, scattered farms, with its panorama of horizons - was alive in an almost unique way.

I took to staying out on clear and moonlit nights. To cycling lanes by light of moon. There was a strange, eerie, beauty there, at these times - almost as if I, myself, was not quite real; that there lay a hidden world, an older, world, a far slower, world, where one might hear the whisperings of trees or hear the distant call of someone calling; someone long dead but not quite gone from the land, here; someone who did not belong in the other, modern, world that now edged this older fenland country.

Fenland

There is no rational explanation for how or even why I met her. Perhaps - as I thought thereafter - it was she who met me, and meant to. Who somehow might have enchanted me to be there on that day at that hour in that year of my youth. As if she, also, was from, or part of, this other esoteric living land.

There were mysteries there that I did not then consciously fathom, but rather lived with and through, and which even now - over forty years later - I have only just begun to rationally understand as a natural and muliebral presencing of The Numen. Mysteries, perhaps, I felt then, of an ancient way never written down, and which no words, no book, could bind, contain, restrain, reveal. Mysteries of the connexion that links all Life together.

All I knew then was the occupant of that solitary small house along a narrow

isolated lane near where the fenland waters, still, in those days, rose in some years to flood the land around and where a boat was kept, with daily life lived, if needed, on upper floors as in olden days. All I felt then, in the moment of that meeting and the hour beyond, was such an intense desire to stay as almost subsumed me. To stay - as one would stay stunned momentarily by the gorgeosity of some sunset, or by some vista suddenly chanced upon. No words sufficed, were needed, but we then idly talked nonetheless - I, leaning on my bicycle; she standing beside the broken fence that seemed to mark the inner sanctum of her sacred world.

It was not that I expected, then - or even hoped for - some kind of sexual tryst. But there she was, somewhat older than me, pretty in a comely way, standing, smiling, as I had slowly passed. It was not that I was lost and needed directions; a recent map was always carried in my bag. Not that I needed water. I had my flask of milkless Oolong tea. Not that I... But I stopped, nevertheless, dismounted, to slowly saunter back.

I have no clear recollection of what we said, for it is all now as a fading dream, remembered in the hour past rising from fitful unrestful sleep. No clear recollection of the two weeks that passed until I, unable to resist, ventured there again.

Mostly - as on that day of my first returning - we together just sat close to each other in the inner dimness of that well-worn dwelling. Sometimes a fire was lit; almost always there was tea. Sometimes we would walk together upon the land around. And we spoke, when needed not desired.

For it was a certain sensitivity that we seemed to share - a certain strangeness, a mostly wordless strangeness that I had previously not encountered; except, perhaps, in moments swiftly gone, as when one day the young, gorgeous, blonde, English teacher I still remember so well was reading to our class a poem and our eyes met, and it was if she somehow in some strange way then imparted in me not only her understanding of those words but also the feelings they engendered in her so that I, also, understood and felt the meaning behind such words. As if in that one short strange moment she had brought alive that work of Art so that it connected us, bridged us. So much so that for days afterwards I carried a copy of that poem around with me, and read it when I could to push open again that door that led to some distant different land. But, then, of course, the feeling faded, and some new interest, some new source of inspiration, came along; as - for me - that poem became surpassed, by others.

There was a walk, next time. Some talk about land, sky, Sun, Moon, rain, trees, insects, birds, and soil, and although I did not realize it then, I was

learning; a learning, a species of learning, I once, many years later, strived to contain, constrain, reveal, with my own poor collocation of words:

> Being the water: the Dragonfly above the water
> I grieve of the road and the bridge of the road
> Weeping in the wind
> Because I am the Sun.
>
> Being the river: all the river things
> I feel the wounds
> Inflicted deeply in my flesh
> Because I am the dust.
>
> Being the river-banks: the land around the banks
> I am no-Time
> Burning to cauterize my wounds
> Because I am the world and all things of the world;
>
> Being the wind: the words of the wind
> I sorrow in my-Time
> Knowing people who pass
> Because they are my wounds.
>
> Being my sorrow: the sorrow of wounded land
> I sense the knowing turning beyond the pain
> Because I am the water
> Flowing with no end

There were other shared times, some when we simply listened to music. And then came that night when we two finally became lovers. Other such nights came; went, as the Moon, as the lady herself, cycled through several monthly phases.

It could have lasted; perhaps it should have lasted, for that is what she possibly, probably, wanted: for me to stay with her in that cottage of hers. But I was young, restless, impetuous, and in truth perhaps too selfish; too enwrapped in my own inner visions, dreams, desires; certainly, I was often impetuously youthful but not in love. Enchanted certainly, but no, not in love.

Thus arrived that day when I felt I had to leave, to never wilfully return - she stood there, by her dwelling, as I bicycled away, and although I did not know it then, she was only the first spinning of that muliebral thread that was to bind my diverse lives together.

Toward First Love

A rather generous allowance from my father enabled books to be purchased, and travel, by means of train, to anywhere that interested me, and so one day I travelled to London to visit bookshops, and the British Museum.

But that journey was fruitful in other ways. Arrogant and self-assured as I was - somewhat helped by my Martial Arts training - I spent some evening time in less salubrious parts of London, desirous of finding some suitable young lady to entertain me, remembering as I did such Singaporean trysts and wistfully recalling as I did that Fenland enchantress.

I did find such a lady, and, after a short taxi ride (which I of course paid for) we arrived at the entrance to a large town house in Chalk Farm. We had reached the top of that first tier of inside stairs (which led to her room) when some loud commotion broke out below. A man, shouting; a women's loud voice. From the stairs I saw a man push open the front door that a woman was, vainly, trying to close. He turned, shouted a few obscenities, and drew back his clenched fist, as if to strike the woman. He did not succeed. I cannot remember what I said, only that I said something to him after vaulting down that flight of stairs toward him. He replied with a vulgar epithet or two, and lunged at me. I simply turned, stepped sideways and used his own momentum to throw him to the ground by which time a huge man had arrived from some inside room to lift him, with remarkable ease, to his feet and almost bodily carry him out where he pushed him down the steps that led up from the pavement to that front door. The man lay motionless, briefly, there, then rose, slowly, to betake himself shabbily away, uttering curses as he did so.

I was thanked, by the lady he had intended to attack, and invited to join her for a glass of Sherry in her ground-floor rooms.

Thus began our friendship. Or, more correctly, relationship. Somewhat more than a decade older than me, with an enchanting if rather mischievous smile, she never once in the hours we spent together talking, that evening, mentioned the nature of her business, as I had no need to ask. It was all rather genteel, as she herself was, even though a trace of her local accent remained, and I found her quite enchanting, as, of course, she knew, drawing forth from me in those hours the then so brief story of my still so youthful life, and, our provided supper over, it seemed natural, an unspoken assumption between us, for me to stay the night with her. My stay became

the following day, and then the day after that. There was a restaurant, of sorts, nearby, where she was known by name, and we spent a few hours there, eating a meal, and drinking wine, that neither of us paid for. I was introduced to her ladies, and to that huge man of the shaven head, who though rather grim looking had a gentle sense of humour. People - men and mostly well-dressed - came and went throughout most of the day and evening, and when my own self-appointed time came to leave, I did so with much reluctance and with a promise to return at the ending of that week.

I kept my promise, and it was to become the first of many such visits during those my early learning years. We had a simple, an uncomplicated, relationship, which was always honest, and I am not ashamed to say that in a way I loved her, in my then still rather boyish way, and - looking back, now - she almost certainly understood me far better than I then understood myself.

It is difficult, this understanding
Of my love:

I have to rise every morning
With the intention of our future
Moulded as some sculptors mould
Their souls around a form
That Will soon powers to a shape
In Time.

It is difficult, this sharing
Of each dream that makes her to journey
To the joining of our selves
And spills desire the way some music
Spills some notes to form the suggestion
Of some god:

There is no journey bribed by dread
No sea that sets the horizon
As the yearning of the dead sets
The seal to future Time;
There is no calling and no called:
No passing and no one passed
Since there is no you or I to understand
The laked reflexion of each moon.

But I forget, and need to remember
At each new beginning of each new
Dream which is the beginning of our
Love.

There are no words needed
As there are no excuses

For the failures of some Art:

It is difficult, this speaking
Of my love.

One weekend I particularly remember. Some hours were spent lazily strolling through what she insisted on calling *The* Regent's Park; some hours were spent listening to Jazz at some small club (she was a Jazz aficionado and very knowledgeable about that genre); and some hours spent at dinner in an excellent restaurant; and it was after midnight when we returned, by taxi, to her house. I remember then feeling pleased, and somewhat privileged, to be a part of her world - a young man who certainly felt, and behaved, much older than he was. Perhaps it was my childhood years in Africa and the Far East, perhaps my still then somewhat arrogant nature, perhaps my Martial Arts training, perhaps the manners my mother instilled into me and the liberal, rather laissez-faire, attitude of my father; whatever it was, I felt and acted quite differently from all the other young men of my age that I knew, some of whom, no doubt considered me elitist, arrogant, and somewhat condescending.

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Ecce Ego Contra...

Political Initiation

One day - a Saturday - I was idly walking around the centre of London, sort-of heading for the house of my lady friend. Sort-of, because in those days, I quite enjoyed such walks, in still unfamiliar cities and towns. A chance to stroll past places; watch people pass by; become immersed in my surroundings. I had a good sense of direction, and seldom needed to consult the London map that I carried in the pocket of my Corduroy jacket. Indeed, it was often interesting to get a little lost - to find new sights, places.

In those days I still dressed somewhat conventionally, conservatively: Corduroy or Tweed jacket, flannel or Tweed trousers; sturdy brown walking shoes; even linen shirts with detachable collars held in place by studs inlaid

with mother-of-pearl. Short hair, of course; and a rather heavy Tweed overcoat, for when the weather was cold.

Thus attired (*sans* overcoat) I chanced, on that day, upon some fracas in some street. Young men brawling. I had no idea at all what it was all about - but it seemed to me somewhat unfair, since one young lad was getting battered by several others. Without thinking, I waded in to help him. There was that exhilaration, again. That love of direct physical violence I had felt before. A few more young lads joined the melee, and then it was over, and so we went, quite naturally, to some nearby Public House to celebrate our victory. Their accepting camaraderie was wonderfully refreshing, and many hours were spent, drinking - and talking politics.

Not that I was then ignorant of their type of politics. Indeed, I had spent many of the previous months eagerly reading about nationalism, about National-Socialist Germany, and especially about Adolf Hitler, inspired by an account of the actions of Otto Ernst Remer, on that day in July 1944 during the Second World War. Such loyalty; such a sense of duty; such honour; such forthright warrior action.

To me, in the moment of my reading, then as after, Remer seemed the perfect embodiment of the warrior; of the type of person who might build the new society I had often theorized about - precursor as that society would be for our exploration and colonization of the stars. Now, it seemed to me, I had met a similar type of people. Or at least, those who could, given training, direction, guidance, purpose, be such people. Young; enthusiastic; who seemed to share something - if only instinctively - of my dream and who, like me, seemed to enjoy and welcome violence. They had a meeting, arranged for the following weekend, and I was invited and gladly accepted. I went to the meeting - and the "social" afterwards - and it was there I met someone who knew Colin Jordan, whom I had already heard of. Thus, it seemed logical, indeed necessary, that I contact CJ myself, which I did, by posted letter.

It was, perhaps, a propitious time. A new political movement had been formed, by CJ, and I began to seriously consider how the new society I had envisioned might be created. It also seemed to me then - and for a long while afterwards - that Hitler's National-Socialist Germany was, and should be, the archetype for such a new society: that NS Germany embodied most, though not all, the ideals I then saw as necessary to the creation of such a new, warrior, society imbued with a Galactic ethos.

For nearly a year I came to inhabit three quite separate worlds. My lady

friend, in London, the world of occasionally violent but always interesting political activism; and my academic studies. Thus, I was fully occupied; enthused; alive; replete with my various ways of living, so that when the date for my return to Africa drew ever nearer, there really was no need to make a decision, for my lives seemed then inextricably linked with England. It seemed, then, as if it really was me against: you; the world; against everyone, except my political comrades and my lady friend.

During these trips to London, 'O' levels at College came and went, and I drifted into the Sixth Form. It was tempting to leave, and move to live and work in London, based with my lady friend, but the promise of Physics still enthralled me, a little, particularly as at that time the Apollo program looked it would easily achieve the goal that had been set - soon, perchance, there would bases on the Moon, and then on Mars. So I plugged away at Physics, without much enthusiasm, feeling it might be different at University when I would be free to undertake my own study, experiments, research. A feeling which led me to consider applying to King's College, Cambridge; which, after consultation with my teachers, I did and, probably due to their recommendation, secured and attended an interview.

Increasingly, however, my lives became a distraction from schoolwork, but I seemed to have some innate talent for mathematics and Physics and so - studying very little (some weeks, not at all) - I plodded on, trusting in this talent to get me through [2].

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Facies Abyssi

University

Fast forward to a University in the north of England, and a still young student, who had grown well-trimmed moustaches and who, unlike the majority of other students, was always rather conservatively attired. My first term as an undergraduate had been a great disappointment following a Summer vacation of anticipation, and awaiting examination results.

No, wait - let us rewind, briefly, to that Summer vacation, after 'A' level exams were over. I had, perhaps rather foolishly, spent the weekends - and

often the free days - of these examination weeks embroiled elsewhere. Attending political rallies, meetings, staying with political associates; and - more enjoyable - staying with my lady friend in London.

Possibly not so foolishly, since - in retrospection - I was, as became something of a habit, letting the Fates, wyrd, decide my fate when, as often happened, I vacillated between two or more options, waiting until a particular course of life seemed obvious, even to me. I had studied very little in the six months preceding those examinations, trusting to my talent, and busy elsewhere doing what, at the time and for almost a year before, were far more exciting and interesting things. So interesting and so exciting - so redolent of promise - that I even took the radical step of writing to King's College and withdrawing my application, feeling at the time and for quite a while afterwards that my future lay in London with a certain lady. A feeling which led me to impetuously send a request, via postcard, to the BBC radio programme Jazz Record Requests (a programme I knew she listened to), mentioning her first name and requesting - "with love from David" - a recording of the MJQ "with Milt Jackson on vibes". My request was successful, and I enjoyed a most memorable weekend in London with her. But then, months later, laboratory experiments led me to dream again of University; until - weeks or even days later - I began to desire again to move to London to stay with her... Thus, if I failed my examinations, I could not possibly go on to University, and the decision regarding my direction would be clear, fated.

'A' level exams over, I spent a lot of that Summer working, in a mundane job, for my allowance from my father never did, in those days, seem to meet all my needs, for I loved to treat a certain lady to the occasional 'long weekend away'. On the last day of Term, and slightly inebriated after a lunch-time session down the nearby Pub with friends, I had met one of only two girls (EH and JJ) in my Sixth Form. EH and I had flirted before, and I liked her, as I felt she liked me, but I had kept a deliberate distance, given my assignations in London, for to have yet another intimate relationship would have been for me, at that time, just far too complicated. But on that day - a warm sunny one, I seem to recall - as we passed each other outside the refectory I embraced her. She eagerly returned the embrace, and we kissed for a long time, much to the amusement of some other students, passing by, who knew us both.

Thereafter I did not see her again for a while, reverting back to keeping my distance, until I heard from a mutual friend that she was having some trouble with her landlord (like me, she had rented rooms for the Summer in our local town). Perhaps I misheard, or misunderstood the situation - but I thought I was informed that she had been threatened. Without hesitation I went back

to my rooms to procure a weapon (one always keeps a selection handy). In this case, a pickaxe handle, and - suitably attired in the working type clothes I wore to work: jeans, brown leather jacket, heavy boots - I made my way through the streets to where he lived. My insistent knocking on his front door brought him out, and although I cannot remember what I said, I know he understood. I threatened him. I was just so angry; madly unthinkingly angry, full of rage, and prepared for a bloody fight. In that moment nothing existed except him and that, my rage. He was a tall and stocky man - bigger than me - but perhaps his own nature, or maybe something in my demeanour, my eyes, made him meekly agree to my demands. And so I left, still full of rage, and it was only as I was nearing my own rooms, somewhat calmer, that it occurred to me I was carrying what the Police would call an "offensive weapon".

Some days later, I was to learn that her landlord problems had been solved, and that she desired to see me, but I never did meet with her again.

So, fast forward again to University - that revealing of a part of my youthful character over - and back to that first Term, there. As I mentioned, I was so disappointed. I had gone somewhat naively believing I could study at my own pace, focus on topics that interested me, and do some practical experiments of my own devising. As it was, it was in many ways worse than school.

The lectures were tedious, rote-learning, affairs where one had to make copious notes and after which one was presented with a list of boring problems to be solved, each problem being of the type one might find in 'A' level examinations. Laboratory work as just as routine, even though one did have some choice as to what, of the listed experiments, one might undertake. Serious intellectual discussion, among the students, was at a premium - when it arose, which was rarely - and even the lecturers did not seem that scientifically curious. They had students to teach; or rather, certain parts of certain subjects to get through, every week.

One incident in particular made me seriously consider leaving, and involved a laboratory experiment. Toward the end of the first Term we were given the opportunity to devise and carry out our own experiments. I chose to replicate the Michelson-Morley experiment, having a particular interest in the theories that gave rise to this attempt to detect "the aether".

I was informed that such an experiment was really more suited to a Graduate, or Third-Year, student, but, of course, I ignored all the excuses and the advice that I was given as to why I should not try. Finally, I got my way,

and was allotted a large part of one of the laboratory darkrooms. Suffice to say that it took me a while to set the experiment up, and even longer to tweak the equipment to get it ready: many weeks, in fact, despite spending many afternoons in the laboratory. I festooned my area with signs telling everyone not to touch the equipment. Then, I began to get some results. A few days later I returned, eager and excited, only to find that some lecturer had pushed all my equipment into one corner in order to set up some experiment for his students, thus destroying my weeks of delicate work. Not only that, I had "run out of time"; the darkroom really was needed by other students.

Strangely, I was not angry, just filled with an abyssal disappointment. It was as if some far distant apparently quixotic landscape which I had been eagerly travelling toward, for a long and arduous while, had at last been reached only to be revealed as ordinary, dull, devoid of any real interest at all.

Thus, gradually, my interest in studying physics waned, until - by the end of the next term - it has almost completely disappeared, replaced by increasing political activities, and a renewed desire to live and work in London. However, even though I never did any studious work, from that, my abyssal laboratory-moment, onwards, I still somehow managed to come second in mathematics at the end of year exams. There were various travels, and some trysts:

> Here I have stopped
> Because only Time goes on within my dream:
>
> Yesterday I was awoken, again,
> And she held me down
> With her body warmth
> Until, satisfied, I went alone
> Walking
> And trying to remember:
>
> A sun in a white clouded sky
> Morning dawn yellow
> Sways the breath that, hot, I exhale tasting of her lips.
> The water has cut, deep, into
> The estuary bank
> And the mallard swims against the flow -
> No movement, only effort.
>
> Nearby - the foreign ship which brought me
> Is held by rusty chains
> Which, one day and soon
> And peeling them like its paint,
> Must leave.

Here I shall begin again
Because Time, at last, has stopped
Since I have remembered the dark ecstasy
Which brought that war-seeking Dream

Meanwhile, my political involvements had intensified. I regularly attended political meetings, demonstrations, and activities, by various organizations, including BM and the NF, and at one such political foray I met Eddy Morrison and his friends. I immediately liked Morrison. He was enthusiastic, committed, optimistic, down-to-earth and quite *au fait* with National-Socialism. He also, at that time, possessed a certain personal charisma, and thus always had a few youthful followers who considered him their leader. One incident I remember well. He had invited me to join him and some of his friends on a day trip to Bridlington, an invitation which I accepted, and we ended up on the beach singing NS, and old BUF, songs.

A marvellous day, and I was genuinely sad when they dropped me off at my then place of University residence and went back to their city of Leeds, and it was not long before I joined them, again, for some political event or other. Morrison introduced me to his family, with whom I had a meal, and then off we went into the centre of his home city to raucously harangue some Communist paper-sellers and generally make a nuisance of ourselves. Morrison was far more experienced in practical street politics than I, and the more time I spent with him, the more it dawned on me that perhaps the two of us could not only make a name for ourselves but might, just might, be able to if not create the foundations of some new political force, then at least use an existing nationalist organization as means of gaining influence and power and thus begin to implement NS ideals.

It should be remembered that, at this time, the very early seventies, the NF regularly held large marches and rallies, all over England, with many of these marches involving violence, before, during, and after, and with many of these marches involving thousands of people. For instance, there was one march which I attended where those at the front had to physically fight their way through packs of Reds, with similar skirmishes occurring toward the rear. These were exciting times, and there really was a feeling, among the rank-and-file, that the NF was growing in such a way that, in a decade or more, it might be able to win or seize power.

Even CJ's British Movement was thriving, though in a much smaller way, and it was during this time that I came to act, on a few occasions, as CJ's bodyguard. Usually because the person who should have done that duty for

some reason was not there. One of these occasions was at an outdoor demonstration - in Wolverhampton I seem to recall - when CJ stood haranguing the sparse crowd from the back of a Land Rover, while I stood in front, trying to look as thuggish as possible. Another of these occasions was an indoor meeting, where I stood at the front of the hall when CJ spoke, again to a small crowd, from the raised stage behind me and on which occasion I brandished a Shillelagh, which weapon the two or three, somewhat bored, Police Officers in attendance were completely unconcerned about. The Good 'Ole Days. On a few other occasions I simply accompanied CJ (walking slightly behind) when he walked toward and from some meeting place or assembly point.

Compared to all this, my life at University seemed, and indeed was, boring; dull. Thus it seemed natural, inevitable - especially given my friendship with Morrison - that I move to Leeds, and become involved with street-politics full-time. Which I dutifully did. As often in my life, it seemed as if the Fates revealed to me the direction in which I should go. Thus, and yet again, there was a certain period of drifting, by me, until a particular course of life seemed obvious, even to me.

My next year was a learning process. Learning about people; learning more about political propaganda; speaking in public; organizing and participating in street fights and demonstrations. That is, it was a learning of the Art of the revolutionary political agitator. I loved the life; I adored the life, and while domiciled in Leeds, in a garret (on Meanwood Road) appropriate to a revolutionary, fanatical, political activist, I still found time to visit my lady friend, in London.

One incident during my University stay may be worth recording. I happened to get to know someone there (who incidentally introduced me to the writings of Mishima) who was a personal friend of Martin Webster, and I met Webster on several occasions, one following some fracas at the University after he had been invited to address some meeting or other. On one of these occasions we had a discussion about political propaganda - a discussion which continued by several letters we exchanged over subsequent weeks. The essence of this discussion was to do with truth. I was of the opinion that if "our Cause" was indeed correct, and noble, as I believed, then we had no need to write or produce propaganda which distorted the truth in order to gain recruits, or make us and our Cause appear in some positive way. So far as I recall, Webster was of the opinion that I was being rather naive, and that, in practical politics, and to a certain extent, "the end justifies the means", something I then did not agree with.

Furthermore, it was during my time at University that I acquired personal

experience of just how prejudiced some people could be - how they judged someone, for instance, according to their political views, or what they believed were their political views.

During my first few terms at University I had acquired something of a minor reputation as a fascist, helped no doubt by me handing out leaflets from the Racial Preservation Society outside meetings arranged by various Left-Wing and Communist groups. This led to several people actively disliking me - even hating me - although they did not know me, as a person, and made no effort to do so. Thus, they judged me a fascist, they did not like fascists, so they did not like me; or, even worse, they believed that fascists were "evil" and/or dangerous and therefore should and must "be dealt with". What I found curious was that these people, who so irrationally prejudged people on the basis of their alleged or assumed political views, were often the ones who also loudly proclaimed that prejudice (including racial prejudice) was immoral. Thus, they were doing exactly what they were condemning in others.

I did, however, find one political person - who belonged to some minor Marxist-Leninist group - who understood this, and who thus took the opportunity to get to know me and with whom I had many friendly discussions about politics, and life in general. And it was he who - along with a few cultured non-political individuals - somewhat helped restore my belief that humans were, or could be, rational, cultured, beings. Perhaps I should add these few cultured non-political individuals - three young men and a young lady - were all (as we now say) 'gay'. Indeed, with only one exception, all my friends at University were gay, in those intolerant days (only a few years after the Wolfenden report) when such a preference, such a nature, was often kept secret because still regarded by the majority of people as reprehensible and somehow 'perverse'. As for me, I simply enjoyed their company; their culture; their sensitivity; and which culture and sensitivity was, or seemed to me at the time, rather lacking in most if not all the other students I met, studied with, or had occasion to interact with.

Excursus - Galactic Imperium

Since my discovery of National-Socialism, aged fifteen, I believed that NS Germany embodied the essence of - and could be archetype for - the type of warrior orientated and noble society that might make my vision of a Galactic Imperium real. I read everything I could about Hitler, NS Germany, and National-Socialism, and concluded - some time before what has been termed holocaust revisionism began - that the alleged extermination of the Jews

during the Second World War was propaganda.

To me, then, National-Socialism seemed to embody everything that I felt was noble and excellent: a new, modern, expression of the Hellenic ethos which I had greatly admired since first reading, in Greek, Homer's *Odyssey* and *The Iliad* years previously. Thus my overriding aim came to be supporting and propagating National-Socialism, and aiding organizations which might prepare the way for a new type of fascist or NS State.

Furthermore, I really had come to feel a deep love for my ancestral land of England as I felt then an idealistic, and honourable, desire to help, to aid, those whom I regarded as my own people: as if all their problems could and should be solved by the emergence of a National-Socialist State; as if all that was required for Paradise to be created on Earth was the triumph of an NS movement and the practical implementation of NS ideals. Youthful exuberance and naiveté - perhaps.

In my understanding of NS I was greatly helped by Colin Jordan, who suggested I read certain books, including the works of Savitri Devi, who gave me many books, and loaned me others, who patiently answered my many enthusiastic questions, and who introduced me to many life-long National-Socialists, including some who had fought for, and given their loyalty to, Adolf Hitler, and one of my most treasured possessions came to be a signed photograph given to me by Major-General Otto Ernst Remer.

Even before I discovered NS and studied NS Germany, I had a vision of a human Galactic Empire, founded and maintained by a new breed of warrior-explorers, as I believed that we human beings possessed great potential and can and should change and evolve ourselves, consciously, by acts of will, and by overcoming, by accepting, great and noble challenges. Such challenges would reveal ἀρετὴ - reveal a person's true nature, and be the breeding ground of ἀρετὴ.

Thus, for me, discovering and learning about NS seemed fortunate, wyrdful - presenting to me the means to make my vision real.

As I was to write during my time living in Leeds:

> "It is the vision of a Galactic Empire which runs through my political life just as it is the quest to find and understand our human identity, and my own identity, and our relation to Nature, which runs through my personal and spiritual life, giving me the two aims which I consistently pursued since I was about thirteen years of age, regardless of where I was, what I was doing and how

I was described by others or even by myself..."

I further came to understand that in order to create the new warrior society, it was necessary to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, and all governments, and that while electoral politics might be one way for National-Socialists to take power, direct revolution or insurrection was a viable alternative.

Therefore, with the dedication of a fanatic, I set about doing just that, ready, willing and prepared to use violence in order to aid and achieve political goals. For I then considered that sacrifices were necessary in order for these goals to be achieved, and that, once achieved, the violent struggle would have been worthwhile, even if it cost me my own life, or that of others. Thus, I placed some idealized vision of the future before my own personal happiness - indeed, my own happiness became the struggle for, and the practical realization of, that vision of the future.

Years of Ultra-Violence

Fade back to the English city of Leeds, in the first few years of that decade - reckoned according to a calender still in common use - called the nineteen seventies.

I was released from my first term of imprisonment, having been convicted of leading a gang of skinheads in a Paki-bashing incident, following some racial skirmishes in Wakefield, and I soon settled back into my life as a violent street-agitator. I had found prison a useful and interesting experience, made some good contacts, learned some new skills, and left with more money than I had entered, having run a racket inside, selling certain liberated goods.

In the weeks following this, I put some of my new skills to practical use, and began to put together the nucleus of a small gang whose aim was to liberate goods, fence them, and make some money with the initial intent of aiding our political struggle.

Suffice to say that this gang - more petty criminals than racketeers - was based in or around Leeds and consisted of some useful people. For example, someone who worked in a large Department store, and someone employed by British Railways who had access to large parcels and rail freight. Thus, these types of people had easy access to useful, saleable, goods. The railway employees would simply change the labels and documentation, so that goods were mis-delivered to a contact, and then sold on to a fence, while the store

employees would arrange delivery of goods in a similar way, or one of our people would simply collect them in-store and boldly walk out with them.

For some reason I cannot quite now recall, Eddy Morrison became involved on the periphery of this group - perhaps he may have wanted a certain item, or two, which I, being his friend, said I could supply, etcetera.

For quite a while things ran smoothly - even when I happened to get arrested, convicted, and sent to prison (again) for a short while, for violence - until, one day in 1974, four or five Police officers from the then Yorkshire Regional Crime Squad (later to become part of the National Crime Squad), raided my garret in Leeds, and arrested me. Three other people in this small gang - including Morrison - were also arrested, and we were questioned for around six hours at the British Transport Police HQ in Leeds. Morrison and I were thrown into prison, "on remand", since it was feared that I would "intimidate witnesses" and that he was "my second in command" (which, unlike the first accusation, was not correct).

Having previously spent some time in Armley jail, being on-remand there did not bother me at all, and I soon settled back into prison life. Morrison, however, did not cope very well, and seemed genuinely surprised that I was rather enjoying myself. But, as I said somewhat humorously to one of the arresting Police officers, during one of my interrogations, "You get three meals a day, free accommodation, and there are lot's of friends around, so what's the big deal?"

It turned out that the Police had been "tipped-off" by one of those involved in this gang, because he had developed a personal grudge against me. The simple truth is that he had a violent argument with his girlfriend, she came to see me, and stayed for around two weeks.

There is an ineffable sadness
For your eyes betray that warmth, that beauty,
That brings me down
To where even my street-hardened Will cannot go:
So I am sad, almost crying

Outside, there is no sun to warm
As yesterday when I touched the warmth of your breasts
And the wordless joy of ecstatic youth
Lived to suffuse if only briefly with world-defying life
This tired battle-bruised body

But now: clouds, rain-bleakness
To darken such dreams as break me.
For there are many places I cannot go.

So I let her go, suffused as I still was with a particular political vision and various political schemes. To add insult to the injury of the grass who betrayed us, when he finally managed to see his former girlfriend again to try and get her back, she compared him unfavourably, in one department, to someone else. Thus, his pride hurt, he began telling lies about me to anyone who would listen, claiming, for instance, that once he pushed me up against a wall and I pleaded for him to let me go.

Quite naturally, given my character at that time, I while in prison arranged for someone to sort this grass out, but this comrade of mine, on his way to do just that, was pulled-over and arrested on some other outstanding matter, held on remand and eventually convicted of a variety of offences, receiving a long prison sentence. Meanwhile, the grass had left Leeds and gone into hiding.

On learning of this, I considered the matter, wyrdfully, finally concluding that I should – then and on my release from prison and for the good of the Cause – put my political aims and goals before personal vengeance and certain 'criminal' activities and running a gang. Thus, I should strive to be idealistic, noble, and ignore – not seek to find - such an individual, and instead personally concentrate on politics, eschewing further 'criminal' activities to fund that Cause. Not that – to be honest - this decision to concentrate solely on politics was easy for me then, since it was very tempting to continue with such activities, which I did enjoy: the planning, the anticipation, the execution, the camaraderie, and the satisfaction of succeeding.

When this particular criminal case against me finally came to trial, all the more serious charges had been dropped due to "lack of evidence", and I was simply charged with "receiving and handling stolen goods", for which I was convicted and given a bender.

Fade, back to my political life in Leeds. While all the above was occurring, I was dutifully doing my duty as a street-agitator, and had been recruited (by JM) into Column 88, a clandestine paramilitary and neo-nazi group, led by a former Special Forces officer, which at that time held regular military training sessions with the Territorial Army, the volunteer reserve force of the British Army. According to gen received decades later, Column 88 was actually part of NATO's pan-European underground Gladio network, set up and trained to employ guerilla tactics against the Soviets had they

ever invaded (as was still expected, in those days). But I knew nothing of this, at the time, and simply enjoyed being part of and training with Column 88. For C88 seemed to me to be a genuine National-Socialist group, devoted to comradeship and to the slow process of socially and politically infiltrating British society, with perhaps some possibility that, if the need arose (such as a Soviet invasion) we might "do our bit", as National-Socialists, and fight them.

Right from the very beginning it was obvious that C88 was a well-organized group, quite different from any other NS or nationalist group I had come across in the previous six years. For I had been instructed to wait in some obscure lay-by in Wiltshire, and was patiently doing so when several speeding vehicles arrived and proceeded - in an impressive manoeuvre - to surround, and block, the car I had been waiting in, with several very obviously fit young men exiting quickly from these vehicles.

I was further impressed when, later that day and in the house of C88's organizer (Lutz), I met many young National-Socialists from several different European countries. Here, I felt, was the spirit, the comradeship, of The Third Reich, of the Waffen-SS, of genuine National-Socialism, come alive again, something which, I knew from direct personal experience, was often so sadly lacking in the other NS group I had previously encountered.

While there was some military training - with weapons loaded with live ammunition - such as a night exercise in Savernake Forest when "we" had to take and overrun an "enemy" position, the real highlight for me of my years with C88 were the yearly Fuhrerfests when National-Socialists from all over Europe would gather in comradeship to celebrate Adolf Hitler's birthday. It was inspiring to know, to feel, that Adolf Hitler and his sacred mission had not been forgotten; that there were others - many others - in other lands who felt the same way and who understood, rationally or instinctively, or both, the essential goodness and nobility of National-Socialism itself. In addition, it was good to know that so many educated, seemingly well-connected, individuals in Britain were covert National-Socialists, for another impressive thing about C88 was its English members: professional, family, people, for the most part, who did not have a shaved head or a pair of 'bovver boots between them.

Indeed, I - although in some ways quite well educated - was probably the odd-one out: a rough almost fanatical street-fighter of many years experience who had been in Prison for violence and who had many other criminal convictions. That I, a hardened Nazi street thug with a criminal record, had been accepted into the home of L's wife and family - and into the homes of some other C88 members - was pleasing because it seemed to me to express

the nobility, the folk equality, of National-Socialism itself.

In 1973 - just before I was recruited by Column 88 - Colin Jordan invited me to his then home in Coventry. Naturally, having great respect for CJ, I accepted and was to find, on my arrival, that a meeting of the inner Council of CJ's British Movement was taking place. After a short wait, I was invited to address them, which I did, answered a few questions about tactics and strategy, and then had to wait for a while in another room, which CJ used as his office. Invited back, I was informed that they had decided to co-opt me onto the Council, something I had not expected. Asking for time to consider the matter, I left to travel back to Leeds. For reasons I cannot now quite recall, a few days later I wrote to CJ declining the offer - probably because I was already then thinking of forming my own, more violent, political organization.

In December of 1973, I finally managed to convince Morrison that we two, with our good ally Joe Short, should form a new political, more active (that is, more violent) and openly pro-Nazi, movement.

Thus the National Democratic Freedom Movement (NDFM) was born, which was to have a brief, if exceedingly violent, existence, with Morrison as leader. Our intent was to build a revolutionary street movement, and so for seven or so months we held public meetings, organized demonstrations and protests, and generally had a jolly good time (or at least, I did) in pursuit of gaining members and propagating National-Socialism under cover of nationalism.

As John Tyndall later wrote in his *Spearhead* magazine (April, 1983):

> " The National Democratic Freedom Movement...concentrated its activities mainly upon acts of violence against its opponents. Before very long the NDFM had degenerated into nothing more than a criminal gang."

Among the highlights of that NDFM year, for me, were the following.

I smashed up (with one other NDFM member) an anti-apartheid exhibition, in Leeds (twice). I gave vitriolic extempore speeches at public meetings (some of which ended in violence when our opponents attacked). I waded into some Trade Union march or other, thumped a few people then stole and set fire to one of their banners (arrested, again). I arranged a meeting at Chapeltown, in Leeds (the heart of the Black community then) at which only five of us turned up, including Andrew Brons but not including Morrison. We faced a

rather angry crowd of several hundred people, who threw bricks, stones, whatever, at us, and we few walked calmly right through them to our parked vehicles, and rather sedately drove away, our point made. No one said we could do it.

I spoke extempore at Speakers Corner in Hyde Park for around a half an hour to a crowd of over a thousand (it ended in a brawl) - the only person from the extreme Right to speak there since the days of Oswald Mosley. At the brawl, one of our stewards was arrested, and - the fighting over - we regrouped to march toward Downing Street, after which we all went our separate way (I quite naturally went to see and stay the weekend with my lady friend in London).

Finally, toward the end of that Summer, a meeting we had arranged on Leeds Town Hall steps resulted in a mass brawl when the crowd of around a thousand attacked us, after I had harangued them for around half an hour. Several Police officers were injured as they tried to break up the fights. I was arrested (again) but soon was granted bail. Morrison became somewhat disillusioned, as I was by the attitude of many of those involved with the NDFM, and so I spent the time before my trial occupying myself with various travels around England and the NDFM simply slid into obscurity, a political failure - although, at least for me, it had proved to be an exceptionally valuable learning experience.

When my case came to trial, at Leeds Crown Court [3], I was accused of having "incited the crowd" and generally held responsible for most of the violence. I was found guilty of various so-called Public Order offences, and given several fines. What rather disgusted me after the trial was that several so-called comrades - including if my memory is correct, Morrison - having appeared at witnesses at the trial, collected between them witness expenses sufficient to pay my fines. But not one of them offered to do this, and I was not going to ask.

So, since I had no intention of paying the fines, I left Leeds.

Facies Abyssi

For well over a year I evaded the consequences of not paying my fines, living as a vagrant, then in a caravan in the fenland. Writing poetry. Musing on life; reading the collected works of Jung and Toynbee; studying religions, including Buddhism. Listening to numinous music. And so on.

Crows calling while sheep cry
By the road that shall take them
To their death:

I sit, while sun lasts
And bleeds my body dry
In this last hour before dark
On a day when a warm wind
Carried the rain that washed
A little of this valley
Like the stream washes
My rock:

There are no trees to soften
This sun - only heather and fern
To break the sides of the hill;
I cannot keep this peace
I have found -
It seems unformed like water
Becomes unformed without a vessel
A channel or some stream:
It cannot be contained
As I contain my passion and my dreams.

There are no answers I can find
Only the vessel of walks in hills
Alone
Whereby I who seek
Am brought toward the magick peak
That keeps this hidden world
Alive

I even spent some time in a Buddhist monastery. But the Police eventually caught up with me, in my caravan, and I was arrested, and sent to prison (yet again). But this time for only six months.

My previous experiences of "being inside" were useful when I was sent back to prison. Luckily, I was assigned one of the best prison jobs, Library red-band (even though I was serving a short sentence), which job meant that I had a single "peter", that I took over a few rackets, and was left pretty much to my own devices in the library. One of the rackets revolved around goods smuggled in; another centred on porn magazines ordered by the nonces on Rule 43 and which magazines had a strange habit of disappearing or not being delivered or getting handed round other cons for a small fee; another racket involved goods being liberated from certain prison stores.

At that time, prison life was a delicate balance, so I occasionally helped out someone who also had some rackets (centred around gambling) by getting a few people to "carry" tins of tobacco for him. Overall, a reasonable time, which meant that my release date seemed to come around quite quickly.

On release from prison, I was undecided, for a while, about what I should do. I visited my lady friend in London, who by then had larger premises and a more select clientèle, and after travelling around for a while as an itinerant, I drifted back to live in Leeds. Morrison [4] had some minuscule and new political organization, was still talking the same rhetoric, and still unrealistically dreaming of obtaining political power in a decade or so. At least he was, outwardly, consistent.

As for me, for over five, often violent years, radical street politics had been an important part of my life - often, the most important part; and I had dedicated myself to the struggle, undeterred by prison. But my naivety, idealism, and optimism had all but faded away. For experience had revealed to me that the honour, loyalty and commitment to duty I expected from fellow political comrades was often absent, and that the leadership of all NS, all pro-NS groups and even all of our kind of nationalist organizations was woefully bad; un-charismatic and incapable of inspiring the loyalty required. Instead of idealism, loyalty and honour there were continual feuds, continued disloyalty, and little or no honour, manifest most often as this dishonour was in the spreading of malicious rumours behind people's backs.

My time away from Leeds - over a year, before my return to prison - had taken me back to those Fenland feelings of the late sixties. In particular, my solitary time as an itinerant had brought me close to Nature in very simple and unaffected way, so that there gradually arose in me a certain wordless feeling of dissatisfaction with modern life that had nothing whatsoever to do with my political beliefs, dreams or aspirations. In fact, nothing to do with any ideology, or, at that time, with any religion I had studied or personally experienced. Instead, it was interior, direct, personal - one individual, alone, who felt some relation with Nature, with the Cosmos, and it is true to say that this wordless feeling, and my memories of life close to Nature, rather haunted me when I returned to live in Leeds.

I just did not feel I belonged there, anymore. I yearned - for something; as one might yearn for a young lady seen briefly, spoken to briefly, whom one met on some travels, and whose presence, whose aura, whose scent, whose features, whose promise, lingered when she was gone; lingered so much, so numinously, that one regretted not running after her and blurting out some excuse to be with her, again. I yearned - for those intangible wistful moments

of a wandering life:

Wine

Stale
I once drank you
Knowing no difference because of herbs.
She held me, her cunning hands
That did not wish
Nor offer the warmth that snared my soul:

The wine was
Intoxicating our senses
But only I was drunk:
She laughed.

I needed rest
Dreaming marriage under sun -
Until bright morning came
When she, alas, changed
Her form in the reality of the room
And I was left to walk with my sack
Down the dusty track
Past a grove of sun-burnt trees
Toward those distant hills:

And yet the white-washed house was only
One step
Along my Way.

Perhaps it was that hot, dry, Summer of 1976 with its week after week of clear blue skies; perhaps it was some inner un-thought of satisfaction with my own subsuming political aims; some surfacing, some re-emergence, of that youthful desire to know, to understand, myself, Life, the Cosmos. Perhaps it was the feelings that gave rise to the many poems I had written in my wanderings; poems such as the compilation *Gentleman of the Roads*, and the poem *Clouds in the Sky*. Whatever the cause or causes, I found myself increasingly desiring to be alone; increasing desiring silence, both external and within; increasingly desiring to somehow in some way reconnect myself with that other older world that my political machinations and activities seemed to have almost totally obscured.

Two wyrdful things conspired together to seal my fate. The first was the

music of JS Bach, especially some Cantatas. The second was a strange encounter at an old Parish church on the edge of the fenland in King's Lynn.

The new female companion I had acquired on my return to Leeds shared my love of classical music, and I went to many concerts and performances with her. At one, during a performance of Bach's *Erbarme Dich*, I began to cry, silently: silent tears of unknowing, of sadness and of joy.

Not longer after, I ventured to return to visit a friend in Norfolk, and - somewhat early for the bus that would take me near his dwelling - I passed some time by perusing what seemed an interesting Church, having, at that time, a minor interest in architecture. Somewhat tired after a long journey, I sat for a while in some pew. Then this young man, in clerical garb, passed in front of the altar to briefly turn toward me, and smile. There was such gentleness, such purity, in his face, his demeanour. And then he was gone, out of my view, toward what I assumed, then, was some door. It was as if, in that moment, I knew he might have answers to some questions which I had been pondering for some days before, and so, instinctively, I rose to follow him only to find a solid wall where he had disappeared from my view, and it was only later, days later, that I discovered that once - centuries ago - there had indeed been a door there, and that the Church itself had been part of a medieval Priory.

He was so real; nothing in his appearance, his manner, to suggest a ghost, an apparition; and for weeks afterwards I tried convince myself that my tiredness, the unanswered questions in my head, had somehow in some way contrived to present me with some illusion, some delusion. But a vague feeling of unease remained - for there was that numinous face, that smile; that gentle presence radiating an inner contentment and a certain mystical peace.

My unanswered questions had to do with existence - with life - after our mortal death, and with the allegory of Jesus of Nazareth. An allegory I had

felt, touched, when a performance of Bach's Matthew Passion had surprised me, had impinged itself, not long before, upon my psyche, bringing once again from one momentous passage, those silent tears of my unknowing.

The truth I felt, the truth which thus became so revealed, was that I did not know; that I did not have all the answers; that I had begun to doubt everything that for years I had so passionately, even fanatically, believed in. The truth that maybe, just maybe, I might not be able to find all the answers by myself, unaided; that maybe, just maybe, there was someone out-there, or something, who and from which I might learn, who and which might guide me toward a deeper, a better, understanding of myself and this world. That maybe, just maybe, in that particular allegory I might find some answers.

Thus there arose slowly in me after these events some desire to know about a certain, a particular, a quiet and inner way of life which I felt might be able to provide me with some answers, which might in some way connect me - reconnect me - to a beautiful, purer, way of life.

For a long time I had, in pursuit of some ideology - what I would later describe as a causal abstraction - controlled an aspect of my character: my almost naive sensitivity, my empathy, my rather boyish enthusiasm. But now this aspect came again to live, on a daily basis, so that I, perhaps rather foolishly, took to walking the streets of Leeds barefoot, and smiling like some village idiot; so pleased, so very pleased, to be alive; so happy with the blueness of the sky, the warmth of the Sun, the ineffable beauty of life itself. As if I was detached from myself, not really some young man named Myatt but rather

> A falling leaf turned Autumn brown
> Following the wind of the moment:
> Neither clinging to, nor striving against,
> The force of existence ever a dream in the end

For several weeks my plan became to return to an itinerant life, and thus became a kind of wandering poet, some sort of modern Taoist: a Way of Life familiar to me from my study of Taoism and my practical involvement with a Taoist Martial Art. But it seemed as if the wyrdful Cosmos had a rather different plan, for one day I decided - for reasons I cannot now recall - to borrow a bicycle belonging to a friend and head out for a week's holiday in the English countryside. A train conveyed me part of the way, and - the weather still hot, dry, and sunny - it was a pleasure to be away from the city, and I became as a schoolboy again for whom nearly every mile pedalled was an adventure.

There were stops for food, water - and a few overnight stays, often in some field beside some hedge. It did not matter, for I was still young, healthy, and quite strong.

After several days I came to be cycling down some narrow lane. To my left, a wooded hill of conifers; on my right, fields flowing gently upward to where a collocation of buildings were gathered just below a swathe of deciduous trees. The largest building somewhat - and I thought incongruously - resembled a French château, and so, intrigued, I cycled on to take a turning which I hoped might lead me toward it.

It was a monastery, and, leaving my bicycle propped up against a nearby tree, I wandered around. The door to the Abbey church was unlocked and I went inside. The cool quietness was slightly perfumed with incense from some recently ended Mass and a feeling of immense relief came over me as if I had, finally, come home. Words, scenes, emotions, scents, memories from a Catholic childhood lived within me once again, and it was so peaceful, so blissfully peaceful, sitting there, in the nave, that Time ceased to have any meaning or cause me any feeling as it trundled on in that other world, outside. Such stillness I had not thought possible came to keep me still.

I have no idea for how long I sat there, unthinking, and it was only when some activity in the monks choir beyond, behind, the altar distracted me that I remembered who and where I was. Then - their noonday prayer, chanted.
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Suffice to say that when I returned to Leeds, soon afterwards, I immediately wrote to the Guestmaster of the monastery enquiring about a weekend visit. Some weeks later, I was there, at home, again. A weekend became a week; a certain request; an excited and nervous return to Leeds; and then that day when, with my few belongings, I ventured forth to begin my new life as a monk.

Sun, broken by branch, seeps
Into mist
Where spreading roots have cracked
The stones, overgrown, perhaps,
For an hundred years

From a seed, flesh fed, the oak
Sheltering
Mary
Relict of William

And a breeze, stirring again
This year
The leaves of an Autumn's green gold

°°°

Part Two

Sensus Internus

Into The Light

Monastic life was, quite obviously, a complete contrast to the violence, the carnal indulgence, the political activity, the time spent in prison, of my previous years, and my first month in the monastery did not come as a surprise. I enjoyed it.

Like prison, there was a daily routine, and I soon adapted to it. Or, rather, I embraced it joyfully. Rising, in those years (I think they have gone a bit soft, now), at around half past four in the morning to - without breakfast - spend two hours and more in the monks' Choir stalls of the Abbey chanting Matins followed by Lauds and followed by Conventual Mass. The breakfast, in the refectory, was substantial. Then there was work, study, until past Noon, and Choir again for prayers before lunch, and at which meal one of the monks would read a religious text to us while we ate in silence, using a particular monastic sign language if for some reason we needed to communicate between ourselves, such as 'please pass me the butter'. An afternoon of manual labour followed, with a short break for cups of tea; more work or study until the hour of Vespers, sung in Latin, with the monks precessing from the cloisters, in cowled robes, into the Choir. Then the last meal of the day - supper - followed by an hour or so of "spiritual contemplation" and then onto the last prayers of the day, Compline. It was now not long after nine o'clock in the evening, and one was, quite understandably, somewhat tired, and so went to bed, in my case a cell (a small room with a small window) on the very top floor of the Abbey on what was called the Novices Gallery. Interestingly the only heating in these monastic cells - apart from the rooms of the Abbot and Prior, who had fireplaces - were hot water pipes running along the outside wall (no radiators). Of course, by the time the steam-generated hot water reached our pipes at the top, they were somewhat colder than in the rooms on the floors below.

Suffice to say, we were kept, busy, occupied, and I seemed to fit in quite well. It was also remarkably easy to forget about the outside world - and if something deemed really important happened in the outside world, one of the monks would pin a typed summary - a very small summary - of the event on the noticeboard in the cloister, which in practice meant once every month or so. Mostly though, the notices there were mainly about ecclesiastical matters - the Pope on a visit, somewhere; or a forthcoming visit to the monastery by some Bishop or other. A few of the monks were endearingly eccentric; for instance one had a fondness for eating - raw - the little mushrooms that occasionally sprouted, at certain times of year, on the lawn outside the calefactory window; another would - with the soles of his well-polished patent leather shoes - crunch a cockroach or two on the floor of the refectory before they could scamper away when we after hours of prayer went to eat our breakfast...

Weeks became months, and one of my jobs involved me working in the monastery library - a beautiful large place, of stone-mullioned windows (most of which did not open or had not been opened in decades), row upon row upon high row of dusty old books (many in Latin), large collections of manuscripts, and a quiet quietude that propelled one back into medieval times. It was as if the modern world - with its haste, its technology, its electricity - no longer existed, and, my allotted tasks accomplished, I could browse, and settle down to read. And if by some chance (and as occurred quite often) I came across something I could not understand - some passage in Latin, or Greek, for instance - there was always someone, some scholarly monk, who could not only explain it to me but also place it in context, and who more often than not was willing to discuss the matter in great detail.

The monastery provided me with many opportunities, to study, to learn, to discipline myself, to acquire a new perspective on life, and - for a while - I did believe I might have a vocation.

But after many months I became somewhat restless, and - obtaining permission to leave enclosure - I began running down the lane from the monastery toward the small wood-enclosed lakes about a mile and half distant. Not that I had "running shoes" or anything like that - only some old plimsolls obtained from The Dive. The Dive was in the basement of the monastery, run by one of the monks, and was where one might find some item one might need - a pair of sandals perhaps; or a shirt. Possibly even a tennis racket; an umbrella; or a hat if one was out in the Sun in the beautiful, secluded, wooded Monks Garden above the monastery, on the slope of a hill. Naturally, most if not all these Dive items were second, or third, or fourth hand, "donated" by monks, or their relatives, or someone else, and some items had been there - borrowed, and then returned, and sometimes repaired

- for perhaps a half a century or more. A veritable emporium, and if something one needed was not in The Dive - which was rare - it could be obtained, given some time.

This restlessness abated, a little, during those times I spent with four people there, three of them monks. The first was an older, jovial, monk, who possessed a great knowledge of Buddhism, especially Zen Buddhism, and who, in fact, had spent some years as Prior of a Zen monastery in Japan. We had many interesting discussions, about Buddhism, about Catholicism, about religion in general. The second person was a Greek scholar - a layman who lived in the monastery - and I seem to recall that he kept a card, filed among voluminous wooden card-indexes, for every single verse of The Odyssey, and which card contained, in his scholarly handwriting, the text in Greek, his translation, and some of his notes. The other two were younger monks - older than and senior, in monastic terms, to me - who had an interest in the more arcane aspects of religion, and especially of Catholicism, and we three would spend hours upon hours discussing mysticism, esotericism, and religion in general, even though, according to certain monastic rules, I should not have been associating with them as much as I did.

One rather humorous incident during my time in the monastery is worth recounting. I was asked, by the Abbot, to spend some weeks in Dublin where some University research project was underway, funded (I believe) by several monasteries, into vocations: what motivated young men to become monks; what might the monasteries do to attract more vocations, and so on. Why I - with my past - had been chosen to take part I found somewhat strange; or, perhaps, I had been chosen because of my past, a past known in full to both the Novice Master and the Prior. Whatever the reason, it meant flying from the nearest airport to Dublin, staying in a Presbytery near Phoenix Park and attending the University every day.

So, there I am, at the airport in England, travelling under my real name [5], waiting with other passengers in the departure lounge to board the aeroplane, when I am taken away, by two Special Branch Police officers, to be "interviewed" in a nearby room. Obviously they - or some other official - had recognized my name, or I was one some official Special Branch watch list. They asked why I was going to Dublin - and I explained where I was living, and why, and that the Abbot had selected me to take part in some research at the University. One of the Police officers then said that they would "check out my story" - and he duly returned, not long afterwards, and said I could go.

It was only on my return to the monastery, over two weeks later, that I learnt what had occurred. The Police officer had telephoned the monastery and enquired if there was a certain DM who lived there and what he was doing. One of the older monks happened to answer the telephone, and - in his schoolmasterish way, as though lecturing a schoolboy - confirmed my story, making some remark to the effect that he would be happy to ask the Abbott to telephone the Chief Constable, at which point, as he with great amusement later recounted to me, the Police officer said, somewhat sheepishly, that no, that would not be necessary.

Fundamentally, however, although I generally - most days - enjoyed the life immensely, three things surfaced to unsettle me, more and more, even though for quite some time I fought against them, strengthened as I was by certain numinous aspects of monastic life. For example, by the office of Compline and the singing of the beautiful Latin Salve Regina after which most of the monks, myself included, would go the kneel in silent reverential prayer on the bare stone floor in front of a centuries-old statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. For example, the short contemplative time between Matins and Lauds when it was peaceful, so blissfully peaceful, to wander outside in the darksome quiet or just sit still in the Choir and sense the centuries of numinous longing, joy and hope, that had seeped forth in prayer from places such as this.

The first - and for me perhaps the most important - of these three unsettling things was that I missed women. I missed everything about them - carnal relations, naturally, but also their presence, their touch, their embrace, their scent, their sensitivity, their gentleness, that intimate often wordless sharing that arises from a passionate, lustful, sharing relationship. In brief, I missed - and desired - the essence of women. Or at least, the essence of a certain type of women that I had become familiar with: the empathic, cultured, refined, well-mannered, passionate lady with whom and through whom one could be part of and explore a numinous reality.

The second was my combative nature - I loved to dispute, to argue, and many of the noviciate lectures degenerated into discussions between me and the senior monk trying to instruct we few novices. I argued about and disputed what the other novices thought were the most trivial things - for instance the exact meaning of certain words, and one discussion, in our course on New Testament Greek, about the meaning of the word *λόγος,* went on for hours. Eventually, in a rather nice way, I was told I was being somewhat disruptive, but my good, my expected, monastic behaviour did not last for long.

The third was my lack of obedience and humility. For instance, I had been

informed, by the Novice Master and then the Prior that I should no longer spend time with the two more senior monks with whom I had developed a friendship and with whom I discussed all manner of arcane matters. Although I agreed to abide "by the rules" it was not long before I broke them, again.

My rather un-monastic attitude was not helped when I pinned the following on the cloister noticeboard:

> And Jesus said unto his disciples - "And who do you say that I am?"
>
> And they replied - " You are the eschatological manifestation of the ground of our being, the kerygma in which we find the ultimate meaning of our interpersonal relationships. "
>
> And Jesus looked at them amazed, and said, "*You what*?"

I cannot now remember where I obtained this quote from - some newly published book, perhaps - but my attempt at humour was somewhat unappreciated. My excuse? It had been suggested that we novices read Barth's *Church Dogmatics.*

Another incident - revealing of my nature - is perhaps worth recalling. An elderly monk died, peacefully, in his room, and on hearing this I rushed along the cloister to ring "the big bell", for I remembered having read somewhere (perhaps in the Rule of Saint Benedict) that what is what one should do, thus enabling the monks to pray for the soul of our departed brother. Naturally, I got into trouble for doing this - the bell could be heard for miles - for apparently this was, in that monastery, no longer the custom, and I should, of course, have asked permission first. Also, naturally, I argued the point - for a while, at least.

It was not that I made some sudden decision to leave. Rather, it became - after nearly a year and a half - rather obvious to me that I really did not have a vocation, a sentiment subsequently shared by both the Abbot and the Novice Master. Thus, by mutual consent, I eventually left, to return to live, for a while, in a caravan in the Fens.

The most poignant, the most remembered, thing about my leaving was when I went to tell the monk who had been a Zen Master, who said that of all the novices he had known in the past few years, I was the most monastic of them all. "This place needs people like you..." he said. But he was, to be fair, something of a character, himself, and had a wicked sense of humour.

Wandering, Love, and Marriage

During my last few months in the monastery, one of my given tasks had been to care for, to nurse, an elderly monk with a terminal disease, and - to my great surprise - the Abbot had occasion to thank me, several times, in person, for my work. Even so, he surprised me yet again by suggesting, on the day before my departure, that I should consider a career as a Nurse. Which I duly did and - with his letter of recommendation - managed to secure a place as a student Nurse. The start of the training course, however, was many months away, and so, for a while, I wandered around, once again, as an itinerant.

This wandering gave me time to reflect upon many things - especially my monastic life - and one thing I began to appreciate in a more conscious way was the centuries-long still living culture to which I belonged, of which Catholicism, monasticism, and Christianity in general, had been a part. For me, this was, and had been, especially manifest in two things: in plainchant (which I loved to sing and to listen to), and in classical music from medieval times to JS Bach, Haydn, and beyond, and a lot of which music - especially JS Bach and Haydn - was imbued with or inspired by a religious feeling, an appreciation and a knowing of the numinous.

This reflexion placed many things into a supra-personal perspective so that, for instance, I began to consider certain philosophical and ethical questions, including the nature of human love and human suffering, and the ethics of politics. During my time in the monastery I rarely thought about politics - or even about the world outside - and certainly did not miss political activity or involvement. I was far too occupied with daily monastic life and with my own studies, which included ancient Greek literature, Buddhism, Taoism and Western philosophy. These reflexions in turn led me to consider the nature and form of religion, especially in relation to Christian history and theology.

Thus my life became, for around three years after I had left the monastery, personal - for there was no involvements with politics, or even with any organized form of religion, Catholic or otherwise. I had no rôle, no aim beyond pursuing my interests - such as running, cycling and classical music - and was even gainfully employed, for a year, at least.

For my nursing course had started. In those days, the training was mostly practical, on the hospital wards, with a three month assignment on a certain type of ward (medical, surgical, and so on) followed by a few weeks back in the classroom, followed by another duty on another ward.

Sitting quietly in high Summer
While the river flows
Is peaceful, for an hour;
But any longer, and we who wish
Cannot wait to abstain:
We must be gone or find a goal
To satisfy such haste.

There was a man, dying from his age
As his flesh and organs failed:
He did not seem to mind this
        I've had a good innings
Except, sometimes, the pain.
He would lay, slowing breathing
And sometimes smiling in his bed
While we who waited on the living
And the dying
Cared
As our time, tiredness and allocations
Allowed.

Every two hours, on the Ward, still living bodies
Would be turned
To remove just one more soiled sheet
While the heat of Summer through half-open
Windows
Mingled with the smells
And the oozing from freshly sutured
Flesh:

But each dark moment was almost always
(If you watched)
Relieved
By the sadness or the smile
In another person's eyes.

And there was a learning
In such simple glimpses,
Shared.

I was one of only two male nurses on the course, and while the work itself was quite tiring and hard - and one went through periods of loving it, hating it, loving it - it was rewarding, and there was a sense, in those days, of

belonging to a small community, especially since I lived, in a minuscule room, in the Nurses Home. One lived and worked in the same place, and generally spent time off-duty with one's fellow student nurses, in one's own year or from other years.

Naturally, there were liaisons with people with whom one worked and who also lived within the hospital grounds, and after a few of these I found myself in a serious relationship. There were plans for us to obtain our own accommodation, near the hospital; short holidays, away; and I felt I was in love. The young lady in question certainly was in love with me. But then, as my first year moved toward its ending, I - stupidly, selfishly, dishonourably - ruined it all, by falling in love with someone else.

The "other woman" was a friend of a friend, and then a Post Graduate studying at Cambridge, whom I met at some party or other in that city. Her nickname was Twinkle, and there was a quite adorable child-like quality to her, a need to be loved, an enthusiasm tempered occasionally by a touch of anxiety, all of which, combined with a keen intellect and a love of classical music, poetry and English literature, made her (at least to me) irresistible. I did try to resist - for a while. For several months, I managed to behave honourably, and even managed to behave in a friendly way toward her then lover. But the more I saw of her, the worse I felt.

For weeks, I resisted the temptation to see her, and was glad when she moved away, her course over, to live and work in what seemed far off Shropshire. But then her fateful short note arrived in the post - "Feeling wretched. Do come!" it read, giving a telephone number and an address. The very next day another, quite similar, note arrived, sounding even more urgent.

Making excuses to K - for I was genuinely concerned Twinkle might harm herself - I set off, without any expectations and rather naively believing I could be a good friend. A train to Shrewsbury; a bus to that overgrown village where she lived where once there was a medieval Priory; and there she was, waiting for me at the bus stop. Alighting from the bus, she ran to embrace me, and clung onto me for what seemed, what felt, a long time. "I wish I had a camera!" an elderly lady, waiting at the stop said, and smiled. And then we were walking, rather shyly together, along the road to her lodgings.

Hours later, the evening meal she had cooked eaten, we sat - she on a chair, I on the carpet before the gas fire - in her room in the candlelit dark while she, to a mute background of a symphony by Brahms - tearfully recalled the last few weeks of her life. Her lover had spurned her, harshly, for someone else;

she felt so alone; so betrayed; so ashamed of herself; so disgusted with herself for being so weak and needy, believing she was unworthy of being loved...

What could I say? Do? I should have played the rôle of unworldly, detached, Sage, and spake forth some words of fatherly wisdom and advice - but all I did in my weakness was move toward her, hold her hand and told her that I loved her. Thus did I that night and the next betray my lover. K met me at the railway station on my return, and she knew, just knew, immediately, of my betrayal, just as I felt her knowing. We did not speak of it then, and strived to carry on as normal, until some days later when a letter for me from Twinkle arrived. I was on duty, and K opened and read it. There were no tears from her on my return to my room in the Nurses Home; no words shouted; no words at all. She simply gave me the letter and waited. There was, in that letter, a declaration of love, a passage about having children - about how even now she might be bearing "our child".

There were tears from she whom I had betrayed, and I felt ashamed, and the most wretched I had ever, up until then, felt in my life. Wretched because of her sadness, her feelings; wretched because I had so deeply hurt her; and wretched because there was no anger in her, no words or shouts of recrimination; no accusations; no flailing fists of a lover betrayed. Only deep soul-wrenching almost utter despair. She left then to leave me alone with my dishonour, my shame.

A few days later, I suddenly withdrew from the nursing course to travel to Shropshire to live with my new lover. The day before I left I had met K, briefly - or rather, she had saught me out. We embraced, then she pulled away to affect a smile while I just stood there, not knowing, in my shame, what to say or do. But she was far stronger than I and suggested, gently, affectionately, that - if I did indeed love Twinkle - then I could obtain a transfer to a hospital in Shropshire. She had it all worked out, having even spoken to a senior member of the teaching staff about such transfers. She left then, leaving me as if I had just awoken from some dream. A walk. Another walk. A telephone call some hours later; a question impetuously asked; an affirmative answer received. Yes, she would marry me...

I went to tell K. She had just returned from a late shift and, then as now, I am not quite sure how or why we parted in the gentle way we did. We spoke for a while, softly, of our own future separate plans; we shared a bottle of wine; then we were in each others arms; and in the morning we kissed and I, with no words exchanged between us, left to begin my new life in the rural county of Shropshire. Less than six months later I was married, to Twinkle, and never saw or heard from K again.

Now, recalling those events, I feel that K perhaps loved me far more than I deserved, as I know I behaved dishonourably and assuredly hurt her deeply. There are no excuses for my behaviour, then; I was quite simply - and for all my idealistic talk of honour in my political years - just weak, dishonourable. I gave in to my dreams and my desires, placing my needs, my dreams, my hopes, my lust, before the feelings of someone who loved me and whom I should have treated in an honourable way. In brief, I was selfish, and really did not know what love was - what it meant and implied - despite all my philosophical reflexion on the matter and despite all my previous trysts and involvements.

A few weeks before my marriage, I went to visit my lady friend in London for the last time to inform her of my change of circumstances, and spent an exquisitely poignant weekend with her; feelings recalled some months later in bleak mid-Winter:

> Like memories, snow falls
> With no sound
> While I stand as Winter frosts
> My feet
> And a cold hand holds itself ready
> Near a pen:
>
> The birds, though starving, still sing
> Here where trees and snow seat themselves
> On hill
> And the slight breeze beings to break
> My piece of silence
> Down.
>
> Her love seemed only real
> With its loss.
>
> Above the trees, crows cawing
> As they swirl
> Within the cold

A Shropshire Tale

The seven years of my first marriage were all spent in South Shropshire, that rural part of that border English county that I came to love. For a few months, after our marriage, we lived in lodgings and then in a caravan on the

edge of a field on a farm, and enjoyed a reasonably happy time, until the snows of Winter came. I liked living in the quiet solitude of the caravan with its wood-burning stove, while she did not.

High Acre in Shropshire (from a painting by Richard Moult)

One morning we awoke to find ourselves snowed in, and I had to crawl out of a caravan window to shovel snow away from the door so that she could decamp to the nearby shack, whose rotting wooden roof and walls provided some shelter and which enclosed our portable chemical toilet. She had, quite naturally, endured enough, and threatened that day to stay with friends whose central heating, indoor bathroom, and kitchen she somehow found enchanting, suggesting then that we immediately find somewhere else suitable for us to live.

After a while we did, a brief interlude of living in Shrewsbury town not really worth recalling. We found a glorious house on the edge of the Long Mynd overlooking the Stretton valley, and it was there - with Coalbrookedale fireplaces in almost every room - that we would spend most of our remaining married years together.

The years passed - or seemed to pass, for me - quite quickly. I, occupied with cycling, with daily runs on the Long Mynd, writing poetry, with researching and writing a book I called, somewhat pretentiously, *The Logic of History* [6], and sometimes with work; she occupied with her full-time employment, miles distant (she possessed a moped) and her small circle of friends.

Work, for me, like money, was incidental, while for her, her career was the main enthusiasm of her life, and something she did with excellence and élan, and a consummate and professional ease. Thus, we existed quite often in our separate worlds, our married life more a convenience than a sharing passion, a fault for which I alone was to blame.

For instance, for me, weekends were a time for long fifteen or twenty mile runs - or fifty to eighty mile cycle rides, or competing in bicycle Time Trials at club level [7] - with the remainder of the day spent relaxing, perhaps idly walking up the Burway, or listening to music. In contrast, she desired a rather more active social life, and on the few occasions I accepted some social invitation - an evening meal with some of her colleagues, for instance - I either, in my then still somewhat arrogant way, monopolized the conversion, or was disdainful and disinterested.

Thus, as might be gathered from this précis, I was rather selfish if not downright uncaring, although I did agree, much against my own desire, to her wish to delay having children, given her commitment to her career. It is perhaps not surprising that she, therefore, with her passionate needful nature saught to find a type of love elsewhere. Thus it was that she fell in love with another woman. Or rather, we both were attracted to the same married woman, except, for my wife, while a physical desire existed, she honourably did not act upon it, while I - yet again - allowed my desire to overwhelm me, and thus betrayed her.

Had I learned nothing from the torment, the grief, the sorrow, of only a few years ago? From my other act of dishonour? Yes - but only for a while. Yet again, there are no excuses for my failure. But, aged a few years past thirty, it would be the last time I allowed lust to overwhelm my honour.

Our marriage survived, for a while at least. She, though deeply hurt, forgave me in that loving way that many women often can. But, unsurprisingly, and correctly, she began to find fault with me, our marriage, aided by a loving, tender, relationship she developed with a younger women. A year later we separated, and then divorced - she to live in a University city with her young lover, and I to stay in Shropshire.

During the years of my first marriage, I remained inactive in practical street politics, although I did keep in touch with both CJ and John Tyndall, and wrote a few articles, which JT published in his *Spearhead* magazine, both under my own name, and under several pseudonyms. [8]

For a few years, after my marriage, I worked in a few different

occupations - or none, since by then I had a small private income - travelled [9], and enjoyed various liaisons with women, none of which lasted for very long and several of which placed me on the other side of betrayal, which in itself proved to be valuable, if painful, personal learning experience:

A bright quarter moon
As I ran alone in the cold hours
Along the sunken road that twists
Between hill-valley and stream:

There was a dream, in the night
That woke me - a sadness
To make me sit by the fire
Then take me out, moon-seeing
And running, to hear only my feet
My breath - to smell only the coldness
Of the still, silent air:

But no spell, no wish
Brought my distant lover to me
And I was left to run slowly
Back
And wait the long hours
To Dawn.

By the fire, I think of nothing
Except the warmth of my love
No longer needed.

Then, one day - and arranged through a mutual acquaintance - I had an assignation with another women. Reverting back to country type, I wore a tweed suit, my tweed overcoat, plus traditional English flat cap. We had arranged to meet outside a Wine Bar in Shrewsbury, and, as her close friend, A, was later to tell me in a letter, Sue immediately fell in love with me:

> " When Sue first met you, I've never seen such instant love and attraction. I've never believed in love at first sight but I have to admit you and Sue seem to have been the exception that proved the rule..."

That evening we had a long leisurely meal in that Wine Bar, and had a quite marvellous time, for there was a lovely, and natural, affinity between us. We arranged to meet the following week, became lovers, and then began living together.

Quite simply, I adored her and fell deeply in love with her. She was practical

(she designed and made many of her own clothes), uncomplicated, and we just fitted together exceptionally well, never arguing, and never even - not once - exchanging angry words.

As her friend, A, wrote in the aforementioned letter:

> " She had a very deep and simple love for you which never wavered. You and Sue were privileged to have that kind of love..."

We shared everything; went everywhere together, including holidays abroad. Indeed, twice every year we travelled to Egypt, once to spend two weeks leisurely cruising down the Nile from Aswan to Cairo, one of the last of those two week trips, then, since Middle Egypt, around troubled Assyut, became closed to Nile cruise boats, following some attacks on Western tourists. Indeed, I can remember, on that particular trip, that armed Policemen accompanied our boat for part of our journey, as we were often escorted, on some excursions, by other armed guards.

My life became settled, and I was immensely happy. I began translating ancient Greek literature: first, *Antigone* by Sophocles, followed by *Oedipus Tyrannus*.

Then, just over four years into our relationship, Sue became ill. She had developed cancer. Surgery, and radiotherapy followed, and she seemed to recover, so we went again to Egypt. We had just returned when she became quite ill, and required emergency admission into hospital.

There we were, in an isolation room - it was feared, because of her yellow-coloured eyes, that she might have hepatitis or have acquired some tropical disease - awaiting the results of various tests.

> "I am so sorry," the quite young hospital Consultant informed us, "it is very serious..."

She had around six weeks to live. Her first words to me after he, a lovely sensitive man, had left: "I am glad we went to Egypt." Then she smiled: "At least I'll have time to sort everything out!"

Never once, during those few remaining weeks of her life did she complain, even though she was on quite a high dose of morphine for her pain. Never once was she sad, dejected. Instead, it was she who - unbelievingly - gave me strength and support. She was, in a quite literal way, remarkable. We stayed, for a week, with her mother and brother who, having the means, spent every

Autumn and Winter in Spain in a house overlooking the Mediterranean sea [10]. Then, her health deteriorating, we left to return to England.

One incident, at Malaga airport, enraged me. She was by then in a wheelchair, and we had requested priority boarding which the airline had agreed to. As I pushed her in her wheelchair I heard one British woman, in the departure lounge, make a disgusting remark, doubting whether "that woman" really needed a wheelchair. Enraged, I was about to shout something vulgar in reply when Sue gently smiled, held my hand, and shook her head. She died just over a week later, one night in her sleep while I sat beside her.

Sue, On Wenlock Edge

For months afterwards I shut myself away, at first in a room at an hotel in Shropshire, and then in a chalet in the hotel grounds. I busied myself with completing my translation of *The Agamemnon* by Aeschylus and going for walks on the Long Mynd.

Translation, and those walks, became my life. I had no other aim and three months became many more. I do not now recall how many months I stayed there, reclusive in my world, but however long it was I endured until my translation was complete. I even took the radical step - on a few occasions when busy weekends were expected - of hiring the two chalets on either side of mine in order to be alone, at peace, as I had my own table in the hotel restaurant, set well away from the others.

The translation over, I found myself - or so I believed - almost recovered from the immediacy of her loss. Sue, organized, remarkable, to the end, had planned her leaving well, and one of the few things she insisted upon, in those final weeks, was that I should, must, have a life after her. So she had a friend find an exclusive agency that specialized in personal introductions, and their card was in that leather Filofax that Sue had given me as one of her departing gifts. For weeks, I ignored that card, making a whole variety of excuses. Then, remembering, and placing my pride aside for her sake, and using one of those new-fangled mobile telephones, I made a call. Suffice to say - some interviews over, one at the village home of one of the ladies who ran the agency - I was offered an introduction.

I arranged to meet J at the Feathers Hotel in Ludlow, and she, as I, was nervous. She was well-dressed, well-spoken, well-educated, and somewhat reminded me of the archetypal English Rose. We arranged another meeting, and then another, and so began a rather old-fashioned courtship, which pleased us both, and it was not long before I fell in love with her. Years later, she confided in me that she began to fall in love with me on what was our second assignation when, in Worcester, after an evening meal at a fine restaurant, I was, as a gentleman should, escorting her to where her car was parked when I, like some schoolboy, unthinkingly blurted out, having taken out my pocket watch: "Gosh! It's half past nine already! I haven't been up this late for absolutely ages..."

Thus, there came a time when it seemed apposite for me to propose marriage. So I invited her to spend a long weekend with me at a rather lovely hotel beside a lake in Wales where, rather nervously, I revealed everything about my past. A few months later we were married, and honeymooned in the Maldives.

Combat 18 and the NSM

Life was never simple again, after that. For I had returned to writing about National-Socialism, publishing my fourteen volume *National-Socialist Series*, which included works with titles such as *National-Socialism: Principles and Ideals*, and *The Revolutionary Holy War of National-Socialism*.

Why this return? To be honest, I cannot really remember. But I have more than a vague suspicion that Sue's death had affected me more than I, at

the time, cared or even dared to admit. Something seemed to have departed from my life: a personal vision, a dream, perhaps, of us - of Sue and I - growing old together; of a life of contented sharing, where the world was only our life together. For we had a beautiful life and home - a detached house, in Shropshire, tastefully furnished by Sue (who had impeccable taste); I had a collection of five custom made bicycles (including two with frames hand-crafted by Mercian); we had relaxing enjoyable holidays several times a year; our relationship was everything I had ever dreamed about; we had no financial concerns; and we were totally loyal to each other. I was, quite simply, in love and content, as I knew she was.

So, perhaps I replaced my personal vision with another one, retreating back into the world I had known before. The world of NS politics; of striving to create a better world, for others, based on the values of honour, loyalty and duty. In some ways, these NS writings of mine were an attempt to not only express the essence of what I believed National-Socialism to be, but also to evolve it, and I began to circulate a small newsletter, *The National-Socialist*, in the hope of introducing these ideas of mine to others.

It was around this time that the London-based group Combat 18 was becoming well-known, and it seemed to me that many of those involved with this group were doing what I had again, and at that time, come to believe was necessary, which was revolutionary street-action in the name of National-Socialism, just as I believed then, as before, that I, by supporting NS, was doing something honourable and noble.

As I wrote in a previous autobiographical note, published in 1998:

> I came to admire them and openly declared my support for them. I also gave a personal pledge of loyalty to Combat 18's leader, Charlie Sargent, and his brother, Steve.
>
> In a short space of time Combat 18 had built up a fearsome reputation and done what no other group had done - gained street power from those opposed to National-Socialism. Not surprisingly, the Press, aided by MI5, began a campaign to discredit C18, as both MI5 and Special Branch saught to infiltrate and disrupt the organization.
>
> In article after article, in letter after letter, in discussion after discussion, I warned of the danger and urged people to uphold the values of honour, loyalty and duty. I also urged them to consider that the best way forward was a proper National-Socialist organization and to forget plans and talk of an imminent armed insurrection, for - as I had discovered from practical experience -

the time was not yet right for such plans: we needed the people first, properly motivated, in their thousands, and we had but dozens. But the poison of the State took effect. People in nationalist organizations began to believe the clever MI5 dis-information about C18 being a MI5 run group, created to disrupt the so-called 'nationalist cause'. Some nationalists even went so far as to describe Charlie and Steve as 'informers'. Perhaps MI5 were also successful in disrupting C18 itself, or perhaps it was only the result of the ego and disloyalty of one individual.

Whatever the first cause, open feuding broke out between the two C18 factions, resulting in one death, and the arrest for murder of Charlie Sargent and his loyal comrade Martin Cross. I was honour-bound to stay loyal to Charlie Sargent, and decided to form and lead the National-Socialist Movement to continue the work he had begun. As a result, a smear campaign against me began. Rumours of Occult involvement - never entirely absent thanks to a few dishonourable and cowardly individuals - increased. But I believed I could ignore them as I hoped others around me would ignore them and hold fast to honour, loyalty and duty.

The decision for me to come back into public prominence by forming and leading the NSM was easy, even though I knew what would happen with regard to rumours about me, and even though I never intended to stay for long as the leader, lacking as I did the qualities of leadership. Yet, secretly, in my heart, I yearned for a quiet rural life, working on a farm and undertaking Greek translations in my spare time.

However, the decision to form and lead the NSM was easy because I felt it was my duty - I believed I was responsible for what had happened to Charlie as I believed that someone had to publicly support him. I was responsible because in truth I - the exponent of honour, loyalty and duty - should have done something to prevent the situation that arose. I should have tried to bring the factions together on the basis of duty to the Cause first and foremost. I even went to Charlie's committal proceedings, after he had been charged with murder, in the belief that matters could even at that late date be sorted out. For I had a somewhat naive belief that the opponents of Charlie would see reason, ignore MI5 dis-information, and agree to put loyalty and the Cause first.

But the more I found out about what had happened, and was happening, the more I knew there could be no compromise with those who had betrayed Charlie, particularly by giving evidence

> against him in Court. This betrayal by giving evidence in a Court of Law was totally unacceptable behaviour - totally dishonourable. For we National-Socialists regarded the State and its Institutions such as the Police as our enemies, as we believed we should settle any disputes among ourselves in our traditional warrior way through a fair fight or a duel. Moreover these people continued parroting MI5 dis-information, and accused both Charlie and Steve of being informers when the truth was that the leader of their faction was the biggest informer of all, helping as he did to convict Charlie and Martin and supporting as he did the State and its dishonourable laws. Twice we who were loyal to Charlie waited for this informer and his supporters to turn up to sort matters out with a fair fight, once at Chelmsford and once in north London - and twice they did not turn up. [11]

My involvement with Combat 18, and later the new NSM, was to have a deleterious affect on my marriage, especially as my wife did not share my political opinions. *Searchlight* devoted several pages of one issue of their magazine to me, complete with photographs, including one of me on the front cover, under the headline *The Most Evil Nazi in Britain*. As usual, their story was a mix of some truth, some lies, and some unproven allegations. That is, it was political propaganda, designed for a specific purpose. In another issue, dealing with the trial of Charlie Sargent, there was a photograph of me (perhaps it was on the first page, if my ageing memory is correct) walking toward the Court in Chelmsford beside the wife of Martin Cross.

This photograph - together with my many trips to London - made my wife suspicious and so we argued, at first about "other women," and then, gradually, about other matters. On one occasion I had to go to Northern Ireland, and she insisted that I telephoned her from there, which I did, as she insisted on calling me back to check the number so that she knew I was there and not somewhere else. But, during the whole of our relationship I was never disloyal to her, having learnt that lesson, at least.

Meanwhile, I took to working on a farm, near to where we then lived in a detached house in a village not far from Malvern, and it was at that house that one local Policeman, accompanied by six Detectives from SO12, Scotland Yard, came to call, early one morning in 1998, to arrest me. For nearly seven hours they searched the house, seizing my computers, files, and letters, and arrested me. I was taken to Malvern Police Station, whose officers seemed somewhat bemused by this invasion of Detectives from an

elite unit based at Scotland Yard.

A few interrogations, a period locked in a cell, and many hours later, I was released, on condition that I reported on a regular basis to Charing Cross Police station in London. I made a point, during my first "interview", of thanking the Detectives for their professional behaviour during their search of my home - for they had indeed acted in a very professional and courteous manner toward us - and it was this, and my subsequent interviews with SO12 officers in London (and on one occasion, in Oxford) - and the professional attitude of the custody Sergeants and other Police officers I had occasion to then interact with - that made me revise my attitude toward the Police.

My wife seemed, somewhat strangely, to take this invasion of her home, and my arrest, quite calmly, and did not seem particularly perturbed when I would adhere to my bail conditions and travel to London. I, certainly, was unperturbed - although my trips to London, the reaction of many comrades to "the dawn raids", and the attitude of the Police officers involved, did lead me to begin to think seriously again about the tactics, and indeed the rather stark ideology, I had been pursuing.

For, for all my rhetoric, for all my revolutionary words, for all my personal effort and sacrifice, very little - if anything - of practical import had been achieved. Indeed, the situation within and exterior to the NSM, and what remained of Combat 18, was analogous to the NDFM; in truth, it was far far worse. There seemed to be little honour; even less genuine loyalty; and the usual spreading of malicious rumours and of gossip. Furthermore, few people - if any - were prepared to risk their lives or their liberty for the Cause they claimed they believed in.

Hard manual work, on the farm, was some recompense, and I seriously began to wonder why I bothered with practical politics at all. But, outwardly, I maintained my revolutionary persona - at least for some months. For a new strategy had occurred to me, and this was that a religion might be very useful, or at least some kind of religious approach. Previously, I had rather vaguely written about NS as some kind of religion - but no one was interested, and it was, I knew, impossible to intellectually conjure a new religion into existence.

Thus, and impressed as I was at the time by the actions of devout Muslims who were, or who seemed to be, prepared to sacrifice their lives for "their Cause", I began to seriously study Islam, initially more to see what I could learn from it and perhaps apply to that NS Cause I then still believed in.

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Pathei-Mathos

Copeland, The Way of Al-Islam, and A New Beginning

During my time with Combat 18, I had returned to Egypt, and it was during this visit that I began to appreciate the difference between Arab nationalism, and Islam, for I talked to several Egyptians, and several Muslims, about their land, about Islam, about life in general. I liked the manners of these Muslims, their devotion to their faith, which included praying five times a day.

I returned to England to find bad-manners, arrogance, materialism, decadence, and for the first time in my life I felt somewhat out of place among my own people. But gradually, over the coming months, the feeling faded.

As I wrote in Part Six of *Ethos of Extremism*:

> " There was no sudden decision to convert to Islam [in 1998]. Rather, it was the culmination of a process that began a decade earlier with travels in the Sahara Desert. During the decade before my conversion I regularly travelled abroad, with this travel including well-over a dozen visits to Egypt and a few visits to other lands where the majority of the population were Muslim.
>
> Egypt, especially, enchanted me; and not because of the profundity of ancient monuments. Rather because of the people, their culture, and the land itself. How life, outside of Cairo, seemed to mostly cling to the Nile - small settlements, patches and strips of verdanity, beside the flowing water and hemmed in by dry desert. I loved the silence, the solitude, the heat, of the desert; the feeling of

there being precariously balanced between life and death, dependant on carried water, food; the feeling of smallness, a minute and fragile speck of life; the vast panorama of sky. There was a purity there, human life in its essence, and it was so easy, so very easy, to feel in such a stark environment that there was, must be, a God, a Creator, who could decide if one lived or died.

Once, after a long trip into the Western Desert, I returned to Cairo to stay at some small quite run-down hotel: on one side, a Mosque, while not that far away on the other side was a night-club. A strange, quixotic, juxtaposition that seemed to capture something of the real modern Egypt. Of course, very early next morning the Adhaan from the mosque woke me. I did not mind. Indeed, I found it hauntingly beautiful and, strangely, not strange at all; as if it was some long-forgotten and happy memory, from childhood perhaps.

Once, I happened to be cycling from Cairo airport to the centre of the city as dawn broke, my route taking me past several Mosques. So timeless, so beautiful, the architecture, the minarets, framed by the rising sun...

Once, and many years before my conversion, I bought from a bookshop in Cairo a copy of the Quran containing the text in Arabic with a parallel English interpretation, and would occasionally read parts of it, and although I found several passages interesting, intriguing, I then had no desire, felt no need, to study Islam further. Similarly, the many friendly conversations I had with Egyptians during such travels - about their land, their culture, and occasionally about Islam - were for me just informative, only the interest of a curious outsider, and did not engender any desire to study such matters in detail.

However, all these experiences, of a decade and more, engendered in me a feeling which seemed to grow stronger year by year with every new trip. This was the feeling that somehow in some strange haunting way I belonged there, in such places, as part of such a culture. A feeling which caused me - some time after the tragic death of Sue (aged 39) from cancer in the early 1990's - to enrol on, and begin, an honours course in Arabic at a British university.

Thus, suffice to say that a decade of such travel brought a feeling of familiarity and resonance with Egypt, its people, its culture, that land, and with the Islam that suffused it, so that when in the Summer of 1998 I seriously began to study Islam, to read Ahadith,

> Seerah, and the whole Quran, I had at least some context from practical experience. Furthermore, the more I studied Islam in England in those Summer months the more I felt, remembered, the sound of the beautiful Adhaan; remembered the desert - that ætherial purity, that sense of God, there; and remembered that haunting feeling of perhaps already belonging to such a culture, such a way of life. Hence my conversion to Islam, then, in September of that year, seemed somehow fated, wyrdful."

After some months of studying Islam, during that Summer of 1998 - my new strategy regarding some religion completely forgotten - it occurred to me that the Way of Al-Islam was indeed a good way to bring-into-being a new, a noble, society with a warrior ethos, and the more I read about the life of the Prophet, Muhammad, the more I came to admire him. There did, indeed, seem to be something remarkable, something numinous, something divine, here, in both the life of the Prophet, Muhammad, and in the Quran, and so – inspired and naively enthusiastic again - I trundled off to the nearest Mosque.

For nearly half an hour I hesitated - for these were the people I had spent thirty years trying to get out of Britain. How would they react to the former leader of the neo-nazi NSM walking into "their" Mosque?

At first when I, quite nervously, entered there seemed to be no one around. Out of respect, I removed my shoes and knocked on an inner door. The Imaam opened it - but he could not speak English, and I tried to say something in Arabic but the only thing that made sense was *Shahadah*. Soon, someone was fetched, who translated, and the Imaam embraced me. They were so pleased and so friendly that I admit that, then, tears came to my eyes, and I really felt I had, finally, arrived at the right place.

In retrospect, the years of my involvement with Islam were some of the most memorable of my life. Years when I learnt more about myself, and years which changed me fundamentally.

Not long after my conversion, I enrolled on a residential course in Arabic, and began to seriously study Ahadith, and, for several years, I was quite content as a Muslim - Namaz strengthened me, placed me into a humble relationship with my brothers and sisters; just as being part of the Ummah dissolved every last vestige of my former political beliefs. Ethnicity, one's territorial place of birth, the type of work one did, were all irrelevant. That is, I came to reject all forms of nationalism, including National-Socialism, and

racialism itself.

I was welcomed into the homes of brothers, met their families, and there was this world within a world where what mattered was love of the prophet, Muhammad, and a desire to selflessly obey the word of Allah, as manifest in the Quran, the Sunnah, and *Ijmah*.

Meanwhile, my relationship with my wife became more and more strained - certainly not helped by my many absences to meet with Muslim friends, and most certainly not helped by the Media interest in me that occurred following the trial, and the conviction, of Copeland for the London nail-bombings.

Following the arrest of Copeland, I - by then a Muslim - was interviewed at my home by Detectives from the Anti-Terrorism branch who were investigating if I had any connection with him, and they seemed satisfied that I did not, for I was not interviewed again about the matter. Some time after this - many months, as the date for Copeland's trial came near - I was, for several days, followed around by a large red van which covertly filmed and photographed me, my place of work (a farm), and my home, before being waylaid, early one morning while on my way to work (as usual by bicycle) by a film crew from the BBC's Panorama television programme who were making what they described as a "documentary" about the bombings. Among the statements put to me that morning was:

"You inspired Copeland indirectly to do what he did.." [12]

Waylaid by the BBC

Following Copeland's conviction and imprisonment, the BBC Panorama programme was broadcast, and I, not long after, was pursued for a while by

journalists from several newspapers, with several scurrilous articles about me appearing in print. One even included a photograph of our house, and named the village where my wife and I lived. One of these newspaper articles began (complete with photograph of me riding my bicycle on my way back from work):

> *" This is the man who shaped mind of a bomber; Cycling the lanes around Malvern, the mentor who drove David Copeland to kill...*
>
> Riding a bicycle around his Worcestershire home town sporting a wizard-like beard and quirky dress-sense, the former monk could easily pass as a country eccentric or off-beat intellectual.
>
> But behind David Myatt's studious exterior lies a more sinister character that has been at the forefront of extreme right-wing ideology in Britain since the mid-1960s. Myatt... was the brains behind the country's most openly neo-nazi organization....."

Yes indeed - *quirky dress sense*. That would be the type of clothes worn by a farm labourer, then.

As might be expected, all this Media interest somewhat affected my relationship with my wife, and she became quite distant, emotionally, physically, from me. Less than a year later, she became ill, suffering what is often termed a nervous breakdown. For a few months we stayed together, by which time it was obvious that our relationship was over.

In fairness to my wife, I have to admit that I had, yet again - and after my return to practical politics, followed by my conversion to Islam - descended down to abject, unforgivable, selfishness, placing some abstract goal, the personal pursuit of some abstract ideology, and then involvement with Islam, before her; before her needs. In brief, I was not a very good husband to her - more concerned with exterior supra-personal matters than with her, than with our relationship, than with her happiness. That she endured for so long with so little from me is tribute surely to her, as a loving woman. Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa, Mea Maxima Culpa.

Thus, my marriage over, I travelled in the Muslim world, met some very interesting and committed Muslims, all the while continuing my Muslim education, and it was some Muslims I met who asked me to write about this particular Way of Life; writings which I was, for some years, to become associated with, under my Muslim name of Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt.

But was I, as some people have wondered, a sincere Muslim? Did I, for example, really believe that Muhammad was the Messenger and Prophet of Allah? Yes, I was sincere, and yes I did believe that, just as decades before, and for a while, I believed that Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God. Did I really believe that Shariah was the best way of living? Yes - because I accepted that I was fallible, and that to submit to the will of Allah was my duty, my honourable duty, as a Muslim. [13]

In a literal way, Islam taught me humility, something I aspired to during my time as a monk but which my then prideful nature rebelled against.

Why, then, did I begin to have doubts about that particular Way of Life, as manifest in some effusions and personal letters I wrote? As usual with my life, there was no *satori* - no one sudden moment of enlightenment with one's life thereafter and always changed. Rather, there were moments of empathy, of greater understanding, of insight, followed by a gradual return to almost, but not quite, where one had been before. Then, after some causal Time - of a duration sometimes short, sometimes long - there followed more such moments, until a slow, almost alchemical, change occurred within.

In retrospect, this change had its genesis in three things. First, because practical experience - my life as a Muslim - revealed to me, after a few years, how even the Ummah was woefully divided, how some Muslims seemed to be Muslim in name only, like some Catholics obeyed the precepts of their faith if and when it suited them, and how, it seemed to me, the various interpretations of certain texts often led to adherence to particular abstractions over and above a living numinously. [14] Second, after several years of interior struggle, of dwelling upon certain ethical and philosophical questions, I came to certain conclusions; and third, because - and most importantly, most significant of all - I became involved with, fell in love with, a certain lady.

Thus, this drift away from Islam resulted from a strange - perhaps a wyrdful - combination of circumstances, and from one singular, important, event.

A Personal Tragedy

While still involved with Islam - although I had begun to develope my philosophy of the Numinous Way - I met a most beautiful lady. She was a friend of one of my closest friends, and he and his partner had, since the end of my marriage, been trying to bring us together, believing that we might

find each other interesting.

By then, I had been living and working on a farm for several years (a life and a work which inspired that initial development of my 'numinous way'), and although I had had a few casual trysts during that time, I still nurtured a desire for a deeper, permanent, relationship, and - intrigued by what I had been informed was her love of the desert and her desire to undertake more such travels, especially in the Western Sahara, an area I had come to know reasonably well - I agreed to contact her, more with a vague kind of hope than any real expectation of such a relationship developing.

Thus, Frances and I arranged to meet, after speaking to each other, via the medium of the telephone, several times. I have always rather disliked the impersonal nature of that medium - for one cannot see the eyes, the face, of the person one is conversing with - but, rather strangely for me, I conversed with her in the days before our meeting for several hours, not once, but twice, for we did seem to have something of a rapport.

We met on the concourse of York railway station, and it would be something of an understatement to write that I was immediately attracted to her. In truth, I was rather astounded, for during our prior telephone conversations she had, several times, made it known to me that she was not "at her best", that she was still somewhat depressed, and that I was not "to expect too much".

Although I recognized her immediately, as she came through the crowd toward where I was sitting, I was so impressed by her beauty, her very presence, that, for several seconds, I quite literally could not move, and when I did, stumbling to my feet, she was there and, without hesitation, we embraced each other and kissed as though we had been lovers for months, years.

A day later, and I was already in love with her, and for almost a year I would -

every fortnight or so and when possible - travel by train to visit her in York. In those days, such journeys and stays away were not onerous, for I had sufficient funds to travel First Class and stay in excellent hotels. Once - over the Christmas period - Fran came to stay at the farm, for nearly two weeks, and to write that we had an enjoyable time would be something of an exaggeration. By then, I had proposed marriage, which she had accepted, and then seemed unsure about. We talked during that time, at some length, about travelling - especially into the Sahara Desert, as we considered moving to live in Egypt, but never arrived at any conclusion.

For years before our meeting - for most of her adult life in truth - she had a difficult time caused by regular periods of clinical depression. She also, for some unfathomable reason, often disliked herself intensely. Yet she was beautiful - astonishingly so at times when life flowed within her and animated her - and intelligent and talented. But little I could say or do made her feel better about herself in those periods when she descended down into bouts of self-deprecation - at least, these things did not seem to work for very long. That is, she always and so sadly returned to such self-deprecation. Thus our relationship went from glorious, ecstatic, highs to tremendous lows. But I loved her, and so persevered, hoping, trusting, that such love would and could aid and help her. For I had glimpsed - in moments, and sometimes for days on end - the woman she really was, she could be, beyond her self-loathing, her sometimes self-destructive habits.

My diverse and interesting past did not help our relationship, for several of her friends in York had, without ever having met me, "warned her about me" and so perhaps confused her, somewhat.

After eighteen or so often turbulent months (during which time she was diagnosed with Type 1 diabetes), I went to visit her in her rather cramped flat in York, intending to stay only a few days. Our plan, then, was to find an apartment, possibly in York, or possibly even abroad, and so begin a new life together. A few days there together became a week, then two weeks, then three... for she did not want me to go and could not decide what she wanted to do. It became a difficult time, not helped by a full page article about me - complete with photograph - which appeared in *The Times* newspaper under the heading *Muslim Extremists in Britain*.

> " A neo-nazi whose ideas were said to be the inspiration for the man who let off a nail bomb in Central London in 1999 has converted to an extremist form of Islam...
>
> Myatt is reportedly the author of a fascist terrorist handbook and a former leader of the violent far-right group Combat 18..."

We or rather I talked, occasionally, about just impetuously leaving to begin new lives, together, in Egypt. For I felt such surroundings might gently entice her toward a new and better way of living which would enable her to find the personal happiness that so eluded her, except in moments.

But, after an intense six or so weeks in York, with still no decisions made, I felt that Fran and I needed a short break from each other. She did not feel this, and desired me to stay. But I - tired, physically, emotionally, and making excuses to myself - decided to go anyway, and so early one morning in late May I travelled back to the farm. Only hours after my leaving, she killed herself.

She left no note, had taken on overdose of insulin, placed a bag over her head and secured it with layers of tape, and it is true to say that I was never quite the same person after receiving that call from her mother, less than an hour after Fran had died and only hours after I had so selfishly returned to be again among, within, the rural peace of the farm.

For hours after that telephone call I could not speak, and wandered around the fields of the farm alone, dazed - as if all feeling, and most of my blood, had suddenly been drained away from me to leave me almost totally bereft of life. Then, alone again in my room, the tears came flooding forth - so many for so long I sank to the floor to rock slowly back and forth, as if all of Fran's suffering year after year was flooding through me, as if I was being tossed around by surging towering waves of grief and battered by storms of remorse. Then, thoughts of suicide. Thereupon a certain calmness as I began to ponder the best way to die - a shotgun, perhaps, barrels placed under chin...

So much emotion within me, so much grief, so much dark death-embracing despair at my own failure, my own selfishness, that I felt, I knew, I had to die, and I was on my way to collect the chosen instrument of my death when, perhaps fortuitously, my mobile telephone rang. I was about to turn it off but glanced at the screen to see who was calling. It was a call from her mother, and – then knowing this - for what seemed a long duration of causal Time (but was only a few seconds) I dithered between disconnecting the call and answering, intending to say a few brief words to express again my blame. Words of blame won, and so I answered her call.

But there was such sadness in her voice, such grief at the loss of her daughter, that I felt ashamed, utterly ashamed, of my own selfish self-absorption. Thus we talked, trying to understand the circumstances, and

sharing a little of our grief. And as I listened to her words, her voice, there came upon me the feeling that perhaps I had to live, that I should live, in order to bear the shame, to feel my grief, to live with the knowledge of my selfish nature, my abject failure, day after day. That, surely, might be a fitting punishment, or the beginning thereof. To die might be easy; to live with such self-knowledge would surely be - and should be - hard.

My feelings at the time were weakly captured in an effusion, dated 30 May 2006, which I sent to a friend:

> I know what I should have done - been more patient; more supportive; more loving; placing her feelings, her life, before my own. But I made excuses for my failings here, not knowing the depth of her despair even though I who loved her should have known this, felt this. I made excuses for my selfishness, and listened to her Doctor; to others; to my sometimes selfish desires, when I should have listened to her far more.
>
> Thus do I feel and now know my own stupidity for my arrogant, vain, belief that I could help, assist, change what was. No blame for me, her relatives say - but I know my blame, my shame, my failure, here. Thus am I fully humbled by my own lack of insight; by my lack of knowing; by an understanding of my selfishness and my failure - knowing myself now for the ignorant, arrogant person I was, and am.
>
> How hypocritical to teach, to preach, through writings, feeling as I do now the suffering of words, for she whom I loved killed herself only hours after I had left. Killed herself - only hours after I had left, despite her pleading for me to stay. There are no words to describe my blame; no words - for I had gone for a selfish break, to walk in the fields of the Farm.
>
> So I am lost, bereft; guilty, crying, mourning the loss of her beauty, her life, her love, Never again to hold her hand; to embrace her. Never again to share a smile; a peaceful moment; our dream of being together in our home. The fault is mine, and I have to carry this knowledge of unintentionally aiding the ending of a life, this burden, and the guilt, hoping, praying, that somehow, sometime, somewhere I can give some meaning to her life, and perhaps live without ever again causing any suffering to any living thing... I miss her so much, so deeply, my mind suffused with images of what I did and did not do and should have done. If only I had not gone - or gone back to sit with her in that small garden as she wished.....

I shall never be the same again, deeply knowing that I do not understand.

(In Memory of Frances, died Monday, May 29, 2006)

In the weeks, the months, following Fran's death, Islam became personally irrelevant to me, for as I wrote at the time, I felt it would have been just too easy for me to depend upon, to turn to, to rely on, Allah, on God - to have one's remorse removed by some belief in some possible redemption, to have one's mistakes, errors - "sins" - voided by some supra-personal means. To escape into prayer, Namaz. Can there be, I began to wonder, hope, redemption - some meaning in personal tragedy - without a Saviour's grace? Without God, Allah, prayer, Namaz, submission, sin, and faith?

Gradually, painfully slowly, I seemed to move toward some answers, often as as result of personal letters written to friends [15]. For the act of so writing - of trying to so express my feelings, my thoughts - seemed to aid the process of interior reflexion.

However, for a while at least, I maintained a public Muslim persona, stubbornly clinging as I did to some notion of duty; to the pledge of loyalty I had given on my conversion to Islam, a pledge I still then, and for some time afterwards, felt I was honour-bound to honour, and it would take me some eighteen months of an intense interior struggle, and further development of the ethics of my Numinous Way, before I resolved this very personal dilemma. [16]

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The Numinous Way/Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos

A Debt of Honour

As a result of my new and intense interior struggles - promoted by Fran's death - there grew within me one uncomfortable truth from which even I with all my sophistry could not contrive to hide from myself, even though I tried, for a while.

The truth that I am indebted. That I have a debt of personal honour to both

Fran and to Sue, who died - thirteen years apart - leaving me bereft of love, replete with sorrow, and somewhat perplexed. A debt to all those other women (such as K, and J, and Twinkle) who, over four decades, I have hurt in a personal way; a debt to the Cosmos itself for the suffering I have caused and inflicted through the unethical pursuit of abstractions.

A debt somehow and in some way - beyond a simple remembrance of them - to especially make the life and death of Sue and Fran worthwhile and full of meaning, as if their tragic early dying meant something to both me, and through my words, my deeds, to others. A debt of change, of learning - in me, so that from my pathei-mathos I might be, should be, a better person; presencing through words, living, thought, and deeds, that simple purity of life felt, touched, known, in those stark moments of the immediacy of their loss.

But this honour, I have so painfully discovered, is not the abstract honour of years, of decades, past that I in my arrogance and stupid adherence to and love of abstractions so foolishly believed in and upheld, being thus, becoming thus, as I was a cause of suffering. No; this instead is the essence of honour, founded in empathy; in an empathy with and thus a compassion for all life, sentient and otherwise. This is instead a being human; being in symbiosis with that-which is the essence of our humanity and which can, could and should, gently evolve us - far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, beings we have been, and unfortunately often still are; far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, often violent, person I had been, until recently.

A chance, an opportunity twice refused after Fran's death, when I - still then addicted to abstractions - continued to sally forth on their behalf, as if in some way such abstractions were alive, or could be brought to life or made to live if only I, and others, fought for them, sacrificed for them, suffered for them, and caused others to suffer.

But, as the third anniversary of Fran's suicide approached - amid the beauty and promise of one more English Spring - I became suffused again with tears, breaking forth from the sadness, the tragedy, the knowing, of my own unconscionable mistake. The mistake of forgetting; of distracting myself. Forgetting the sorrow, the grief, the pain born from the moments of their dying; distracting myself as I have been by immersing myself in such abstractions as gave me some rôle, some illusion of importance, to keep me occupied, arrogant, and vain: a debtor running away from his debt. A debtor making excuses for each new scheme and scam: an excuse for every hustle, delusion, and lie. For it was so easy - just so very easy - to continue to delude myself.

There are no excuses for this continued failure, this error, of mine, following Fran's death. No words which can hide the truth I tried to hide from myself for so long. The blame is mine, and mine alone. The blame for not immediately acting upon my own inner understanding.

For the reality of my past nine or so years is not that of some sudden life-changing revelation, but rather of a profound inner struggle whose genesis lay years before - in my experiences with and passion for women; in my time in a monastery; in my ever-growing love for Nature and my involvement with English rural life; in Sue's illness and her tragic death.

This intense struggle was akin to an addiction, and I an addict addicted to abstractions. A struggle between my empathy, my understanding, my pathei-mathos, and my life-long belief, itself an abstraction, that somehow in some way I could make a positive difference to the world and that such abstractions as I adhered to, or aided or advocated were or could be a beginning for a better world, and that to achieve this new world certain sacrifice were, unfortunately, necessary.

A struggle which gave rise to what became - refined, and extended, year after year - The Numinous Way, and which struggle was an interior war to change myself, to actually live, every year, every month, every week, every day, suffused with an empathic awareness and a desire not to cause suffering; the struggle to abandon abstractions.

For nine years or so this interior struggle wore me down, until it gradually faded away. It was akin to cycling up a long steep mountain climb in mist and drizzly rain, struggling on against one's aching body and against the desire to stop and rest; and not being able to see the end, the summit, of the climb. And then, slowly, the drizzle ceases, the mist begins to clear, the road becomes gradually less steep, and one is there - in warm bright sunshine nearing the summit of that climb, able to see the beautiful, the numinous, vista beyond, below, for the first time, and which vista after such an effort brings a restful interior peace, the silent tears of one person who feels their human insignificance compared to the mountains, the valleys below, the sky, the Sun, and the vast Cosmos beyond: the wyrdful nature of one fleeting delicate mortal microcosmic nexion which is one's own life.

The Silent Tears of My Unknowing

Thus, and at last, I ceased all involvement with Islam. In truth, I ceased involvement with everything; becoming only one still error-prone human being among billions. One human being who had no aim, no goals, who

adhered to no abstractions - either his own or manufactured by others - but who instead just lived day after fleeting or slow day, and who occasionally would record, by some written words, some experience, some personal feeling, or the result of some Thought, manifest as a poem, perhaps, or some missive to a friend, or perhaps an article to elucidate some matter concerned with that Numinous Way [17] which, over those nine years of struggle, represented both the silent tears of my unknowing and the results of my *πάθει μάθος* [18].

As I was to write, not that long ago now, and while on a holiday:

> The moment of sublime knowing
> As clouds part above the Bay
> And the heat of Summer dries the spots of rain
> Still falling:
> I am, here, now, where dark clouds of thunder
> Have given way to blue
> Such that the tide, turning,
> Begins to break my vow of distance
> Down.
>
> A women, there, whose dog, disobeying,
> Splashes sea with sand until new interest
> Takes him where
> This bearded man of greying hair
> No longer reeks
> With sadness.
> Instead:
> The smile of joy when Sun of Summer
> Presents again this Paradise of Earth
> For I am only tears, falling

Thus, it is to Sue and Fran to whom I dedicate this work: they who profoundly changed me, and to whom I owe so much. They who by a remembrance of their love, their lives, their gifts, have finally, at last - after so much arrogance and stupidity and weakness on my part - revealed to me the most important truth concerning human life. Which is that a shared, a loyal, love between two people is the most beautiful, the most numinous, the most valuable thing of all.

Fini

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Footnotes:

[1] See also the section *Excursus - Galactic Imperium,* below.

[2] One thing about school Physics I continued to immensely joy was practical work in the laboratory, for which work I almost always received an A plus. Indeed, on the one occasion I recall receiving a miserly plain A, I complained about the marking.

[3] One humorous thing about this criminal trial - which lasted many days - was that I was "in the dock" along with some of our Red opponents. These so-called communists had all attired themselves in suits and ties and had short hair - in order to try and make a good impression - while I, *au contraire*, did not care to pander to expectations, and so had grown a beard, had long hair, sported jeans, a collarless shirt without a tie, and wore an ex-RAF Greatcoat. Thus, I somewhat resembled the archetypal communist agitator while they resembled archetypal fascists.

I was to keep this bearded appearance for the next thirty years, although I did, on occasion, shave off my beard if I needed to travel somewhere incognito, often using some alternative identity.

[4] Morrison was, in later years, to pen his own recollections of those violent times; recollections which were somewhat inaccurate. See the Appendix of *Ethos of Extremism* for my comments on Morrison's recollections of those times.

[5] In previous years, having an alternate identity or two proved useful, given my life-style and inclinations.

[6] An extract from this unpublished and incomplete work - whose manuscript I subsequently lost - was published, in 1984, under the title *Vindex - Destiny of The West*.

[7] I mostly rode a fixed gear bike, and never won any events, although I was second and third a few times. I just enjoyed the challenge, but did manage 50 miles in under two and half hours, and - a few years later - won my club's Best All-Rounder trophy, one year, for the most consistent rider during a season.

[8] One curious incident during these years - relating to politics - may be worth recording. Understandably, given my extremism, the anti-fascist group *Searchlight* had taken a dislike to me, and - following the murder, in

Shropshire, of the elderly CND activist Hilda Murrell, they gave my name to the Police as a possible suspect.

As a result, Detectives from Shrewsbury Police interviewed me both at my home, in Church Stretton, and my then place of work - a country house in South Shropshire. Satisfied with my alibi, they eliminated me from their enquiries.

I was subsequently contacted and interviewed by Jenny Rathbone, a rather attractive research assistant from ITV's *World In Action* television programme who were producing a documentary about the murder. She also seemed satisfied that I had nothing to do with the incident, and I do recall sending her, anonymously, a bunch of red roses with a card which read "Good luck with your investigations." It was signed, *A Little Devil*.

[9] These travels included various trips to Egypt, and two into the Sahara desert on a bicycle. Given that most of the desert area I explored was *hamada* - and thus did not have large, archetypal, sand-dunes - these bicycle trips were was not as difficult as they might seem.

[10] We had to obtain a special and official permit to enable us to take several weeks supply of heroin medication out of the country, as we had to obtain special medical insurance, both of which were very kindly arranged by our local GP.

[11] In his book, *Homeland: Into a World of Hate*, the journalist Nick Ryan made several accusations about me as well as published some rumours about me without providing my side of the story. For instance, he states:

> "When Myatt later falls out with Will Browning, he insists on a duel... I'm told he backed down when The Beast claims the right to use baseball bats as weapon."

The truth is that Browning - through a contact, and via e-mail - did suggest such a weapon, to which I replied that the only weapons which could be honourably used were deadly weapons, such as swords or pistols. I included with my reply a copy of the Rules of Duelling, and re-affirmed my challenge to fight a duel using such deadly weapons. I received no reply, and was not contacted in any way by either Browning or his supporters.

[12] As is a common practice with recorded television programmes, some of my comments were edited out by the producers.

[13] This obedience was why I, as a Muslim, supported the people, and the

policies, I did - because I believed those Muslims were correct, and acting in accord with the Will of Allah, and because I regarded those particular policies as correct, according to Quran and Sunnah.

[14] Rather naively, perhaps, I had somehow expected Islam to be different, and it began to occur to me, from direct personal experience, that all conventional religions, and Ways - however numinously they might presence part of The Numen - were in some or many ways unreasonable abstractions which human beings had to align themselves to and strive to be in accord with, and which quite often resulted in a particular attitude antithetical to empathy and *wu-wei.*

Some of these insights were expressed in works of mine such as *Religion, Empathy, and Pathei-Mathos: Essays and Letters Regarding Spirituality, Humility, and A Learning From Grief*.

[15] Some of these letters have been published, by JRW, in the second part of the collection entitled *David Wulstan Myatt: Selected Letters, Part One (2002-2008)*

[16] As I wrote in a footnote to one of my many scribblings:

> For almost four years - since Francine's suicide - I struggled with this dilemma of honour and duty, believing that it was my honourable duty to stubbornly adhere to the particular Way of Life I had embraced in the previous decade; and stubbornly adhere despite the conclusions of my own thinking regarding compassion and empathy, manifest as these conclusions were in the ethical, and non-racialist, Numinous Way that I had continued to develope. Thus did I during this period, and several times, publicly and in private re-affirm my commitment to that particular Way of Life, striving hard to forget my own answers, born from my thinking, my experiences, and especially from that personal tragedy, for surely these things were only a test, a trial, of my belief, my honour? Was it not therefore my duty to just humbly submit to ﷲ, to thus acknowledge that my own thinking, my own conclusions based on experience, were flawed, the product of error and pride?
>
> But, to paraphrase TS Eliot, here I am now, in the middle way I have devised for myself, having had many years, often wasted, the years between two wars within myself -
>
> “ Trying to use words, and every attempt
> Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure.”

> Thus, I have declared a still rather shaky new truce, a compromise: based on a treaty where I have (re)defined personal honour as a practical manifestation of empathy, of the desire to cease to cause suffering to living-beings, with such empathy and the compassion deriving from it a guide to living that awareness of ourselves as but one nexion to all Life and to the Cosmos, and which awareness, which Cosmic perspective, expresses both our true human nature and the potential we possess to change ourselves into higher, more evolved, beings.
>
> I would like to believe that this new truce I have manufactured will hold, but I have believed that before, and been mistaken, and even now it occurs to me that my theory of ethics, my new definition of honour, is just that: *mine*, and that I may be wrong. Yet my experiences - my feeling for, my empathy with, the numinous (manifest for instance in sublime music or in a mutual personal love) - tell me I can only live what I feel, I know, I empathize with, and this now is presenced in my developed Numinous Way.

During these years of interior reflexion, I studied, for several years, what was regarded as the interior way of Islam - that is, Sufism - in the hope that such a study might provide some guidance in respect of the ethical and philosophical questions, in relation to the Way of Al-Islam, which still perplexed and troubled me. However, this study just led me back to my own Philosophy of The Numen, and to develope it further.

[17] In the late Spring of 2012, I completely revised my 'numinous way' following a year-long period of reflexion; a refection that led me to re-express, in a more philosophical manner, the basic initial insights (2002-2006) and the personal pathei-mathos (2006-2011) that inspired that 'numinous way'; a re-expression contained in the two texts *Conspectus of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos* and Recuyle of *The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*. Thus the philosophy of *πάθει μάθος* (pathei-mathos) - as outlined in those two texts - is not only my own now completed weltanschauung, but also represents both the essence and the substance of what I have retained of the 'numinous way' I haphazardly and sporadically developed between 2002-2006 and then, after 2006, I increasingly felt compelled to develope in expiation, in search of answers, and in an effort to understand myself, my extremist pasts, and the suffering I finally came to realize I had caused.

[18]

Ζῆνα δέ τις προφρόνως ἐπινίκια κλάζων
τεύξεται φρενῶν τὸ πᾶν:

τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τὸν ***πάθει μάθος***
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
στάζει δ᾽ ἔν θ᾽ ὕπνῳ πρὸ καρδίας
μνησιπήμων πόνος: καὶ παρ᾽ ἄ-
κοντας ἦλθε σωφρονεῖν.
δαιμόνων δέ που χάρις βίαιος
σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων.

If anyone, from reasoning, exclaims loudly that victory of Zeus,
Then they have acquired an understanding of all these things;
Of he who guided mortals to reason,
Who laid down that this possesses authority:
'*Learning from adversity*'.

Even in sleep there trickles through the heart
The disabling recalling of the pain:
And wisdom arrives regardless of desire,
A favour from daimons
Who have taken the seats of honour, by force.

Aeschylus: Agamemnon (174-183) translated by DW Myatt

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Appendix 1

Pathei-Mathos – Genesis of My Unknowing

There are no excuses for my extremist past, for the suffering I caused to loved ones, to family, to friends, to those many more, those far more, 'unknown others' who were or who became the 'enemies' posited by some extremist ideology. No excuses because the extremism, the intolerance, the hatred, the violence, the inhumanity, the prejudice were mine; my responsibility, born from and expressive of my character; and because the discovery of, the learning of, the need to live, to regain, my humanity arose because of and from others and not because of me.

Thus what exposed my hubris - what for me broke down that certitude-of-knowing which extremism breeds and re-presents - was not something I did; not something I achieved; not something related to my character, my

nature, at all. Instead, it was a gift offered to me by two others - the legacy left by their tragic early dying. That it took not one but two personal tragedies - some thirteen years apart - for me to accept and appreciate the gift of their love, their living, most surely reveals my failure, the hubris that for so long suffused me, and the strength and depth of my so lamentable extremism.

But the stark and uneasy truth is that I have no real, no definitive, answers for anyone, including myself. All I have now is a definite uncertitude of knowing, and certain feelings, some intuitions, some reflexions, a few certainly fallible suggestions arising mostly from reflexions concerning that, my lamentable, past, and thus - perhaps - just a scent, just a scent, of some understanding concerning some-things, perfumed as this understanding is with ineffable sadness.

For what I painfully, slowly, came to understand, via pathei-mathos, was the importance - the human necessity, the virtue - of love, and how love expresses or can express the numinous in the most sublime, the most human, way. Of how extremism (of whatever political or religious or ideological kind) places some abstraction, some ideation, some notion of duty to some ideation, before a personal love, before a knowing and an appreciation of the numinous. Thus does extremism - usurping such humanizing personal love - replace human love with an extreme, an unbalanced, an intemperate, passion for something abstract: some ideation, some ideal, some dogma, some 'victory', some-thing always supra-personal and always destructive of personal happiness, personal dreams, personal hopes; and always manifesting an impersonal harshness: the harshness of hatred, intolerance, certitude-of-knowing, unfairness, violence, prejudice.

Thus, instead of a natural and a human concern with what is local, personal and personally known, extremism breeds a desire to harshly interfere in the lives of others - personally unknown and personally distant - on the basis of such a hubriatic certitude-of-knowing that strife and suffering are inevitable. For there is in all extremists that stark lack of personal humility, that unbalance, that occurs when - as in all extremisms - what is masculous is emphasized and idealized and glorified to the detriment (internal, and external) of what is muliebral, and thus when some ideology or some dogma or some faith or some cause is given precedence over love and when loyalty to some manufactured abstraction is given precedence over loyalty to family, loved ones, friends.

For I have sensed that there are only changeable individual ways and individual fallible answers, born again and again via pathei-mathos and whose subtle scent - the wisdom - words can neither capture nor describe,

even though we try and perhaps need to try, and try perhaps (as for me) as one hopeful needful act of a non-religious redemption.

Thus, and for instance, I sense - only sense - that peace (or the beginning thereof) might possibly just be not only the freedom from subsuming personal desires but also the freedom from striving for some supra-personal, abstract, impersonal, goal or goals. That is, a just-being, a flowing and a being-flowed. No subsuming concern with what-might-be or what-was. No lust for ideations; no quest for the violation of difference. Instead - a calmful waiting; just a listening, a seeing, a feeling, of what-is as those, as our, emanations of Life flow and change as they naturally flow and change, in, with, and beyond us: human, animal, of sea, soil, sky, Cosmos, and of Nature... But I am only dreaming, here in pathei-mathos-empathy-land where there is no past-present-future passing each of us with our future-past: only the numen presenced in each one of our so individual timeless human stories.

Yet, in that - this - other world, the scent of having understood remains, which is why I feel I now quite understand why, in the past, certain individuals disliked - even hated - me, given my decades of extremism: my advocacy of racism, fascism, holocaust denial, and National-Socialism, followed (after my conversion to Islam) by my support of bin Laden, the Taliban, and advocacy of 'suicide attacks'.

I also understand why - given my subversive agenda and my amoral willingness to use any tactic, from Occult honeytraps to terrorism, to undermine the society of the time as prelude to revolution - certain people have saught to discredit me by distributing and publishing certain allegations.

Furthermore, given my somewhat Promethean peregrinations - which included being a Catholic monk, a vagabond, a fanatical violent neo-nazi, a theoretician of terror, running a gang of thieves, studying Buddhism, Hinduism, Taoism; being a nurse, a farm worker, and supporter of Jihad - I expect many or most of those interested in or curious about my 'numinous way' and my recent mystical writings to be naturally suspicious of or doubtful about my reformation and my rejection of extremism.

Thus I harbour no resentment against individuals, or organizations, or groups, who over the past forty or so years have publicly and/or privately made negative or derogatory comments about me or published items making claims about me. Indeed, I now find myself in the rather curious situation of not only agreeing with some of my former political opponents on many matters, but also (perhaps) of understanding (and empathizing with) their

motivation; a situation which led and which leads me to appreciate even more just how lamentable my extremism was and just how arrogant, selfish, wrong, and reprehensible, I as a person was, and how in many ways many of those former opponents were and are (*ex concesso*) better people than I ever was or am.

Which is one reason why I have written what I have recently written about extremism and my extremist past: so that perchance someone or some many may understand extremism, and its causes, better and thus be able to avoid the mistakes I made, avoid causing the suffering I caused; or be able to in some way more effectively counter or prevent such extremism in the future. And one reason - only one - why I henceforward must live in reclusion and *in silencio.*

May 2012

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Appendix 2

Concerning The Development Of The Numinous Way

Background

What I term The Numinous Way, as a philosophy and as a way of life, was not the result of a few or many moments of inspiration striking close together in causal Time as measured by a terran-calendar and thus separated from each other by days, weeks, or even a few years.

Rather, it resulted from some nine years of reflexions, intuitions, and experiences, beginning in 2002 when - for quite a few months - I wandered as a vagabond in the hills and fells of Westmorland and lived in a tent, and during which time I communicated some of my musings, by means of handwritten letters, to a lady living in Oxford whom I had first met well over a decade before.

These musing concerned Nature, our place - as humans - in Nature and the Cosmos; the purpose, if any, of our lives; whether or not the five Aristotelian essentials gave a true understanding of the external world; and whether or not God, or Allah, or some sort of divinity or divinities, existed, and thus - if they did not - whence came mystical insight, knowledge, and understanding,

and what value or validity, if any, did such mystical insight, knowledge, and understanding, possess.

During the previous thirty or more years I had occasional intuitions concerning, or feelings, regarding, Nature, divinity, the Cosmos, and 'the numinous'; insights and feelings which led me to study Taoism, Hellenic culture, Buddhism, the Catholic mystic tradition, and become a Catholic monk. Later on, such intuitions concerning the numinous - and travels in the Sahara Desert - led me to begin a serious study of Islam and were part of the process that led me to convert to that way of life.

But these intuitions, feelings - and the understanding and knowledge they engendered - were or always eventually became secondary to what, since around 1964, I had considered or felt was the purpose of my own life. This was to aid, to assist, in some way the exploration and the colonization of Outer Space, and it was enthusiasm for - the inspiration of - that ideal which led me to seriously study the science of Physics, and then to seek to find what type of society might be able to make that ideal a reality, a seeking initially aided by my study of and enthusiasm for Hellenic culture, a culture - manifest in Greek heroes such as Odysseus and in the warrior society home to the likes of the sons of Atreus - which I came to regard as the ideal prototype for this new society of new explorers and new heroes.

After considering, and then rejecting, the communist society of the Soviet Union [1], an intuition regarding National-Socialist Germany [2] led me to seriously study that society and National-Socialism, a study ended when I peremptorily concluded that I had indeed found the right type of modern society. Thus I became a National-Socialist, with my aim - the purpose of my life - being to aid the foundation of a new National-Socialist State as a prelude to the exploration and the colonization of Outer Space, and thus the creation of a Galactic Imperium, a new Galactic, or Cosmic, Reich.

As I wrote in part one of some autobiographical scribblings issued in 1998 and which were based on some writings of mine dating back to the 1970's:

> "It is the vision of a Galactic Empire which runs through my political life just as it is the quest to find and understand our human identity, and my own identity, and our relation to Nature, which runs through my personal and spiritual life, giving me the two aims which I consistently pursued since I was about thirteen years of age, regardless of where I was, what I was doing and how I was described by others or even by myself..."

For it was this aim of the exploration and the colonization of Outer Space, and my rather schoolboyish enthusiasm for it, which - together with the enjoyment of the struggle - inspired my fanaticism, my extremism, and which re-inspired me when, as sometimes occurred during my NS decades, my enthusiasm for politics, for a political revolution, waned, or when my intuitions, my feelings, concerning the numinous and my love of women - the dual inspiration for most of my poetry - became stronger than my political beliefs and my revolutionary fervour.

The aim, the purpose, this idealization, regarding Outer Space even partly motivated my study of and thence my conversion to Islam in 1998. For example, not long before that conversion, in an essay entitled *Foreseeing The Future*, I wrote:

> " I firmly believe that Islam has the potential to create not only a new civilization, governed according to reason, but also a new Empire which could take on and overthrow the established world-order dedicated as this world-order is to usury, decadence and a god-less materialism [...] I also believe that a new Islamic Empire could create the Galactic Empire, or at least lay the foundations of it. Perhaps the first human colonies on another world will have as their flag the Islamic crescent, a flag inscribed with the words, in Arabic, In the Name of Allah, The Compassionate, The Merciful."

Thus, as when a National-Socialist, I dedicated myself to my 'new cause', to an ideal I idealistically carried in the headpiece of my head: the cause of Jihad, of disrupting existing societies as a prelude to manufacturing a new one. In this instance, a resurgent Khilafah.

As with National-Socialism, it was the ideal, the goal, the struggle, which was paramount, important; and I - like the extremist I was - hubriatically placed that goal, that ideal, that struggle for victory, before love, fairness, compassion, reason, and truth, and thus engendered and incited violence, hatred, and killing.

In addition, I always felt myself bound by honour to be loyal to either a cause, an ideology, or to certain individuals and so do the duty I had sworn by oath to do and be loyal to those I had sworn to be loyal to. Hence when doubts about my beliefs arose during my decades as a nazi I always had recourse to honour and so considered myself - even during my time as a monk - as a National-Socialist, albeit, when a monk, as a non-active one for

whom there was ultimately no contradiction between the NS ethos and the ethos of a traditional Catholicism, for there was the Reichskonkordat and the agreement Pope Pius XII reached with Hitler.

During my Muslim years I felt bound by the oath of my Shahadah; an oath which negated my NS beliefs and led me to reject racism and nationalism, and embrace the multi-racialism of the Ummah; and which general oath, together (and importantly) with a personal oath sworn a few years after my conversion, would always - until 2009 - bring me back, or eventually cause me to drift back, to Islam and always remind me of the duty I felt I was, as a Muslim, honour-bound to do.

2002-2006

This drift back toward Islam is what occurred after my musings in 2002. I tried to forget them, a task made difficult when later that year I went to live on a farm and also work on another nearby farm. For that living and such work brought a deep personal contentment and further intuitions and feelings, and a burgeoning understanding, regarding the numinous, and especially concerning Nature; some of which intuitions and feelings I again communicated by means of handwritten letters, mostly to the aforementioned lady.

For a while I saught to find a synthesis, studied Sufism, but was unable to find any satisfactory answers, and thus began an interior struggle, a personal struggle I made some mention of in *Myngath*. A struggle, a conflict, between my own intuitions, insights, and burgeoning understanding - regarding the numinous and human beings - and the way of faith and belief; between what I felt was a more natural, a more numinous way, and the necessary belief in Allah, the Quran, the Sunnah that Islam, that being Muslim, required.

For a while, faith and belief and duty triumphed; then I wavered, and began to write in more detail about this still as yet unformed 'numinous way'. Then, yet again honour, duty, and loyalty triumphed - but only a while - for I chanced to meet and then fell in love with a most beautiful, non-Muslim, lady. And it was our relationship - but most of all her tragic death in May 2006 - that intensified my inner struggle and forced me to ask and then answer certain fundamental questions regarding my past and my own nature.

As I wrote at the time:

> " Thus do I feel and now know my own stupidity for my arrogant,

> vain, belief that I could help, assist, change what was [...] I know my blame, my shame, my failure, here. Thus am I fully humbled by my own lack of insight; by my lack of knowing; by an understanding of my selfishness and my failure - knowing myself now for the ignorant, arrogant person I was, and am. How hypocritical to teach, to preach, through writings, feeling as I do now the suffering of words."

I did not like the answers about myself that this tragedy forced me to find; indeed, I did not like myself and so, for a while, clung onto Islam, onto being Muslim; onto the way of faith, of God, of ignoring my own answers, my own feelings, my own intuitions. For there was - or so it then seemed - expiation, redemption, hope, and even some personal comfort, there. But this return to such surety just felt wrong, deeply wrong.

2006-2009

For there was, as I wrote in *Myngath*,

> " ...one uncomfortable truth from which even I with all my sophistry could not contrive to hide from myself, even though I tried, for a while. The truth that I am indebted. That I have a debt of personal honour to both Fran and to Sue, who died - thirteen years apart - leaving me bereft of love, replete with sorrow, and somewhat perplexed. A debt to all those other women who, over four decades, I have hurt in a personal way; a debt to the Cosmos itself for the suffering I have caused and inflicted through the unethical pursuit of abstractions.
>
> A debt somehow and in some way - beyond a simple remembrance of them - to especially make the life and death of Sue and Fran worthwhile and full of meaning, as if their tragic early dying meant something to both me, and through my words, my deeds, to others. A debt of change, of learning - in me, so that from my pathei-mathos I might be, should be, a better person; presencing through words, living, thought, and deeds, that simple purity of life felt, touched, known, in those stark moments of the immediacy of their loss.
>
> But this honour, I have so painfully discovered, is not the abstract honour of years, of decades, past that I in my arrogance and stupid adherence to and love of abstractions so foolishly believed in and

> upheld, being thus, becoming thus, as I was a cause of suffering. No; this instead is the essence of honour, founded in empathy; in an empathy with and thus a compassion for all life, sentient and otherwise. This is instead a being human; being in symbiosis with that-which is the essence of our humanity and which can, could and should, gently evolve us - far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, beings we have been, and unfortunately often still are; far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, often violent, person I had been."

Thus I was prompted - forced - to continue to develope my understanding in what began to be and became my own 'numinous way' and which thus and finally and, in 2009 publicly, took me away from Islam and my life as a Muslim.

2009-2012

Given that the essence of The Numinous Way is individual empathy, an individual understanding, the development of an individual judgement, and the living of an ethical way of life where there is an appreciation of the numinous, the more I reflected upon this 'numinous way' between 2011 and Spring 2012, the more I not only realized my mistakes, but also that it was necessary to remove, to excise, the detritus that had accumulated around the basic insights and the personal pathei-mathos that inspired me to develope that 'numinous way'. Mistakes and detritus because for some time, during the development of that 'numinous way', I was still in thrall to some abstractions, still thinking in terms of categories and opposites, and still fond of pontificating and generalizing, especially about The State [3]. I therefore began to re-express, in a more philosophical manner, the personal, the individual, the ontological, the ethical and spiritual nature, of The Numinous Way, and thus emphasized the virtues of humility, love, and of wu-wei - of balance, of tolerance, of non-interference, of individual interior (spiritual) reformation, of non-striving, of admitting one's own uncertitude of understanding and of knowing.

The year-long [2011-2012] process of refinement, correction, and reflexion resulted in me re-naming what remained of my 'numinous way' the 'philosophy of pathei-mathos', and which philosophy I attempted to outline in the two texts *Recuyle of the Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos* and *Summary of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*, the latter of which was also published under the title *Conspectus of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*.

As I mentioned in *Society, Politics, Social Reform, and Pathei-Mathos* [Part Four of *Reculye of the Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*] -

> "Given that the concern of the philosophy of pathei-mathos is the individual and their interior, their spiritual, life, and given that (due to the nature of empathy and pathei-mathos) there is respect for individual judgement, the philosophy of pathei-mathos is apolitical, and thus not concerned with such matters as the theory and practice of governance, nor with changing or reforming society by political means [...]
>
> This means that there is no desire and no need to use any confrontational means to directly challenge and confront the authority of existing States since numinous reform and change is personal, individual, non-political, and not organized beyond a limited local level of people personally known. That is, it is of and involves individuals who are personally known to each other working together based on the understanding that it is inner, personal, change - in individuals, of their nature, their character - that is is the ethical, the numinous, way to solve such personal and social problems as exist and arise. That such inner change of necessity comes before any striving for outer change by whatever means, whether such means be termed or classified as political, social, economic, religious. That the only effective, long-lasting, change and reform is understood as the one that evolves human beings and thus changes what, in them, predisposes them, or inclines them toward, doing or what urges them to do, what is dishonourable, undignified, unfair, and uncompassionate.
>
> In practice, this evolution means, in the individual, the cultivation and use of the faculty of empathy, and acquiring the personal virtues of compassion, honour, and love. Which means the inner reformation of individuals, as individuals.
>
> Hence the basis for numinous social change and reform is aiding, helping, assisting individuals in a direct and personal manner, and in practical ways, with such help, assistance, and aid arising because we personally know or are personally concerned about or involved with those individuals or the situations those individuals find themselves in. In brief, being compassionate, empathic, understanding, sensitive, kind, and showing by personal example."

The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos

It is the philosophy of pathei-mathos which represents my weltanschauung. For I now consider that most of my writings, my pontifications, concerning 'the numinous way' - written haphazardly between 2002 and Spring 2012 - are unhelpful; or of little account; or irrelevant; or hubriatic; or detract from or obscure the basic simplicity of my weltanschauung, a simplicity I have endeavoured to express in *Conspectus of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos.*

24th April 2012
(Revised November 2012)

Notes

[1] During this study of communism, in the 1960's, I began to learn Russian and would regularly listen to communist radio broadcasts such as those from Rundfunk der DDR, something I continued to do for a while even after becoming a National-Socialist. Indeed, on one occasion I wrote a letter to Radio Berlin which, to my surprise, was read out with my questions answered.

[2] As I have mentioned elsewhere this intuition regarding the Third Reich arose as a result of me reading an account of the actions of Otto Ernst Remer in July of 1944. For I admired his honour and his loyalty and his commitment to the duty he had sworn an oath to do. Here, I felt, was a modern-day Greek hero.

[3] These un-numinous, errorful, hubriatic, pontifications about 'the state' included essays such as the January 2011 text *The Failure and Immoral Nature of The State* and the February 2011, text *A Brief Numinous View of Religion, Politics, and The State*.

Among the abstractions (categories) which needed to be excised from a supposedly abstraction-less and empathic numinous way were 'the clan' and 'homo hubris', a divisive category I hubriatically pontificated about in several essays.

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Appendix 3

(Extracts from)
The Ethos of Extremism
Some Reflexions on Politics and A Fanatical Life

Part One: 1968-1973

Becoming Nazi

My practical involvement in right-wing extremist politics really began in 1968 when I, still at school and not long returned from a childhood in the Far East and colonial Africa, became an active supporter of the newly formed National Front and of Colin Jordan's newly formed British Movement. My initial motivation for joining these organizations and becoming politically active was simple: to further the cause of National-Socialism and to enjoy the comradeship, the struggle for power, and the violence.

Some time before becoming so involved, I had chanced upon a copy of Shirer's book *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* and was inspired by the described actions of Otto Ernst Remer during the July 1944 plot against Hitler. Familiar as I was with *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* - with Hellenistic culture and history in general - I youthfully, rashly, made a connexion between the heroes of ancient Greece and Remer, impressed as I was by Remer's loyalty and sense of duty. This led me to, over subsequent months, read everything I could find about Hitler and the Third Reich; a reading which took me to local libraries and bookshops, then to bookshops and libraries in London. I even managed to find and buy copies (not originals) of old 8mm film of nazi rallies and some German propaganda films made during WW2, viewed using an old home projector; for I had discovered there was, even then in the 60's, something of an 'underground' market in nazi memorabilia.

Suffice to say that my reading and my viewing enthused me so that after a few months I considered myself a National-Socialist, an admirer of Adolf Hitler, believing that National-Socialism could create a new heroic age. To mark my 'conversion', I bought a small gold swastika tie-pin from a seller of nazi memorabilia and did not mind when, out wearing it, some people stared - for I was prepared either to launch into a rant about NS and Hitler or for a fight.

Thus while my initial motivation was naively idealistic and somewhat schoolboyish, I soon came to embrace NS racial doctrines, aided by acquiring and reading a copy of the English edition of HS Chamberlain's two volume work *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*. This meant I accepted that some races were superior, and others inferior; and that 'the Aryan race' - being the most superior, the most evolved - had a special 'destiny'. As for the extermination of the Jews, to be honest for some months I vacillated between two extremes - between believing 'it was unfortunate but perhaps necessary, an act of war' and between believing it 'was Allied propaganda'.

Horrid as acceptance of such genocide is, I had already become, without knowing it, an extremist; for I was prepared to accept or to dismiss horrid

facts, certain truths, in the belief that what mattered was the goal, the ideal, and that to achieve this one had to be harsh, even fanatical and brutal. In addition, I had come to regard war - modern war - as necessary, as the breeding ground of arête, and in war people are killed or slaughtered, just as the victors, the Greek heroes, in the Trojan war slaughtered many of the people of Troy after its fall and just as Alexander decimated the people of Massaga.

Later on, I was to discover that I was far from being alone, in neo-nazi circles, in this detestable acceptance of brutality and genocide. For instance, I can recall several discussions about the extermination of the Jews with support being voiced for such measures, and several occasions when a certain song, well-known in neo-nazi circles in the 60's and 70's, was sung by 'comrades', with the song beginning "Gas 'em all, gas 'em all, the long, and the short and the tall..."

However, in the months following my 'conversion' to the cause of National-Socialism I could not quite shake-off - for all my new enthusiasm and fanaticism - certain uncomfortable moral feelings regarding the holocaust, and so began reading voraciously about the subject, a reading which included trawling through multi-volume accounts such as *The Trial of German Major War Criminals: Proceedings of the International Military Tribunal Sitting at Nuremberg, Germany.* But in the end, after months of such reading and study, there came a point when I simply accepted, out of a desire to believe, that the genocide 'was Allied propaganda' so that, to me then and subsequently, further research regarding, or rational debate about, the matter became unnecessary. In effect, I came to fanatically believe it was war propaganda, and this fanatical belief was immune to criticism as I became intolerant of, dismissive of, others who tried to convince me that the horrors of the camps were real.

In retrospect, I needed to believe it was propaganda, a myth, because to do otherwise would destroy the imaginary, the idealistic, the perfect, the romanticized, National-Socialism I then believed in and accepted. To do otherwise would mean that Hitler was not as I imagined him to be, as I hoped he was: a noble and good man who had triumphed against all the odds purely out of a love for his people and his land. Thus it might be correct to conclude that my research into the matter then was biased, born not out of a desire to find 'the truth' but from a need to prove that my own conclusions, assumptions, and beliefs, were correct. There might therefore have been an element of faith involved here, and subsequently, such that inconvenient, or awkward, facts and truths are ignored, dismissed, or regarded as the 'propaganda' of those opposed to one's beliefs.

Hatred, Love, and Violence

Although - on joining the NF and BM - I was very naive about politics, something of a tabula rasa, I soon developed the same prejudices and the same hatreds as the people I came to associate with; prejudices and hatreds aided by pamphlets and books read, loaned and given, and by discussions with party members, especially those belonging to BM. Thus I came to regard 'immigrants' as somewhat uncivilized, certainly inferior to White people, and considered their removal from 'our land', our country, as a necessity. Before this, I had no opinions, no views, about such matters, and my understanding of National-Socialism was greatly aided and developed by personal discussions with, and by written correspondence I had with, Colin Jordan.

During this formative period, I subscribed to items such as *The Thunderbolt* newspaper published by Edward R. Fields and so regularly received anti-Jewish and anti-Black reports; reports that seemed to confirm the necessity of racial separation and the need for a final solution to 'the Jewish problem'. For I had, in common with nearly all BM members and many NF members, come to believe that the Jews, in England, as in many other Western lands, had too much power and too much influence, were somehow by nature badly disposed toward White people, and thus were our mortal enemies.

In practice these beliefs and prejudices, this racism, meant three obvious things, and one interesting and curious thing, as least it is curious and interesting to me, now, on reflexion. The three things are:

> (1) That I developed a very idealized, a very romanticized, view of and naive love for those I regarded as my own people, my own race - especially in respect of English people; regarding them as probably the most civilized people on Earth who had built the best, the most noble, Empire the world had ever seen, and who had 'civilized' or brought civilization to large parts of the world.
>
> (2) That I developed a prejudice and antagonism toward other races in general, and in particular against 'Blacks' and Jews, and thus, as a group, and politically, hated them and did not wish to associate with them.
>
> (3) That I regarded violence in pursuit of my beliefs as natural and necessary, and came to regard political enemies - such as 'Reds' - as legitimate targets of political violence.

The one interesting and curious thing is:

> That despite my racism, my nazi beliefs and ideals, my political

> activism, I was not personally offensive to or prejudiced or violent toward or hated individuals of other races that I met, including Jews.

Thus, and apropos all four things, I somehow and in some way managed to compartmentalize my personal life and my political life, for although I enjoyed political brawls, and was not averse to using violence, it was not in my nature to be personally rude or offensive to or violent toward people as individuals, whatever their perceived ethnicity; unless, of course, they threatened me personally, one individual to another, or had personally threatened someone I cared about. In fact, my hatred and violence was more directed toward political enemies - especially during political confrontations - than it was to other races; so directed that for many years, from 1968 to 1974, I would actively seek out such potentially and hopefully violent political confrontations and enjoy them. This enjoyment, this seeking after violent confrontation, perhaps explains why Martin Webster, in 1971 after meeting with me a few times, described me to a friend of his (who was studying at the same University as me) as "having a death wish", a description which rather irked me then.

That said, about compartmentalization, I did for a long time - directly and indirectly - incite hatred and violence against other races, both by speeches, often vitriolic, impassioned, and always extempore, I gave at political events; in discussions with comrades and others; by means of articles I wrote, and by posters, leaflets, stickers, I designed. But this was, to me at the time, impersonal, just propaganda, somewhat calculated, and regarded as a necessity in order to achieve certain political goals - and was probably more reprehensible for so being impersonal and propagandistic.

Only on a few occasions was I directly, personally, involved in violence against ethnic minorities, and these were unplanned, spontaneous, incidents involving several 'ethnics', one of which incidents led to me being arrested and given a prison sentence, but in all of which incidents - to be honest - I was or became motivated by dislike of and anger at 'these foreigners' because I felt they did not belong in 'my country' and should 'go back to where they belonged'.

The particular racial incident that led to my arrest and my first term of imprisonment occurred in the early 1970's, following some racial clashes in Wakefield between skinheads and 'ethnics', in this instance people of or descended from those of Pakistani origin. On the day in question I, then domiciled in Leeds, was out with Eddy Morrison and a few other comrades handing out anti-immigration leaflets in Wakefield hoping to capitalize on the violence and so possibly gain some new recruits for the cause. The leafleting over, we came across a group of skinheads, some of whom I vaguely knew.

Sensibly, Morrison left while I, sensing there might be - and hopeful there would be - some violence, went with the skinheads looking for trouble. Thus it would be fair to say that I was responsible for what followed, as the Judge at my subsequent criminal trial judged I was. Our group - these young lads and I - wandered around for a while until we found some young Pakistani men whom we racially abused and then began to throw stones and bricks at. They ran away, and we gave chase... Suffice to say, when this first skirmish was over, we - buoyed by our success and I seem to recall at my instigation - went off in search of more targets. Eventually, after perhaps an hour or so - maybe more, maybe less - we found ourselves the subject of a large Police operation with officers chasing us. We split up and I, not knowing the area, ended up on some industrial lot with several Police officers blocking the only escape route. Soon, the Police had caught and arrested all of us [...]

Part Two: 1973-1975

Ultra-Violence, Covert Action, and Terror

Two significant events during this period (1973-1975) helped shape and develope my extremism. One was that I was released from my first term of imprisonment for violence, and the second was that I was recruited by the underground paramilitary and neo-nazi organization Column 88.

Simply put, prison hardened me even more, while involvement with Column 88 confirmed my faith in the ultimate victory of National-Socialism.

My imprisonment had perhaps the opposite effect to what the Judge at my trial may have intended, for far from 'teaching me a lesson' it only served to make me more fanatical and more violent. It also enabled me to learn new skills and acquire new contacts of a decidedly criminal kind, skills and contacts which - as I have mentioned elsewhere - I put to use following my release when I formed a small gang of thieves to liberate certain goods and fence them in order, initially at least, to fund various political schemes and projects of mine.

In addition, prison life seemed to me to confirm two of the fundamental axioms of National-Socialism, that of the necessity and value of *kampf* and that of the *führerprinzip*. That is, of hardening one's self, being prepared to use force, to be ruthless, unsentimental, in order to survive and prosper; and either earning respect or being obedient and submissive. For prison seemed to be like some ancient uncultured, uncivilized, macho tribal society where force or the threat of force (by both cons and screws), and/or one's personal cunning, were the basis of life, and where those of a violent or of a cunning nature tended to prosper. Perhaps fortunately I was or could be both violent

and cunning so it was not really surprising that I ran a racket inside, selling goods liberated from a variety of sources including prison stores.

This increased political fanaticism and more violent nature would lead me, months later and with the help of Eddy Morrison, to found, in December of 1973, a new political neo-nazi organization based in Leeds; the rather grandly named National Democratic Freedom Movement, and which organization would be rather aptly described, some years later, by John Tyndall in the following terms:

> " The National Democratic Freedom Movement made little attempt to engage in serious politics but concentrated its activities mainly upon acts of violence against its opponents. [...] Before very long the NDFM had degenerated into nothing more than a criminal gang."

Thus 1973 and especially 1974 became, for me, a time of ultra-violence, criminality, and of a fanaticism even more extreme than that of previous years. A period during which I was regularly involved in fights and brawls, regularly arrested and appeared 'in the dock' - including for running that gang of thieves - and which period would end, perhaps inevitably, with me being sent to prison for a third time.

> " Among the highlights of that NDFM year, for me, were the following. I smashed up (with one other NDFM member) an anti-apartheid exhibition, in Leeds (twice). I gave vitriolic extempore speeches at public meetings (some of which ended in violence when our opponents attacked). I waded into some Trade Union march or other, thumped a few people then stole and set fire to one of their banners (arrested, again). I arranged a meeting at Chapeltown, in Leeds (the heart of the Black community then) at which only five of us turned up, including Andrew Brons but not including Morrison. We faced a rather angry crowd of several hundred people, who threw bricks, stones, whatever, at us, and we few walked calmly right through them to our parked vehicles, and rather sedately drove away, our point made. No one said we could do it.
>
> I spoke extempore at Speakers Corner in Hyde Park for around a half an hour to a crowd of over a thousand; it ended in a brawl...Finally, toward the end of that Summer, a meeting we had arranged on Leeds Town Hall steps resulted in a mass brawl when the crowd of around a thousand attacked us, after I had harangued them for around half an hour. Several Police officers were injured as they tried to break up the fights. I was arrested (again) but soon

was granted bail...

When my case came to trial, at Leeds Crown Court, I was accused of having "incited the crowd" and generally held responsible for most of the violence."

Everything I did in these years I justified to myself, and often to others, by invoking principles such as 'the survival of the fittest' and by the belief that in order to secure victory for the political cause I believed in, any and all means were justified, from violence to hatred to using rhetoric and propaganda in order to motivate people and gain recruits.

As for Column 88, involvement with that well-organised, now long-defunct, paramilitary group gave strength to my conviction that a National-Socialist victory was possible, for C88 had many overseas contacts, held regular meetings attended by young neo-nazis from all over Europe, and had among its British members not only many older professional people but also some members of the military. In addition, given its paramilitary nature and the paramilitary training undertaken, there was the knowledge that there were many others like me who were, under certain circumstances, prepared to use both physical and armed force in the service of our NS cause.

Thus I became aware that I and the few dedicated National-Socialists I had met in previous years in groups such as British Movement and the National Front were far from alone; that there were many other committed National-Socialists 'out there'. Which awareness, which practically acquired knowledge, not only strengthened my commitment to National-Socialism but which also strengthened my resolve to fight for 'the cause'.

There also developed in me during this time, and because of my involvement with C88, a realization that both covert action and terrorism were or might be useful tactics to employ in the struggle for victory, a struggle which I - extremist and fanatic that I was - accepted would be brutal, violent, and bloody, and thus possibly cost the lives of some of us, some of our opponents, and even some non-combatants. For I was during these years enthused and somewhat motivated by the rise to power of Hitler's NSDAP; a bloody, violent, struggle which had cost the lives of many comrades, from 'the fallen' of November 9th 1923 to Horst Wessel. I thus considered myself, and my comrades, as continuing that struggle - that struggle for the supremacy of the Aryan race, and the struggle against 'decadence' and our Communist, liberal, and Jewish enemies. In this struggle I personally - inspired by Savitri Devi's book *Lightning and The Sun* - considered the military defeat of The Third Reich, and the death of Adolf Hitler, as but temporary setbacks to be

avenged.

In respect of covert action, I came to the conclusion, following some discussions with some C88 members, that two different types of covert groups, with different strategy and tactics, might be very useful in our struggle and thus aid us directly or aid whatever right-wing political party might serve as a cover for introducing NS policies or which could be used to advance our cause. These covert groups would not be paramilitary and thus would not resort to using armed force since that option was already covered, so far as I was then concerned, by C88.

The first type of covert group would essentially be a honeytrap [1], to attract non-political people who might be or who had the potential to be useful to the cause even if, or especially if, they had to be 'blackmailed' or persuaded into doing so at some future time. The second type of covert group would be devoted to establishing a small cadre of NS fanatics, of 'sleepers', to - when the time was right - be disruptive or generally subversive.

Nothing came of this second idea, and the few people I recruited during 1974 for the second group, migrated to help the first group, established the previous year. However, from the outset this first group was beset with problems for - in retrospect - two quite simple reasons, both down to me. First, my lack of leadership skills, and, second, the outer nature chosen for the group which was of a secret Occult group with the 'offer', the temptation, of sexual favours from female members in a ritualized Occult setting, with some of these female members being 'on the game' and associated with someone who was associated with my small gang of thieves.

While I enjoyed and then lived for political action - especially confrontation and brawls - and was motivated, fanatical, enough to speak extempore in public and take charge in a violent situations on the streets, and loved to plan such violence and motivate people to undertake it, I disliked the day-to-day organization and the (to me) petty manipulation that was, or seemed to me to be, the lot of an organizer and leader. I also lacked the charm, the charisma, the flexibility, a political organizer and leader needed.

In contrast to me, Eddy Morrison had a natural charisma, a certain charm, and was an experienced and adept organizer. He also, unlike me at the time, had a good sense of humour and was well-liked whereas I was probably more feared, or respected, because I was simply considered a nutter, a violent psycho. As a consequence, he was a natural leader; suited to leading the NDFM, and of all the people I knew at the time the most suited to organize and lead such a covert group especially given the fact that its ultimate purpose was to aid our NS cause. However, for all my attempts at persuasion he was uninterested in both C88 and in my ideas regarding covert action. He

also, beyond being a fan of horror stories and of the fiction of HP Lovecraft, had no interest whatsoever in the Occult. Thus I had to make do with someone else as organizer and 'leader' of this covert group, this person - then a comrade, a married businessman living near Manchester - being the one who had suggested the outer, the Occult, form of the group.

For some time, this underground group appeared to flourish, with some 'respectable' people recruited - initially a lecturer, a solicitor, a teacher, among others - with some of the recruits becoming converts to or in some way helping our political cause, and with such clandestine recruitment aided, later on, by some unexpected, non-factual, unwanted, publicity.

But what happened was that, over time and under the guidance of its mentor, the Occult and especially the hedonistic aspects came to dominate over the political and subversive intent, with the *raisons d'etat* of blackmail and persuasion, of recruiting useful, respectable, people thus lost. Hence, while I still considered, then and for quite some time afterwards, that the basic idea of such a subversive group, such a honeytrap, was sound, I gradually lost interest in this particular immoral honeytrap project until another spell in prison for an assortment of offences took me away from Leeds and my life as a violent neo-nazi activist [...]

Birth of A Theoretician of Terror

It is perhaps fair to say - so far as I recall - that I was the one who, in C88, first broached the subject of using certain tactics such as improvised explosive devices and assassinations in a direct campaign against both our enemies and what I often then referred to as 'The System'. Prior to this - so far as I knew - training and discussions had been concerned with and were about possible future events, in particular a Soviet invasion of Western Europe, an invasion scenario which at that time (the early to middle 1970's, the Cold War era) was taken seriously by Western governments and Western military forces.

My basic idea - the plan - was to use such tactics to cause disruption, fear, and discontent, in order to provoke a revolutionary situation that our NS, our racist, our fascist, or anti-immigrant groups in general, might be able to take advantage of politically and otherwise; with part of this plan being to encourage the government to introduce more and more 'martial law' type control and regulations, which type of control and regulations (and surveillance) those in the military inclined toward a more authoritarian, or even fascist type, government might use to their advantage. For from such authoritarian or fascist type beginnings, National-Socialism might be covertly, gradually, introduced.

It needs to be remembered this was when 'the troubles' - armed conflict in Northern Ireland - was possibly at its most bloody, and which conflict, together with IRA attacks in mainland Britain, caused consternation and concern both in British government and in certain military circles, with some ordinary ranks, a few junior officers and even a one or two of the higher ranks covertly talking about a scenario when a military coup in Britain might be justified. Not that, so far as I with my limited knowledge know, this minority discontent among certain military - and perhaps a few intelligence - personnel ever become widely known or has even been mentioned in books, memoirs, or articles written about those times. But this discontent did capture a certain mood among certain people during that period, a mood I had some personal knowledge of, partly as a result of C88 contacts, partly as a result of some trips I made to Northern Ireland, and partly as result of other contacts such as squaddies involved with or supportive of right-wing groups.

Thus my ideas, my proposals, were to some extent grounded in the realities of those times. Times when disruptive industrial strikes and disputes were common in Britain, when the National Front could hold rallies and marches of thousands of people and had a membership possibly in excess of 10,000 members, when many more ordinary British citizens were, or seemed to be, generally supportive of the 'stop immigration, start repatriation' campaign, and when there was some support, or seemed to be some support, in certain military and even government circles for a more authoritarian approach to government.

I justified my ideas - the plan - and thus the use of such tactics by immorally believing and suggesting to others that in 'such dire times' victory could not be achieved without sacrifice and blood, and that for our people, our land, to survive and prosper it was necessary for some of us to be hard, ruthless; that 'history' showed that such ruthlessness was effective. And so on and so on. I do remember, on several occasions, idealizing the Roman Empire and ranting about how Rome built and maintained its Empire, its glory; not by negotiations, not by elections, not through a policy of peace and non-violence, but because ruthless men, hardened by war, had conquered, subdued and dealt severely with discontent and threats to 'the Roman way of life', to Rome, and to the Empire. Quite often I would quote some words of Hitler, from *Mein Kampf*, such as that the broad masses respond to what is strong and uncompromising; that a struggle on behalf of a weltanschauung has to be conducted by men of heroic spirit who are ready to sacrifice everything, and that if a people does not fight they do not deserve to live.

Hence, to me now, on reflexion, it does not seem to be hatred - of whatever type - that motivated those ideas, such a terrorist plan, of mine but rather a glorification of war, of strife; a belief in struggle, in 'the survival of the

fittest'; a naive desire to personally act based on idealistic notions of sacrifice and glory, of being part of a desperate struggle, a war, that began with Hitler and the NSDAP. Most of all, perhaps, there was the misguided feeling that 'our people' were under attack, threatened with slavery and then extinction, so that desperate, ruthless, measures were necessary to save them. A feeling that most certainly derived from the absolute conviction I then had that 'race' - one's idealized race - was the most important thing, so that this idealized, mythical, 'race' came before everything, and therefore (so the perverted reasoning went) what was moral was what aided and ensured the survival and prosperity of this 'race'.

As for practical consequences, then, I do not believe there were any, of significance, known to me. For I discovered little support for these ideas, this plan, probably for a quite simple reason, which was that the people in C88 disposed toward and trained for action preferred to concentrate on C88's stated aims and objectives: of being a practical bulwark in the event of a Soviet invasion or an internal Communist, extreme left-wing, revolution, and of slowly infiltrating National-Socialists into positions of influence within British society.

However, perhaps it was these ideas of mine, my enthusiasm for and rants about such action - to selected C88 people of course [2] - that later on resulted in a sort-of 'bomb making package' being produced by some of them (a package complete with several pairs of disposable surgical gloves), one of which packages was delivered to me, in Leeds, on my release from prison in 1976 but which I personally did not use given that shortly thereafter - for reasons outlined in *Myngath* - I, suffering from a loss of idealism, had a change of heart, and decided to become a monk in a Catholic monastery. A loss of idealism, a moral change, that would, however and unfortunately, not last that long.

Extracts from
Part Six: 1998-2002

Conversion to Islam

[...]
There was no sudden decision to convert to Islam. Rather, it was the culmination of a process that began a decade earlier with travels in the

Sahara Desert. During the decade before my conversion I regularly travelled abroad, with this travel including well-over a dozen visits to Egypt and a few visits to other lands where the majority of the population were Muslim.

Egypt, especially, enchanted me; and not because of the profundity of ancient monuments. Rather because of the people, their culture, and the land itself. How life, outside of Cairo, seemed to mostly cling to the Nile - small settlements, patches and strips of verdanity, beside the flowing water and hemmed in by dry desert. I loved the silence, the solitude, the heat, of the desert; the feeling of there being precariously balanced between life and death, dependant on carried water, food; the feeling of smallness, a minute and fragile speck of life; the vast panorama of sky. There was a purity there, human life in its essence, and it was so easy, so very easy, to feel in such a stark environment that there was, must be, a God, a Creator, who could decide if one lived or died.

Once, after a long trip into the Western Desert, I returned to Cairo to stay at some small quite run-down hotel: on one side, a Mosque, while not that far away on the other side was a night-club. A strange, quixotic, juxtaposition that seemed to capture something of the real modern Egypt. Of course, very early next morning the Adhaan from the mosque woke me. I did not mind. Indeed, I found it hauntingly beautiful and, strangely, not strange at all; as if it was some long-forgotten and happy memory, from childhood perhaps.

Once, I happened to be cycling from Cairo airport to the centre of the city as dawn broke, my route taking me past several Mosques. So timeless, so beautiful, the architecture, the minarets, framed by the rising sun...

Once, and many years before my conversion, I bought from a bookshop in Cairo a copy of the Quran containing the text in Arabic with a parallel English interpretation, and would occasionally read parts of it, and although I found several passages interesting, intriguing, I then had no desire, felt no need, to study Islam further. Similarly, the many friendly conversations I had with Egyptians during such travels - about their land, their culture, and occasionally about Islam - were for me just informative, only the interest of a curious outsider, and did not engender any desire to study such matters in detail.

However, all these experiences, of a decade and more, engendered in me a feeling which seemed to grow stronger year by year with every new trip. This was the feeling that somehow in some strange haunting way I belonged there, in such places, as part of such a culture. A feeling which caused me - some time after the tragic death of Sue (aged 39) from cancer in the early 1990's - to enrol on, and begin, an honours course in Arabic at a British

university [3].

Thus, suffice to say that a decade of such travel brought a feeling of familiarity and resonance with Egypt, its people, its culture, that land, and with the Islam that suffused it, so that when in the Summer of 1998 I seriously began to study Islam, to read Ahadith, Seerah, and the whole Quran, I had at least some context from practical experience. Furthermore, the more I studied Islam in England in those Summer months the more I felt, remembered, the sound of the beautiful Adhaan; remembered the desert - that ætherial purity, that sense of God, there; and remembered that haunting feeling of perhaps already belonging to such a culture, such a way of life.

Hence my conversion to Islam, then, in September of that year, seemed somehow fated, wyrdful.

Notes

[1] Honeytrap meaning 'something that is tempting' - as in the modern usage of honeypot - and also something covert to attract/entrap a particular type of person. That is, a type of 'sting' operation. Thus, State-sponsored espionage is not implied.

This new life later on included entering the noviciate of a Catholic monastery, and which monastic experience led me to reform myself, at least in respect of immoral and criminal activities and thus in respect of involvement with such immoral honeytraps. However, this reformation then did not last, for as recounted here in Part Four, I had occasion, during the 1980's, to renew my association not only with some old C88 comrades but also with the mentor of that Occult honeytrap when, after of lapse of many years, I became involved again in neo-nazi politics and revived my project of using clandestine recruitment for 'the cause'. By this time, that Occult group had developed some useful contacts, especially in the academic world, so some friendly co-operation between us was agreed; a co-operation which continued, sporadically, until just before my conversion to Islam in 1998.

This clandestine recruitment of mine was for a small National-Socialist cadre which went by a variety of names, beginning with 'G7' (soon abandoned), then *The White Wolves* (c. 1993), and finally the *Aryan Resistance Movement* aka Aryan Liberation Army [qv. Part Five for details].

However, while some of these Occult contacts were, given their professions, occasionally useful 'to the cause' and to 'our people', by 1997 I had come to the conclusion that the problems such association with Occultism and occultists caused far outweighed the subversive advantages; a conclusion which led me to re-write and re-issue a much earlier article of mine entitled *Occultism and National-Socialism*, and which revised article was subsequently published in the compilation *Cosmic Reich* by Renaissance Press of New Zealand. As I wrote in that article - "National-Socialism and Occultism are fundamentally, and irretrievably, incompatible and opposed to each other."

By the Summer of 1998 I had abandoned not only such co-operation and contacts with such Occult groups but also such clandestine recruitment on behalf of National-Socialism,

concentrating instead on my Reichsfolk group and my 'revised' non-racist version of National-Socialism which I called 'ethical National-Socialism'. Later still, following my conversion to Islam, I was to reject even this version of National-Socialism.

[2] I recall one occasion, early on, trying to discuss my ideas - the plan - with C88's organizer in his home while, at my suggestion, very loud military music was played, from a Hi-Fi system, in the hope that it might drown out any covert listening or recording devices. Since the reality was that we could not hear what the other person said, that particular silly ploy of mine was very quickly discontinued.

[3] I soon left that university however, for personal and practical reasons to do with a romantic involvement with a lady who lived hundreds of miles away.

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cc **David Myatt 2010-2012**

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Seven Interviews With A Modern Heretic

Preface

Introduction

Some Questions for David Myatt, July 2024

An Interview On A Summer Solstice Eve, 2024

A May Day Interview, 2024

An Uncertitude Of Knowing: Four Interviews, March 2022-March 2023

Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos

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Preface

Between March 2022 and July 2024 the modern heretic David Myatt gave seven interviews. Together these primary sources provide a reasonably detailed understanding of Myatt himself; of his individualistic and apolitical post-2011 philosophy of pathei-mathos; of his peregrinations as a political and religious extremist; and why he rejected extremism.

The Introduction, *An Anti-Establishment Heretic,* explains why he is considered a modern heretic.

* Introduction
* Some Questions for David Myatt, July 2024
* An Interview On A Summer Solstice Eve, 2024
* A May Day Interview, 2024
* An Uncertitude Of Knowing: Four Interviews, March 2022-March 2023
* Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos

The *An Uncertitude Of Knowing: Four Interviews* also includes the June 2022 text *Misunderstanding Denotata In Myatt's Philosophy Of Pathei-Mathos* which provides an overview of his philosophy, and Myatt's 2012 text *Analysing National Socialism* where he explains why his post-2011 philosophy is contrary to and incompatible with National Socialism.

The text *Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos: Impersonal Abstractions, The Modern World, And The Axioms Of Empathy And Pathei-Mathos* is by Myatt, published in 2024, in which he writes that

> "my contention is that my personal 'numinous way of pathei-mathos', or at least the foundations of that Way, which are personal empathy and pathei-mathos, could possibly be the basis for other individuals to develope their own numinous weltanschauung free from the influence of the manufactured impersonal causal abstractions that shaped the ancient world, some of which still influence the modern world, and the more recent impersonal causal abstractions which since the Second World War are prevalent and now authoritative in the modern world because supported by many if not most governments and Institutions in the Western world, and often now used by governments as the basis for criminal laws."

Introduction
An Anti-Establishment Heretic

Antinomianism

Antinomian, as used here, implies a passive rejection of the customs, the beliefs, the authority of the modern nation-State with its *idées fixes* which include the idea that the nation-State through its government, its institutions, and its laws is the ultimate authority and judge of what is 'right' and 'wrong', not the judgment of the individual, and which supra-personal authority can and should be enforced by the nation-State through a police force or a law-enforcement agency, through the Courts, and if necessary through its armed forces all of which operate through a hierarchical chain-of-command. This antinomianism is expressed, for example, by those who seek places where they or their family can live 'off-grid' or in a rural location; by those those who withdraw from society to live a more spiritual way of life; and in general by those who seek to live in a more harmonious way with Nature.

Myatt's antinomianism is expressed: (i) by his philosophy of pathei-mathos which in many ways is revolutionary with its individualism, its emphasis on empathy and personal honour, and its dissection of the causal abstractions, the denotata, and which abstractions {1} not only inform and now motivate the governments of the modern West but also, because of their embedded dialectic of opposites, perpetuate the cycle of suffering; {2} (ii) by what is arguably the new paganism that can be developed from Myatt's works; {3} and (iii) by his renaissance of the roots of Western culture which are Greco-Roman, Hellenistic, paganism and not the Hebraistic culture - based around the Old and New Testaments - which formed the basis for the Christianity that for over a thousand years dominated Western culture.

David Myatt's antinomian reputation, currently for a few and possibly in the future for a rational and scholarly minority, is in his philosophy of pathei-mathos; {4} in prose such as, to give just two examples, *One Tree Among Many* {5} and *Memories Of Manual Labour* {6}; in works such as *Classical Paganism And The Christian Ethos*, and *Tua Est Diaboli Ianua*; {7} and in his translations of and extensive commentaries on tractates of the Corpus Hermeticum. {8}

Overview

Myatt's philosophy, based as it is on empathy and personal honour, leads us away from the Judeo-Christian illusion of causal abstractions (a naming) and a dialectic of opposites based on such naming with the inevitable apocalyptic eschatology; with his philosophy presenting a modern and rational paganism based on Greco-Roman values.

His *Good, Evil, Honour, and God*, his 29 page monograph included in his book *Religion, Empathy, and Pathei-Mathos* {9} is a relevant example of his writings about his philosophy of pathei-mathos, and in which monograph he compares the ontologies of Christianity, Islam, and the modern nation-state with the ontology he proposes for his own philosophy.

For example, after discussing the ontologies of Christianity, Islam, and the modern nation-state, he presents in Parts Four and Five his argument in favour of a personal ontology deriving from pathei mathos, as well as presenting his conclusions regarding the need to lead a tolerant, compassionate, honourable, way of life.

Thus in Part Four he writes that the aim is:

> "to be in balance, in harmony, with Life; the balance that is love, compassion, humility, empathy, honour, tolerance, kindness, and wu-wei.
>
> This, by its nature, is a personal answer and a personal choice; an alternative way that compliments and is respectful of other answers, other choices, and of other ways of dealing with issues such as the suffering that afflicts others, the harm that humans do so often inflict and have for so long inflicted upon others […]
>
> [There is] no need for dogma or too many words; no need for comparisons; no 'just cause' to excuse our behaviour. No mechanisms and no techniques to enable us to progress toward some-thing because there is no need or requirement to progress toward what is not there to be attained. There is only a personal living in such a way that we try to be compassionate, empathic, loving, honourable, kind, tolerant, gentle, and humble. And this is essentially the wisdom, the insight, the way of living – sans denotatum – that thousands upon thousands of people over millennia have contributed to the culture of pathei-mathos, as well as the essence of the message which many if not all spiritual ways and religions, in their genesis, perhaps saught to reveal: the message of the health of love and of our need, as fallible beings often inclined toward the unbalance of hubris, for humility." {9}

Interestingly, and in reference to Christianity, in his *The Way Of Jesus of Nazareth: A Question Of Hermeneutics?* he writes that what he has found when translating the Gospel of John

> "is rather reminiscent of what individuals such as Julian of Norwich, George Fox, and William Penn wrote and

said about Jesus and the spiritual way that the Gospels in particular revealed.

> This is the way of humility, of forgiveness, of love, of a personal appreciation of the divine, of the numinous; and a spiritual, interior, way somewhat different from supra-personal moralistic interpretations based on inflexible notions of 'sin' and thus on what is considered 'good' and what is considered 'evil'. A difference evident in many passages from the Gospel of John." {10}

In Part Five of *Questions of Good, Evil, Honour, and God* he explains the origins of his philosophy:

> "Twenty years ago, someone whom I loved who loved me died, too young and having harmed no one. Died, leaving me bereft, if only for a while. For too soon my return to those hubriatic, selfish, suffering-causing, and extremist, ways of my pasts. As if, despite the grief, the pain of loss, I personally had learned nothing, except in such moments of such remembering that did not, unfortunately, impact too much upon my practicalities of life; at least until another bereavement, thirteen years later, came to shock, shake, betake me far from my arrogant presumptions about myself, about life, to thus lead, to so slowly lead, to me on a clear cold day yet again interiorly dwelling on what, if anything, is our human purpose of being here and why such bereavements, such early deaths, just seem so unjust, unfair."{9}

Another relevant example is his *In Reply To Some Questions* (2012) in which he explains in greater detail the intent of his writings about extremism and about his philosophy of πάθει μάθος – the 'numinous way' – and that those writings

> "have been written as expressions of my own feelings, experiences, and philosophical reflexions, with no particular audience in mind, save in many instance for a few personal friends. In effect, they document my interior struggles, my attempts to find solutions to certain philosophical problems, and my desire to understand the how and the why of my hubris, of my extremist decades, and thus to understand and acknowledge the mistakes of my past – to understand and acknowledge the suffering I caused – and understand the error of extremism itself […]
>
> What I hope to achieve by such writings is to communicate – or to attempt to communicate – some of my insights, some of my experiences, some of my solutions, and some of my conclusions, such as they are, and as personal and as fallible as they are, and dealing as they do with extremism, with an extremist life, and with the personal life of the hubriatic man I was […]
>
> My concern – and therefore that of the philosophy of πάθει μάθος – is with spiritual (numinous) and personal matters. With our own individual interior change and reformation; with the perspective and insight that empathy and pathei-mathos provide: which is of personal virtues such as compassion, love, humility, empathy, πάθει μάθος, honour, and wu-wei, and thus with treating human beings as individuals […]
>
> My writings over the past few years have been personal, 'mystical', and philosophical, with the latter documenting the development and refinement of my 'numinous way' culminating in my moral philosophy of pathei-mathos which is concerned with individuals and how individuals might discover and learn to appreciate ἁρμονίη and δίκη and so move toward wisdom. So, what I wanted – rather, what I felt compelled to do following a personal tragedy – was to try and understand myself, my suffering-causing past; to try and discover what undermined ἁρμονίη and δίκη, and what ὕβρις was and what it caused and why." {11}

A Modern Pagan Philosophy

One other reason why Myatt's mystical philosophy of pathei-mathos may be antinomian and unappreciated today is that his philosophy is, for many of those who have studied it, a modern pagan philosophy in the tradition of Greco-Roman philosophy.

In his 2019 autobiographical essay *An Indebtedness To Ancient Greek And Greco-Roman Culture* he explained that he uses some non-English terms mostly from Ancient Greek but occasionally from Latin,

> "in the hope that such terms would not only be able to convey my meaning better than some easily mis-understood English term but also might be assimilated into the English language as philosophical terms either in their transliterated English form or in their Greek and Latin form.
>
> Such terms might also reveal my indebtedness to Ancient Greek and Greco-Roman culture and how and why the philosophy of pathei-mathos is both a transition from mythoi and anthropomorphic deities (theos and theoi) to an appreciation of the numinous sans denotatum and sans religion and thus a return to individual insight and understanding over impersonal abstractions/ideations, over denotatum, and over religious and political dogma, with the Latin denotatum – used as an Anglicized term and which thus can be used to describe both singular and plural instances of denoting and naming – a useful example of my somewhat idiosyncratic methodology.
>
> Thus and for example I used and use σοφόν instead of σοφός when the sense implied is not the usual "skilled", or "learned" or "wise" but rather what lies beyond and what was/is the genesis of what is presenced in a person as skill, or learning, or wisdom. I used and use σωφρονεῖν in preference to σωφροσύνη (sophrosyne) to suggest a fair and balanced personal judgement rather than the fairly modern English interpretation of sophrosyne as soundness of mind, moderation." {12}

In that essay he asks then answers a rhetorical question about using such Greek and Anglicized terms:

> "Does my idiosyncratic use of Ancient Greek and Latin terms make this philosophy confusing, difficult to understand and difficult to appreciate? Perhaps. But since philosophia – φιλοσοφία – is, at least according to my fallible understanding, becoming a friend of σοφόν, and since such a personal friendship involves seeking to understand Being, beings, and Time, and since part of the ethos of the culture of the West – heir to Ancient Greek and Greco-Roman culture – is or at least was a personal and rational quest for understanding and knowledge, then perhaps some effort, as befits those of noble physis who appreciate and who may seek to presence καλὸς κἀγαθός, is only to be expected."

In his 2017 monograph *Classical Paganism And The Christian Ethos* he explains the context and meaning of the term καλὸς κἀγαθός, writing that

> "we are, ontologically, emanations of and presence Being, and are a connexion to the cosmos – to other presencings of Being – through, in terms of epistemology, not only reason (λόγος), perceiverance (νοῦς) and wordless-awareness (συμπάθεια, empathy) but also through τὸ ἀγαθὸν, τὸ καλὸν, and ἀρετὴ, through the beautiful and the well-balanced, the valourous and honourable, and those who possess arête, all of which are combined in one Greek phrase: καλὸς κἀγαθός, which means those who conduct themselves in a gentlemanly or lady-like manner and who thus manifest – because of their innate physis or through pathei-mathos or through a certain type of education or learning – nobility of character. Which Greek phrase expresses the ethics, the high personal standards, of the ancient paganus weltanschauung we have been discussing." {13}

In his *Classical Paganism And The Christian Ethos* and in his other 2017 monograph *Tu Es Diaboli Ianua* {14} he writes of the difference between classical paganism and revealed religions such as Christianity. That there is, in his view, a fundamental

> "difference between a religious apprehension of the numinous – based on received and venerated texts, on exegesis – and the paganus apprehension of the numinous as manifest in Greco-Roman culture, based as it is on an individual, and an intuitive, empathic and thus wordless, apprehension of the numinous." {15}

This "empathic apprehension of the numinous" is at the core of Myatt's philosophy of pathei-mathos. In his *Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos* he writes that empathy is a means by which we can

> "understand both φύσις and Πόλεμος, and thus apprehend Being as Being, and the nature of beings – and in particular the nature of our being, as mortals. For empathy reveals to us the acausality of Being and thus how the process of abstraction, involving as it does an imposition of causality and separation upon beings (and the ideation) implicit on opposites and dialectic, is a covering-up of Being." {16}

In Tu Es Diaboli Ianua, he writes that

> "Greco-Roman culture is inextricably bound to the culture of the West and formed the basis for the European Renaissance that emerged in the 14th century, one aspect of which was a widespread appreciation of classical Art, of classical literature, and of texts such as the Corpus Hermeticum."

Which why his translations of eight tractates of the Corpus Hermeticum, and of other Greek texts,

> "when studied together enable us to appreciate and understand the classical, pagan, ethos and thence the ethos of the West itself […] What Myatt does in his translations [of the Corpus Hermeticum] is paint a picture of classical – and of Hellenic – culture and especially of Hellenic mysticism; a culture and a mysticism which is pagan and based on individuals, on tangible things such as honesty, and not on moralistic and religious and impersonal abstractions. That is, he reveals the Greco-Roman ethos – the pagan ethos – underlying the hermetic texts and which is in contrast to that of Christianity with its later, medieval and Puritanical, impersonal moralizing." {17}

Which understanding of the ethos of the West, sans Christianity, the politically orientated individuals and organizations who are vociferous critics of Myatt most probably view as heresy, as evidence that Myatt's philosophy of pathei-mathos undermines the Judeo-Christian culture and tradition that still forms the basis of many Western nation-states, and evidence also of how Myatt's philosophy may aid those who champion a particular and pagan interpretation of Western culture.

As one commentator noted, Western culture is

> "exemplified according to Myatt by καλὸς κἀγαθός. That is, by those who "conduct themselves in a gentlemanly or lady-like manner and who thus manifest – because of their innate physis or through pathei-mathos or through a certain type of education or learning – nobility of character,"{17}

and which nobility of character is manifest in "the virtues of personal honour and manners." {18} As Myatt noted in his *Questions of Good, Evil, Honour, and God*,

> "My own and only fallible answer to the question of how to deal with the suffering that blights this world therefore seems to be the answer of a personal honour. That is, for each of us to gently try to carry that necessary harmony, that balance, of δίκη, wordlessly within; to thus restrain ourselves from causing harm while being able, prepared, in the immediacy of the moment, to personally, physically, restrain – prevent – others when we chance upon such harm being done. This, to me, is Life in its wholesome natural fullness – as

> lived, presenced, by the brief, mortal, consciously aware, emanations we are; mortal emanations capable of restraint, reason, culture, and reforming change; of learning from our pathei-mathos and that of others. My personal answer to personal questions, perplexion, and to grief and doubt. The answer which is to live in hope – even need – of a personal loyal love; to live with empathy, gentleness, humility, compassion, and yet with strength enough to do what should be done when, within the purvue of our personal space, we meet with one or many causing suffering and harm, no thought then for the fragility of our own mortal life or even for personal consequences beyond the ἁρμονίη we, in such honourable moments, are."{9}

In an essay written in September 2014 he explained that

> "personal honour – which presences the virtues of fairness, tolerance, compassion, humility, and εὐταξία – [is] (i) a natural intuitive (wordless) expression of the numinous ('the good', δίκη, συμπάθεια) and (ii) of both what the culture of pathei-mathos and the acausal-knowing of empathy reveal we should do (or incline us toward doing) in the immediacy of the personal moment when personally confronted by what is unfair, unjust, and extreme.
>
> Of how such honour – by its and our φύσις – is and can only ever be personal, and thus cannot be extracted out from the 'living moment' and our participation in the moment." {19}

According to Myatt's philosophy, empathy and personal honour {20} replace the Judeo-Christian illusion of causal abstractions (a naming) and a dialectic of opposites based on such naming with the inevitable apocalyptic eschatology which engenders a real-world struggle or a war between a posited and a supra-personal, abstract, 'good' and 'evil'.

Myatt's philosophy leads us away from such abstractions, back toward the pagan insight of Greeks such as Heraclitus:

> "Although this naming and expression [which I explain] exists, human beings tend to ignore it, both before and after they have become aware of it. Yet even though, regarding such naming and expression, I have revealed details of how Physis has been cleaved asunder, some human beings are inexperienced concerning it, fumbling about with words and deeds, just as other human beings, be they interested or just forgetful, are unaware of what they have done." {21}

In chapter three of his *The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos* Myatt provides not only the Greek text of two other fragments by or attributed to Heraclitus but also his own translations:

> "Polemos our genesis, governing us all to bring forth some gods, some mortal beings with some unfettered yet others kept bound." Fragment 53
>
> "All by genesis is appropriately apportioned [separated into portions] with beings bound together again by enantiodromia." Diogenes Laërtius, ix. 7.

In that chapter he writes that

> "Empathy also reveals why the assumption that abstracted, ideated, opposites apply to or should apply to living beings – and that they thus can supply us with knowledge and understanding of living being – disrupts the natural balance, resulting in a loss of ἁρμονίη [harmony] and συμπάθεια and is therefore a manifestation of the error of ὕβρις."

In place of such abstracted, ideated, Judeo-Christian conflicting opposites there is in both Greco-Roman paganism, and in Myatt's philosophy, Summum Bonum. As Myatt notes in his *Tu Es Diaboli Ianua*, quoting the Roman philosopher Seneca,

> "What is injurious to such a [pagan] harmonious balance is what is dishonourable, with τὸ ἀγαθὸν – Summum Bonum – thus understood as honestum, as what is honourable, noble: summum bonum est quod honestum est; et quod magis admireris: unum bonum est, quod honestum est, cetera falsa et adulterina bona sunt. Seneca, Ad Lucilium Epistulae Morales, LXXI, 4.
>
> > the greatest good is that which is honourable. Also – and you may wonder at this – only that which is honourable is good, with all other 'goods' simply false and deceitful.
>
> For honestum is how hubris can be avoided and balance maintained, and is the essence of καλὸς κἀγαθός which presences the numinous, the divine, in and among mortals." {14}

This rational pagan understanding is worlds away from the abstractions that dominate the modern nation-state and marks him as a modern heretic.

Rufus Malisius
2024
v.1.03

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{1} https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2024/08/04/developing-the-numinous-way-of-pathei-mathos/

{2} qv. Myatt's *Reflections On Conflict And Suffering,* https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/conflict-and-suffering-dwmyatt.pdf

{3} Refer to *Western Paganism And Hermeticism: Myatt And The Renaissance of Western Culture*, https://archive.org/download/myatt-and-paganism-v3b/myatt-and-paganism-v3b.pdf

{4} For an overview of Myatt's philosophy, see https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2021/09/myatt-philosophy-third-edition.pdf

{5} https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2023/06/06/one-tree-among-many/

{6} https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2022/10/dwm-memories-manual-labour.pdf

{7} (a) *Classical Paganism And The Christian Ethos*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/classical-paganism-v2-print.pdf (b) *Tua Est Diaboli Ianua*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/tua-es-diaboli-ianua.pdf

{8} *Corpus Hermeticum: Eight Tractates*, (a) Gratis pdf: https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/eight-tractates-v2-print.pdf (b) Printed version: ISBN 978-1976452369

{9} https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/religion-and-empathy.pdf

{10} https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2017/09/30/the-way-of-jesus-of-nazareth/

His translation of and extensive commentary on chapters 1-5 of the Gospel of John is available at https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/gospel-john-chapters1-5.pdf

{11} In Reply To Some Questions (2012), https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/questions-for-dwm-2012/

{12} https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2019/04/23/an-indebtedness-to-ancient-greek-and-greco-roman-culture/

{13} *Classical Paganism And The Christian Ethos*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/classical-paganism-v2-print.pdf

{14} *Tu Es Diaboli Ianua*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/tua-es-diaboli-ianua.pdf

{15} Tu Es Diaboli Ianua, op.cit.

{16} https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

{17} *Western Paganism And Hermeticism: Myatt And The Renaissance of Western Culture*, https://concerningmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2022/09/myatt-paganism.pdf

Myatt's translation of and commentary on tracts from the Corpus Hermeticum is available at https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/eight-tractates-v2-print.pdf

{18} See, for example the chapter *Honour In The Philosophy Of Pathei-Mathos* in *The Mystic Philosophy Of David Myatt*, op.cit.

{19} *The Way Of Pathei-Mathos – A Précis*. The essay is included in *One Vagabond In Exile From The Gods: Some Personal and Metaphysical Musings*. https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2015/08/dwmyatt-sarigthersa-v7.pdf

{20} In regard to the European – the Western – tradition of personal honour see, for example, William Segar, *Booke of Honor & Armes*, published in 1590. The book is available at https://books.google.com/books?id=LlI_AQAAMAAJ

{21} The translation of fragment 1 is by Myatt who in his *Questions of Good, Evil, Honour, and God* provides the Greek text:

> τοῦ δὲ λόγου τοῦδ᾽ ἐόντος ἀεὶ ἀξύνετοι γίνονται ἄνθρωποι καὶ πρόσθεν ἢ ἀκοῦσαι καὶ ἀκούσαντες τὸ πρῶτον· γινομένων γὰρ πάντων κατὰ τὸν λόγον τόνδε ἀπείροισιν ἐοίκασι, πειρώμενοι καὶ ἐπέων καὶ ἔργων τοιούτων, ὁκοίων ἐγὼ διηγεῦμαι κατὰ φύσιν διαιρέων ἕκαστον καὶ φράζων ὅκως ἔχει· τοὺς δὲ ἄλλους ἀνθρώπους λανθάνει ὁκόσα ἐγερθέντες ποιοῦσιν, ὅκωσπερ ὁκόσα εὕδοντες ἐπιλανθάνονται

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Some Questions for David Myatt
July 2024
T.C.D.

Ξ Ξ Ξ

What is the ethos of the Martial Art of Physis, what was the idea behind it and do you still view it as an applicable practice?

The ethos was implied in the term physis (φύσις) which I then understood not simply as the conventional English translations of 'Nature, or as the 'nature' or 'character' of a person, but rather in the Aristotelian sense of a 'meson' (μέσον) which is the balance, the median, existing between the being which-was and the being which-can-be, as in my later translation of his Metaphysics 9.1051a,

> ἐκ δὴ τῶν εἰρημένων ἡ πρώτη φύσις καὶ κυρίως λεγομένη ἐστὶν ἡ οὐσία ἡ τῶν ἐχόντων ἀρχὴν κινήσεως ἐν αὐτοῖς ᾗ αὐτά: ἡ γὰρ ὕλη τῷ ταύτης δεκτικὴ εἶναι λέγεται φύσις, καὶ αἱ γενέσεις καὶ τὸ φύεσθαι τῷ ἀπὸ ταύτης εἶναι κινήσεις. καὶ ἡ ἀρχὴ τῆς κινήσεως τῶν φύσει ὄντων αὕτη ἐστίν, ἐνυπάρχουσά πως ἢ δυνάμει ἢ ἐντελεχείᾳ.
>
> "Given the foregoing, then principally – and to be exact – physis denotes the quidditas of beings having changement inherent within them; for substantia has been denoted by physis because it embodies this, as have the becoming that is a coming-into-being, and a burgeoning, because they are changements predicated on it. For physis is inherent changement either manifesting the potentiality of a being or as what a being, complete of itself, is." [1]

That style of defence, for it was a style rather than an Art, was only demonstrated, rather than taught, to one person who went on to write about it and in the process somewhat divorced it from its source which was the Confucian 'Hsing' which I learned about while living in Singapore and which word, so I was informed, was also used by Taoists, with the Confucian sense suggesting to me what the Greek φύσις did.

Ξ Ξ Ξ

From my understanding you would have lived geographically close to the "Magick Shop" called The Sorcerer's Apprentice back in the 70's. Were you active in that scene, did you ever come into contact with Chris Bray, Austin Osman Spare, Peter J. Carroll, and/or Ray Sherwin, and if so, what was the discourse and atmosphere like?

No, I never visited that shop while living in Leeds nor met the individuals you mention. My contact with Mr Bray, such as it was, was by means of postal letters and formed part of what turned out to be a misguided and in hindsight a reprehensible attempt to form an 'underground' neo-nazi honeytrap. As I endeavoured to explain in my 2012 essay *A Matter Of Honour*, in response to claims made by Jacob Senholt,

> "Finally, the omitted facts and circumstances that do not support Senholt's claims and conclusions include: (1) My publicly stated admission, made in the 1990's in correspondence with Professor Kaplan and others - and publicly repeated by me many times in the past ten and more years - that my occult involvement, such as it was in the 1970's and later, was for the singular purpose of subversion and infiltration in the cause of National-Socialism, with part of this being to spread racist ideas and denial of the holocaust. Thus one such occult group I associated with was a honeytrap, and the whole intent was political, revolutionary, not occult and not to with 'satanism'. It was a matter of using, or trying to use, such occult groups for a specific neo-nazi purpose without any interest in or personal involvement with the occult..."

Not long after the formation of this honeytrap a good political friend of mine, who at the time was briefly associated with the National Front, took charge of the small group and in subsequent years would occasionally ask me for a favour, one of which was writing, in the early 1980s an article titled *Witch of the Welsh Marches* which was subsequently published in Mr Bray's *Lamp of Thoth* magazine with the title mistakenly corrected by him to 'Witch of the Welsh Marshes." I also sent to Mr Bray a 1970s article of mine titled *The Approach Of The Dark Gods* which, if my ageing memory is correct, was also published in that magazine.

The first article simply recounted my meeting with an elderly woman when I was living in Shropshire, with the second article similarly recounting old pagan traditions one person who had joined that honeytrap in the 1970s had spoken about.

I did mention doing a favour for that friend of mine in a 1998 taped interview, with an inquinatious person of the anti-fascist variety, [2] and refused to name this friend. A refusal because I had personally given that person my word of honour not to do so. A few years earlier I had mentioned this friend, again without naming him, in a letter dated 20 June 1996 to Professor Kaplan who wrote, in the book *Nation and Race: The Developing Euro-American Racist Subculture* published in 1998, that my "interaction with England's occult underground was undertaken in a clandestine effort to influence [some] to adopt National Socialist beliefs" and that my relationship with the occult is also based on personal friendship and an agreement to agree to disagree on many things.

Ξ Ξ Ξ

Was there any particularly important event that occurred for you and your associates in 1997?

Yes, it was the arrest of Charlie Sargent and Chris Castle and their subsequent conviction for murder. I had given Charlie and Steve Sargent a personal pledge of loyalty and so stayed loyal, accepting his version of events and believing not only that it was Browning who stole the missing money but also that Browning had betrayed the Cause by giving evidence in a Court of Law for the Prosecution. I had also been informed that Browning and his gang were the ones spreading malicious, unproven, rumours that Charlie was a Police informer whereas it was Browning himself who was co-operating with the Police; hence his turn as a witness for the Prosecution and the fanciful, scripted, tale he told in Court.

As I wrote at the time,

> "there was some feuding within C18 itself, with Browning challenging Charlie for the leadership and accusing him - on the basis of ZOG disinformation - of all sorts of things, such as stealing some funds. As for Charlie, he was convinced that Browning had stolen the missing C18 funds [...]
>
> Instead of doing the honourable thing - closing ranks against the State - Browning went to the Police and agreed to give evidence in a ZOG Court against Charlie. Since we all were supposed to regard the Police, the Courts and the whole system of so-called justice run by our government as our sworn enemies, this to me at least amounted to treachery of the worst kind, and so I challenged Browning, in public, to a duel. I did this not once, but twice." [3]

Apropos Browning, another inquinatious person of the anti-fascist variety, in his book, *Homeland: Into a World of Hate*, made several accusations about me without providing any evidence from primary sources, as well as published some rumours about me again without providing any evidence or providing my side of the story. For instance, he claimed that "when Myatt later falls out with Will Browning, he insists on a duel... I'm told he backed down when The Beast claims the right to use baseball bats as weapon."

The truth is that, impersonally through a contact (Kevin Watmough) and via e-mail, I learned that apparently Browning did suggest such a weapon, and in a reply to Watmough stated that the only weapons which could be honourably used were deadly weapons, such as swords or pistols. I included with my reply a copy of the Rules of Duelling, and re-affirmed my challenge to fight a duel using such deadly weapons. I received no reply from Watmough and was not contacted in any way by either Browning or any his supporters despite the fact that Browning and his gang knew where I lived, with my then wife and family in a detached house in a village near Malvern from which house I produced my *The National-Socialist* newsletter in support of the NSM and where I would be arrested, as part of Operation Periphery, by Special Branch officers based at Scotland Yard during a dawn raid in February 1998.

Ξ Ξ Ξ

Have you ever visited Test Valley, and if so, how did it make you feel?

Not that I recall. In fact, the only place in Hampshire I can recall visiting is Winchester, to stay with a comrade from Column 88 and to tour the Cathedral.

Ξ Ξ Ξ

What happened before the summer of 1998 that caused you to abandon everything you were working on and convert to Islam? Was it an international attempt to explore another culture for personal insight? What was that experience like for you? Did you take away any profound gnosis?

As I endeavoured to explain in a Summer 2022 interview,

> "In 1998 I turned away from National-Socialism to Islam because during a decade (1988-1998) of foreign travels the culture, the Muslims, of the Muslim lands - and especially of Egypt - slowly, almost imperceptibly, impressed me as did, and perhaps more so, travels alone in the Sahara Desert where I wordlessly felt intimations of Being, of The Acausal, of The-Unity, of The One-The Only (τὸ ἓν), of The Monas (μονάς) which 'acausal' Being Muslims called Allah and Christians called God." [4]

One of these journeys into the desert involved me in cycling from Cairo to the oasis of Daklah laden with fifteen litres of water in three plastic containers; one atop the rear rack and one each in the panniers on either side, sufficient according to my calculations to last until the first stop at Bahariya oasis, with the terrain *hammada*, flat rock-strewn, desert with some wind-blown sand, rather than archetypal sand-dunes. On that first and the subsequent stop at Farafra I encountered, during my brief overnight stays, the Adhan as I had in Cairo. But there, in those at the time still rather isolated places, hedged in by desert, the Adhan somehow seemed more relevant, more numinous, as if in some way it embodied those wordless intimations of Being, of θειότης, of divinity-presenced.

> "The numinous is θειότης, divinity-presenced, as in tractate XI v. 11 of the Corpus Hermeticum, θειότητα μίαν, and as in Plutarch, De Pythiae Oraculis, 407a, 398a-f. The numinous is essentially what is, or what manifests or can manifest or remind us of (what can reveal) that which is felt, experienced, or understood as

> sacred, numinal, sublime, divine, awe-inspiring, beautiful, and beyond our ability, as mortals, to control or meaningfully express through the medium of words. For Christians, it is considered to be God; for Muslims, Allah; for the Romans, divinitas; for others ancient and modern, it was and is considered to be expressible, or intimated, by mythoi and presenced in ὁ θεὸς, the deity, and/or by θεοί, the gods." [5]

I could not help contrasting this experience with my violent, propaganda-strewn, decades as a fanatical hateful National-Socialist, and it was such feelings, such experiences, such intimations, that culminated in me, on my return to Cairo, buying a copy of The Quran with Arabic text and an English translation, and, on my return to England, beginning to study Islam, followed by a visit to the nearest Mosque.

Ξ Ξ Ξ

In the article Witch of the Welsh Marches that you wrote for Lamp of Thoth you mention happening across a Cunning Woman with some interesting abilities. Could disclose more information on this event and the individual?

Having just re-read that old item perhaps the only relevant remembering is how she was accepted by the few local, rural-dwelling, people who knew her with the terms 'witch' and 'witchcraft' and 'cunning woman' never used by them in reference to her. My use of the terms 'witch' and 'cunning woman' were thus assumptions which I naively and wrongly applied to her.

Ξ Ξ Ξ

You are certainly a man that has a passionate interest in ancient mythology, but I'm curious what you know about the mythos of King Arthur?

While living in rural Shropshire from the late 1970s to the late 1980s I did hear some old folk tales about King Arthur and connections to that county and jotted some of them down, which scribblings I subsequently lost although I did send some of them to an artistic friend I made during the latter part of that period. The person in question apparently became so enamoured of rural South Shropshire, and such mythoi, that he subsequently settled, for a while at least, in that area.

One such tale recounted that Arthur was buried in a mound in what later became Shrewsbury town; that the Nyneve of Le Morte D’Arthur dwelt in a Shropshire lake; and that Arthur and his Knights fought a battle near the Camlad river.

Ξ Ξ Ξ

You have mentioned that cycling is the most civilised form of transport. Could you expand on your reasoning and how it plays into your ethos and philosophy?

An interesting question and such an expression seems to be that something I might have written although I cannot now recall when and in what particular missive among the thousands.

Certainly, musing on cycling mostly in Britain and often in rural areas from the late 1960s to past the year 2010, it felt and still feels very civilized to me involving some physical effort to produce motion, a direct connection with one's surroundings and with the weather of the moment; and producing no noise. There was a lovely feeling in the freedom to just being able to cycle somewhere. I also enjoyed the 'race of truth' - cycling time trials - at both local club level and those organized by what seemed to me the very British amateur-run Road Time Trials Council. Not that I ever won any club or RTTC time trials or even came close to winning. I also failed to break the hour for a 25 mile time trial although I twice was within a few minutes with the joke among my club being that I might have succeeded had I shaved off my beard. However, I did, one year, win my club's Best All Rounder trophy for the most consistent rider over a season.

The only connection I can make between such experiences and feelings, and my ethos (whatever that might be) and my philosophy, is pathei-mathos; a personal learning; of being in and with Nature through a certain physical effort, and of silently discovering new horizons as in cycling in the Sahara Desert and as in cycling English lanes, tracks, and roads as that almost year in the 1980s cycling every working day from Shrewsbury town to my place of rural employment near Bishop's Castle and then back again the same day and how, that Winter, the road was one day only kept open by a Snow Plough with several feet of ploughed snow lining the verges for over a week. Despite or possibly because of the effort - there was a steepish hill leading toward Bishop's Castle - and the cold there was a beauty breeding a calmness within.

Ξ Ξ Ξ

During your time in the north of England did you ever visit Stanton Moor, and if so, were there any memorable locations?

No, the nearest I ever was to that particular place was over a decade later while cycling in one day from Shropshire to

Fulwood near Sheffield via Buxton, Miller's Dale and Hathersage. An enjoyable if at times testing bicycle ride particularly as I had chosen to ride what cyclists of my era called a 'fixed wheel' cycle with a medium (42x16) gear, whose saving graces were the Mercian 531 frame and forks and a broken-in Brooks Professional leather saddle.

Which for some reason returns us to your question about cycling and whether it may be connected to my, as yet still - at least to me - unknown, ethos.

David Myatt
July 29th 2024

1. qv. Appendix Two, *Notes on Aristotle, Metaphysics*, Book 5, 1015α, in *Physis And Jesus Of Nazareth*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/dwmyatt-physis-and-jesus.pdf

2. Inquinatious because of the unproven allegations and assumptions made and propagated in the media, a few examples of which are that Myatt "lies through his teeth" - made to journalist Justin Ling in an item published in March 2022 - and that I am still a neo-nazi, with my philosophy of pathei-mathos and rejection of extremism a deception with such post-2011 writings thus not to be taken seriously. Thus he, and similar inquinatious persons of the anti-fascist variety, placed and place lies and propaganda on behalf of their beliefs before veracity, honour, and decency.

3. https://www.stormfront.org/forum/t45466/?postcount=1#post287751

4. Interview, Summer 2022, included in *An Uncertitude Of Knowing: Four Interviews*, 2023, ISBN 978-8394746575

5. *Empathy And Pathei-Mathos As A Guide*, in *Notes On War, Suffering, And Personal Judgement*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/dwmyatt-notes-war-suffering.pdf

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An Interview With David Myatt On A Summer Solstice Eve

RS: Three recent and connected articles {1} written in response to an academic article about you {2} raise several interesting questions, for example about Vindex as archetype, and especially, as described in the *Vindex, Homo Hubris, And Authenticity* article, about

> "how the ideas and mythos were developed, evolved, {by you] over many years away from severe ideological, impersonal, and moralistic generalizations toward an emphasis on personal change through an authentic, first-hand, appreciation of virtues such as reason, restraint, and an empathy with all living things wrought through a rural living,"

and what if anything is left of those ideas and that mythos in your philosophy of pathei-mathos, and if nothing of them remain then who not?

DM: The authors of those 'three connected articles' were correct regarding how I during my former extremist years understood the term 'authentic', as "original; of one who does something for themselves, or of the 'principle' one or thing or {of a] being." That is, not in the sense used by Clive Henry in his article about me.

Hence I formerly regarded 'race' then 'the folk' and then a type of rural community as authentic; latterly as causal manifestations of the numinous understood then, and I quote, as

> "Something is numinous if it has beauty and awe. Something which is divinely-inspired or divinely-representative is numinous. What is numinous is generally what is revered, or regarded as sacred - as spiritual or divine. Nature herself is numinous - a wonderful, awe-inspiring mystery. The numinous is an expression of the acausal - of the Unity behind causal, temporal, appearance." {3}

As for what is now left of those ideas and that mythos: absolutely nothing since in my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos the emphasis is on the individual, their empathy, their pathei-mathos, and therefore on the wordless-knowing that they reveal. Hence, what is authentic is that individual revealing and not some mythos, not some idea by someone else or by anything posited by some ideology, political or religious or social. As I wrote in 2022 in *Denotata, Empathy, And The Hermetic Tradition*:

> "as a personal human faculty empathy has a personal horizon and thus cannot be extrapolated from such a personal knowing into some-thing supra-personal be this some-thing denotata, including an ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος, or an axiom (ἀρχή) or a source (αἴτιος) for some 'revelation' or ideology or similar manifestations constructed by and dependent on appellation. In the case of a 'revelation' the source is often named as God or a god/the god (θεὸς, ὁ θεὸς) who or which are often described by a myth or mythoi." {4}

Furthermore, my disputable understanding now is that the numinous is

> "what manifests or can manifest or remind us of (what can reveal) the natural balance of ψυχή; a balance which ὕβρις upsets. This natural balance - our being as human beings - is or can be manifest to us in or by what is harmonious, or what reminds us of what is harmonious and beautiful. In a practical way, it is what predisposes us not to commit ὕβρις, and thus what we regard or come to appreciate as 'sacred' and dignified; what expresses our developed humanity and thus places us, as individuals, in our correct relation to ψυχή, and which relation is that we are but one mortal emanation of ψυχή." (5}

> "in terms of numinosity, empathy presents or can present to us in the immediacy of the personal moment an individual intimation or wordless knowing of the numinous, which intimation or knowing places our mortal life, and all we connect with it or is connected to it, into a supra-personal perspective which is a-causal and of Being itself, the source of beings and all being; of which Being we as a mortal are one finite deathful emanation. Which perspective brings with it or can bring with it the wordless knowing of the unwisdom of words." {6}

Thus, we can know the numinous wordlessly through personal empathy and through our personal pathei-mathos.

RS: Isn't that idealistic and not therefore realistic or applicable to most humans today around the world who are forced to struggle and endure suffering in order to just survive, or who live in poverty?

DM: Unfortunately, that is so. Personally, I have no answers to how to alleviate suffering, en masse, or how to alleviate poverty, en masse. Or how to solve the many other problems that exist in our modern world as they did in the past. All I have is my own fallible learning from experience which included forty years as an extremist who caused or who incited suffering.

But it is not enough, on the short time-scale of decades. Yet I nurture the probably naive hope that such a learning might influence a few people who personally and in the longer perspective might affect some change and thus be the genesis of something positive in regard to such suffering and such poverty.

My admittedly precarious understanding is that attempts by modern governments, well-intentioned as they may be, are or often seem to be offset by the suffering some of their other polices, internal and external, cause or have caused

based as those polices are on supra-personal abstractions, and sometimes also by the abrogation of policies by the government that succeeds them.

RS: Returning now to your extremist past, do you regret composing and publishing your National Socialist writings?

DM: Yes.

RS: That said, are you concerned they are still available?

DM: Yes, and No. No, because they document, for others, both my extremism and the extremism of a particular ideology, where by extremism I mean:

> "to be harsh, so that my understanding of an extremist is a person who tends toward harshness, or who is harsh, or who supports/incites harshness, in pursuit of some objective, usually of a political or a religious nature. Here, harsh is: rough, severe, a tendency to be unfeeling, unempathic. Hence extremism is considered to be: (i) the result of such harshness, and (ii) the principles, the causes, the characteristics, that promote, incite, or describe the harsh action of extremists. In addition, a fanatic is considered to be someone with a surfeit of zeal or whose enthusiasm for some objective, or for some cause, is intemperate. In the philosophical terms of my weltanschauung, an extremist is someone who commits the error of hubris." {7}

A further no, because they are a reminder of my past errors and fanaticism and of the need for a personal expiation. Part of which expiation I believe, correctly or mistakenly, is being honest about my past extremism and another part of which is, again correctly or mistakenly, my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos and my other, personal, writings since 2012 such as *Almost Mid-Summer*, {8} and *Pathei-Mathos: Genesis of My Unknowing*. {9}

Yes, I am concerned since others may be inspired and possibly were inspired by them; although I have the perhaps naive hope that my writings since 2012 may somewhat offset that.

RS: In some of those NS writings such as *Why We Must Return To The Land* you eulogized the English rural life and manual labour as in these two extracts from your *Letters From An English Farm* {10} which were quoted in the aforementioned *Vindex, Homo Hubris, And Authenticity* article:

> "Another warm beautiful Spring day in the English fields of the kind that reminds how wonderful and simple life can and should be: there seem to be no problems here, by this small stream, and I sit on the now longish, greening grass beside it beneath a sky of variegated blue with only the sounds of birds for company. No breeze to stir the trees of the overgrown copse behind.
>
> There, three yards away, a bare grass-free patch where animals have come to drink, leaving prints in the now dried mud: two deer, a fox. There is no human-made war here; no rockets, missiles, bombs; and I am left again to wonder with sadness why our species never learns. Once, many times, anger at such injustice would have roused me, all but controlled me, and I would have sallied forth to try and make things better. But now: now, I feel only the centuries of longing that have brought some of our species to that perspective, that compassion, that empathy that has grown within me as grass grows with each warming Spring. Such a gift, this soil." {10}
>
> "I have learned that one of the most harmful things is an ideology, of whatever kind, political, religious, social: a belief we have the answers, and that some law, some government, some abstract idea, some political or social policy, or religious belief, can and will change things for the better, even though - as it almost always does - such a thing involves some suffering, some deaths, some people being deprived of their liberty, their freedom, and some individuals using whatever arts of manipulation they can to convince others of the correctness of such a thing, which is always supra-personal, and as such always involves some people, or some government, having some dishonourable 'authority' over others, on pain of punishment.
>
> The simple way of reason, of restraint, of empathy with all living things, of symbiosis with Nature does involve us changing ourselves but such change involves only a free, conscious, individual, choice. Can we accept some of the hardships, the frugality, that such a life brings because we know that this is how we can and should live and that by so living we are not only not harming others, but aiding ourselves, our family, or locality, Nature and the Cosmos? All else seems, now, inauthentic, unnecessary, a turning away from the knowledge, the understanding, we have achieved - and especially a turning away from that empathy, that consciousness, that awareness of the matrix, of us as a connexion, a living nexus, which I have begun to feel is the essence of our humanity." {10}

My question is: does your philosophy of pathei-mathos retain anything of that idealism or personal experience?

DM: No it does not, which is perhaps remiss of me since such a rural way of life was instrumental in me re-connecting with Nature in a numinous way sans words, ideas, ideology and abstractions, and which re-connection placed my own life into a supra-personal perspective and began the process, before the death of Francis in 2006, of the re-evaluation of myself and of extremism that years later resulted in my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos.

So therefore I perhaps should write something about how an individual, or a family, can presence the numinous in a wordless way through such a rural living.

RS: Is that something you have hinted at in writings such as *One Tree Among Many* and *The Hour Before Dawn*, and *It Is Dawn* which I have collected here as Appendix I?

DM: Yes, hinted at, so perhaps such very personal experiences are all that needs to be written, for to write anything else, more than briefly recounting such personal experiences, now seems to me just waffling and making unnecessary supra-personal generalizations.

RS: You have written many recent items about Christianity, such as *JS Bach: BWV 118* {11} which apparently indicate a sympathy with that religion, or more particularly with Roman Catholicism - and I'm thinking of your items such as *A Sacramental Link?*, {12} and about TS Eliot, {13} and your vignette *Yuletide 2023* {14} - so would it be right to say that you're now a Christian, again?

DM: Although I respect many aspects of that weltanschauung and especially how Roman Catholicism presenced and in some way still presences the numinous - as in pre-Gregorian chant and Gregorian chant such as that of Hildegard von Bingen; as in the mysterium that is Latin Tridentine Mass and the sacrament of Confession; and as in the allegory of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, the message of The Beatitudes as I, possibly heretically, have translated them, {15} and as in his betrayal, his the suffering death - my feeling (and as often I use that word advisedly) is that I am now only my, possibly somewhat paganus, personal weltanschauung of pathei-mathos.

In *The Johannine Weltanschauung* {16} written this year I expressed my concerns, past and present, regarding the acceptance by Christians of the Old Testament and of the interpretation of particular Hellenistic (κοινὴ) Greek words in translations of the New Testament. Which is why I would not now describe myself as a Christian.

RS: In 2020, and during the Covid 'lock-down' in Britain, you wrote: "Is this understanding – this intuition – the essence of a modern paganism? Personally I believe that it is." {17} Is that still valid?

DM: Yes, although, since we are mortal fallible beings, one never knows what events and experiences may occur to be the genesis of some future inner change.

The interview was conducted, via the medium of e-mail, on the eve of the Summer Solstice of 2024 CE, by RS who compiled the exchanges into the text that was converted to a pdf document; who also corrected some typos, added some punctuation for readability, and provided URL's for some of the references mentioned in the exchanges.

°°°

URL's correct as of June 2024

{1} The three articles are:

(i) *Vindex, Homo Hubris, And Authenticity In The National Socialist Writings Of David Myatt*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/davidmyatt-vindex-homo-hubris.pdf
(ii) the two-part *The Imagined Emotionology Of Mr Henry*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/imagined-motionology-dmyatt-parts1-and-2.pdf

{2} The academic article is *David Myatt's Imagined Emotionology, his Striving for Authentic Aryan Emotional Communities, and the Dishonourable Wulstan Tedder*, by Clive Henry, https://doi.org/10.1080/14631180.2024.2319484

{3} Appendix II of the third edition of *The Meaning of National-Socialism,* 115yf {2004] in respect of which date qv. footnotes {1} and {2} of *Vindex, Homo Hubris, And Authenticity*, op. cit.

{4} *Denotata, Empathy, And The Hermetic Tradition*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/03/dwm-denotata-empathy-v1b.pdf

{5} Appendix VII of The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

{6} *Empathy, The Hermetic Tradition, And Our Human Physis*, in *Denotata, Empathy, And The Hermetic Tradition*, op. cit.

{7} *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/david-myatt-rejecting-extremism.pdf

{8} *Almost Mid-Summer*, https://web.archive.org/web/20230606194010/https://www.davidmyatt.info/almost-midsummer.html

{9} *Pathei-Mathos: Genesis of My Unknowing*, Appendix II of *Extremism And Reformation*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/09/reformation-extremism-v3b.pdf

{10} *Letters From An English Farm*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/05/davidmyatt-farm-letters.pdf

{11} *JS Bach: BWV118*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/01/dwmyatt-bwv118.pdf

{12} *A Sacramental Link*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2023/10/sacremental-link-1.pdf

{13} *Poetry, Weltschmerz, And A learning From Experience*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/04/dwm-one-discovery.pdf

{14} *Yule 2023*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/01/dm-2023-yule.pdf

{15} *Gospel According To Matthew, Chapter Five, vv.1–10, A Translation And Commentary*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2018/03/the-beatitudes-v1.pdf

{16} *The Johannine Weltanschauung*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/03/dwmyatt-johannine-gospel.pdf

{17} qv. *In Middle Of The Month Of April* in Appendix I.

Appendix I

It Is Dawn

It is Dawn, breaking, in June in England as I, now an old man with three feet to guide him on his walks, {1] look out from an open window to hear the Blackbird beginning its song when the modern clock-time is around four o’clock in the morning. A song whose beginning varies as measured by such a modern human-manufactured time but whose genesis is the natural, unmeasured, rhythm of Nature. For only a month or so it was a clock-measured hour later at five o’clock.

The Dawn, here in a county of England, is a natural Dawn, when we remaining few, now or in memory, go or used to go out in all weathers, to contain the milk that our Cows, on farms, produced and which milk so many consumers in towns and cities still seemed to need or enjoy.

There was, or seemed and even now seems to me to be, a natural rhythm there, in such personal manual outdoor toil. A somewhat calmer and slower way of living that apparently has no or little place in the modern world that has evolved around us. But perhaps this is just nostalgia from a now geriatric man remembering former joys, which though sometimes forged in trying times, became for him at least the genesis of a supra-personal perspective.

David Myatt
June 15th 2024

{1] Who with "his foliage drying up and no stronger than a child, with three feet to guide him on his travels, wanders – appearing a shadow in the light of day." τό θ᾽ ὑπέργηρων φυλλάδος ἤδη κατακαρφομένης τρίποδας μὲν ὁδοὺς στείχει, παιδὸς δ᾽ οὐδὲν ἀρείων ὄναρ ἡμερόφαντον ἀλαίνει. Aeschylus, Agamemnon, 79-82. My translation.

One Tree Among Many

Beside the stone wall that marks one of the boundaries of what has for several years been my home is an evergreen Oak; almost a dome of spreading branches and so tall it might well be an hundred or so years in age. The tallest tree around from near where several other and various and tallish specimens of arboreal life provide perches for those whose Dawn Chorus becomes, was, is, a hymnal to such natural Life as has for centuries pleased us.

Two months ago, the Oak was sad; with leaves dry and dying and infested. But now, as clouds break to reveal sky-blue, bringer of early Summer warmth: the tree has that light green of leaf rebirth, and catkins heralds of acorns an English season hence. So there is joy within as this aged man "his foliage drying up and no stronger than a child, with three feet to guide him on his travels, wanders – appearing a shadow in the light of day." {1]

Would that he might hear one more Dawn Chorus to so remember those, these, simple natural beauties of life which he as so many others so easily forgot enwrapped as he, they, were in believed in, in felt, selfish concerns which all will, must, die with us while the Sun again warms each year as it warms and life-sprouting rain seeds rebirth without any interference from us at all.

So I sit, windows of sky and trees to enlighten again my life, listening to a heartbreaking, suspended moment in my

measured out so very limited timespan of causal life: the 12th century Cistercian *Répons de Matines pour la fête de sant Bernard*.

DW Myatt
6th June 2023

{1] τό θ᾽ ὑπέργηρων φυλλάδος ἤδη κατακαρφομένης τρίποδας μὲν ὁδοὺς στείχει, παιδὸς δ᾽ οὐδὲν ἀρείων ὄναρ ἡμερόφαντον ἀλαίνει. Aeschylus, Agamemnon, 79-82. My translation.

The Hour Before Dawn

It is the hour before Dawn on the Spring Equinox, dark outside, with the Blackbird in the tree at the edge of the garden already singing. No other sounds, as yet, and there arises within me questions I have felt several times in the past few years.

Which are: is what we in a land such as this – a modern Western land such as England as Spring dawns even within, upon, urban conurbations – have acquired, developed, manufactured over the past few hundred years worth the suffering that has been inflicted upon other human beings, upon our forebears, and upon Nature? Is that suffering the price of such societies as we have developed and now seek to maintain?

Numerous overseas conflicts; two World Wars with millions upon millions dead, injured, traumatized, and cities, towns, Nature, destroyed. Numerous invasions and wars since then. Poverty, homelessness, injustice, inequality, crime, still within our lands. Has anything in terms of our humanity, of we being self-controlled, rational, honest and honourable – of ourselves as causes and vectors of suffering – really changed?

It is not as if I am exempt from having caused suffering. My past decades long suffering-causing deeds are my burden and will be until I die.

My personal, fallible, answers born of my pathei-mathos, is that unfortunately we as individuals have not as yet *en masse* changed sufficiently so as to cease to be a cause and a vector of suffering. Tethered as we still apparently are to causal abstractions, to -isms and -ologies, and thus to denotata and the dialectic of opposites, to the conflict that such denotata is the genesis of.

Perhaps we need another hundred, two hundred, or more years. Our perhaps we will continue, *en masse*, are we mostly now are, the eventual extinction of our sometimes stable causal societies of human beings acausally inevitable, fated; until the planet we call Earth finally meets its Cosmic end as all planets do, with we human beings never making real the visionary dream of a few to venture forth and colonize the stars. And even if we did somehow realize that dream, would we venture forth as the still savage, dishonourable, war-mongering species we still are?

Yet all I have in answer, in expiation for my own past suffering-causing deeds, is my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos; {1] so insufficient in so many ways.

David Myatt
March 2023 CE

{1] The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

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In Middle Of The Month Of April

In the now still warm air of an approaching English dusk, in middle of the month of April, I can hear the birdsong of a Thrush while I sit, outdoors, near a blossoming Cherry tree.

Nearby, the garden of an Inn – a Tavern, a Pub – is eerily silent because deserted. At this time of year there should be, there was for decades, the laughter, the bustling, the joy, of human beings.

Such human silence is, for me, unprecedented. Making me aware of how transient we as a terran species are on this planet we have named as Earth. Were we all to die – from some future pandemic or other – would Nature, presenced in such life as birds and trees, endure? Possibly. Probably.

Were we as a species to survive some future pandemic or other would we humans as a species learn from such a pathei-mathos and change our Nature-destroying, our unemphatic, ways? Are we capable of learning from such a pandemic as currently affects our human species?

Somehow, I doubt that we in our majority would – or even could – change our ways. Yet – and at least in my experience – there is a minority who would, who could, learn, and an even smaller minority, a pioneering few, who already if only intuitively foresaw such a Nature-born human calamity as now affects us, our societies. Foresaw, and changed their ways of life accordingly.

Perhaps, as I myself intuitively feel – listening as I now do in the burgeoning twilight to the birdsong of a Thrush near a blossoming Cherry tree – those pioneering few are or should be our future. For they are those who, with families or alone, mostly live, often in rural or wilderness areas, "off grid" and thus disconnected from modern means of communication and striving to be self-sufficient in terms of food and other essentials.

For such pioneering few there are no ideologies; no politics; no interfering desire – political or religious – to change what-is into what others passionately believe should-be. Instead, there is only their family or an individual desire to live in a more natural, a more intuitive, way with Nature, with the Cosmos. Only an awareness of how we – as individuals, as a family – are a nexion to Nature, to Earth, to the Cosmos and thus an awareness of how what we do or we do not do affects or can affect Nature, Earth, the Cosmos.

Is this understanding – this intuition – the essence of a modern paganism? Personally I believe that it is.

David Myatt
April 2020

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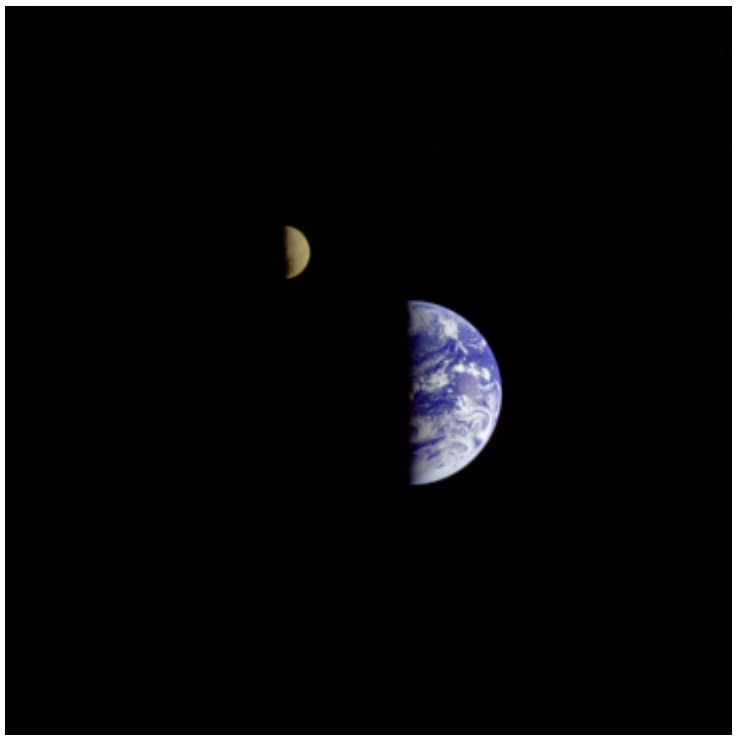
A May Day Interview With David Myatt
2024



Question: Based on your wrydful life [1] how would you now describe our human condition?

Answer: Forty years of personal and practical experiences in the real world led me to conclude that we as a species do not seem to have learned from what I have termed our thousands of years old human culture of pathei-mathos which:
(i) is described in memoirs, aural stories, and historical accounts such as *With The Old Breed: At Peleliu and Okinawa* by Eugene Sledge;
(ii) has inspired particular works of literature or poetry or drama, e.g. Σοφοκλέους Οἰδίπους Τύραννος;
(iii) is expressed via non-verbal mediums such as Art and music, e.g. John Dunstable: Preco preheminencie; and
(iv) is manifest in more recent times by 'art-forms' including certain films and certain documentaries such as *Monsieur Lazhar* and *Salt Of The Earth* by Juliano Ribeiro Salgado.

However, even now, in what is the 21st century of a certain calender, politicians and others continue to try and justify war and supra-personal armed conflict in the name of this or that manufactured causal abstraction, where there is always 'the-other' and 'we, the justified, the righteous', as is so evident in the current conflicts between Ukraine and Russia and what has happened and is happening in Gaza in which conflicts America and most NATO countries support and arm one side against the other. Which conflicts are just two current examples among so many around the world.

Moving on from such generalizations, a relevant real-life personal example is the 2008 case of Brianna Denison in Reno Nevada, with the coward responsible, rightly - in my opinion, based on my belief in personal honour [2] - sentenced to death, using the legal system to keep himself alive for over a decade. Furthermore, and insofar as I know, such personal violence happens almost every day in almost every land, in every designated modern nation, on planet Earth. Hence my assessment, in the 2023 missive *Nearly A Decade Ago* [3] that an observing alien from an extraterrestrial world would conclude that we are an aggressive, still rather primitive and very violent, species best avoided until such time as we might outwardly demonstrate otherwise".

In addition, as I wrote in that missive, "I was and am painfully aware of my own, decades-long, past of violence, extremism, conflict, intolerance, hatred, incitement, and selfishness," asking "whether my own fallible learning from experience and attempt at expiation, as manifest in my individualistic weltanschauung of pathei-mathos" has any meaning or relevance external to myself. [4]

It does not seem so, with even the answers of long-established religions and ways of life, such as Christianity, Buddhism, and Taoism, while having helped over millennia to reduce suffering through individual awareness of the numinous not having prevented individuals and nations from perpetuating, year after year, decade after decade, the cycle of human-inflicted suffering.

Why not prevented? Partly because of the vexatious problem of exegesis since all politics and most established religions and religious ways of life depend on denotata and thus on causal abstractions and on how such denotata are interpreted. Which interpretations can and do vary from political faction to political faction, from one political party to another, from one manifesto to another. While in the matter of religion, on interpretation of texts from decade to decade, from century to century, and which variations and disputations often led to conflict, schisms, persecution, and accusations of heresy as "in the case of the Alexandrian priest Arius (born c.250, died 336 AD) who voiced an interpretation of the difference between the denotatum θεὸς and the denotatum ὁ θεὸς in, for instance the Gospel of John, leading to that interpretation being denounced as heretical." [5]

Q: How, then, do you understand our future?

A: As a necessary and personal disengagement from denotata, from causal abstractions and from exegesis, to the very

personal perceiveration that empathy provides. For,

> "The numinous way - the philosophy - of pathei-mathos is based on four principles: (i) that it is empathy and pathei-mathos which can wordlessly reveal the ontological reality both of our own physis and of how we, as sentient beings, relate to other living beings and to Being itself; (ii) that it is [denotata] – and thus the abstractions deriving therefrom – which, in respect of human beings, can and often do obscure our physis and our relation to other living beings and to Being; (iii) that [denotata] and abstractions imply a dialectic of contradictory opposites and thus for we human beings a separation-of-otherness; and (iv) that this dialectic of opposites is, has been, and can be a cause of suffering for both ourselves, as sentient beings, and – as a causal human presenced effect – for the other life with which we share the planet named in English as Earth." [6]

Which disengagement will probably be very slow and over centuries, if it occurs at all on the scale necessary to reform, evolve, our human physis. For such disengagement is the lesson of our thousands of year old human culture of pathei-mathos.

For the learning has been and is that empathy and pathei-mathos are always directly personal perceiverations and experiences, and thus have a 'personal horizon' meaning that they cannot be extrapolated from such a personal knowing into some-thing supra-personal be this some-thing denotata, including an ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος, or an axiom (ἀρχή) or a source (αἴτιος) for some 'revelation' or ideology or similar manifestations constructed by and dependent on appellation.

But it seems that our current societies, at least in the West, incline so many from necessity or personal choice to not have the time, the means, the inclination to disengage from the temporal modern world to thus either spend months alone or with a loved one or with their family in some wilderness or remote rural area for weeks, months, on end, or to begin a new life in such areas.

Q: So you are pessimistic about the future?

A: I am neither pessimistic nor optimistic. It is what it is and what it may well be. As TS Eliot beautifully expressed it in his Ash Wednesday poem:

> Because I know that time is always time
> And place is always and only place
> And what is actual is actual only for one time
> And only for one place
> I rejoice that things are as they are and
> I renounce the blessed face
> And renounce the voice
> Because I cannot hope to turn again
> Consequently I rejoice, having to construct something
> Upon which to rejoice
> And pray to God to have mercy upon us
> And pray that I may forget
> These matters that with myself I too much discuss
> Too much explain
> Because I do not hope to turn again
> Let these words answer
> For what is done, not to be done again
> May the judgement not be too heavy upon us

For me, now, that 'God' of his and of others is Being, ὁ θεὸς, The Ineffable, The Unknowing and Unknowable, The Acausal, The-Unity, The One-The Only (τὸ ἓν), The Monas (μονάς) and which 'acausal' Being Muslims called Allah and Christians called God.

This Being is also, as described in the Corpus Hermeticum, both male-and-female:

> Theos, the perceiveration, male-and-female [ἀρρενόθηλυς] being Life and phaos, whose logos brought forth another perceiveration, an artisan, who - theos of Fire and pnuema - fashioned seven viziers to surround the perceptible cosmic order in spheres and whose administration is described as fate.
>
> ὁ δὲ Νοῦς ὁ θεός, ἀρρενόθηλυς ὤν, ζωὴ καὶ φῶς ὑπάρχων, ἀπεκύησε λόγωι ἕτερον Νοῦν δημιουργόν, ὃς θεὸς τοῦ πυρὸς καὶ πνεύματος ὤν, ἐδημιούργησε διοικητάς τινας ἑπτά, ἐν κύκλοις περιέχοντας τὸν αἰσθητὸν κόσμον, καὶ ἡ διοίκησις αὐτῶν εἱμαρμένη καλεῖται. [7]

Q: What then do you understand by 'pray' since TS Eliot's phrase

> And pray that I may forget
> These matters that with myself I too much discuss

seems appropriate to describe what you wrote in 2014:

> "My writings, post-2011, were and are really dialogues: interiorly with myself and externally with a few friends or the occasional person who has contacted me and expressed an interest." [8]

A: I understand prayer now in a contemplative way, sans words spoken aloud or unvoiced or read. Through, for instance, a listening to such music as provides a personal awareness of the numinous as for me in the 12th century Cistercian *Répons de Matines pour la fête de sant Bernard;* [9] in Dunstable's Preco preheminencie, in the Super Flumina Babylonis of Phillipe de Monte, in JS Bach's Aria Ich habe genug BWV 82, and many other pieces of 'classical' music.

But especially and primarily in a contemplation of Nature through for instance solitary silent manual outdoor work where there is a wordless awareness; or where one, again alone, is still and silent, and senses, feels, one's rural surroundings in a manner I attempted to describe in some letters I once wrote from which letters these are two extracts:

> "There is a lovely, simple, pleasure here in this field. Spring is most certainly here: in the meadow fields, seedlings of the late Spring flowers push up through the tufts of grass whose frost-bitten ends are joined by shoots of new growth. Already some flowers bloom in the grass: there, a Dandelion; there: almost two circles of Daisies. And, to compliment the calls and songs of other birds, the loud repeating call of the Parus major.
>
> It is good to be here, with an unobstructed view of the sky, and I watch the clouds, borne as they are on a still cool breeze that begins to chill my hands, a little. But there is Sun, warm, when the altocumulus breaks. On the horizon in the North, beyond the tall old Oak, small Cumulus clouds drift toward the hills, ten miles distant.
>
> Thus am I again - for these moments - at peace with myself, this world, listening as I do to a large flock of Starlings who chatter among themselves in the trees across from the drainage ditch, there by the copse of Ash, Oak, and a few young Beech [...]
>
> Work, yes there must be work: toil enough to keep that balance. And work with these my hands, outdoors where lives the silence that I love as I feel the weather, changing, bringing thus an empathic living for me, in me, and for this life that lives around, emanating as it does in this grass, those trees, the clouds, the soil, the water, those flowers, the very sky itself." [10]
>
> "A glorious warm day of full, hot, Sun and I after work lying in the warm still growing greening grass by the edge of one field at the back of the Farm - sometimes asleep - for what is probably an hour [...]
>
> Beneath and around the old tall Oak, acorns have fallen, eaten or stored, or both, by Squirrels, for I can find and see only the top which once held them on the tree. The small pond with its incumbent still living branches, is smaller, greener now, home to algae and slime, and the large Dragonfly hovers above the greenish water, to fly around to return to hover. A fly - or something, for I cannot quite see from here - passes it by and the Dragonfly darts around, chasing it away from the water. It is a chase, for I see this happen twice, three times. Then the Dragonfly is gone, toward the bushes, the branches. In the field, a single tall Cornflower amid the yellow buttercups, the purple Clover, the Vetchling and Hawksbeard. Field-walking, I can see the Church in the two-mile distant village whose bell I can hear, here, come Sunday morning. And now, at last, I am here in the neglected one-acre strip whose fruit-giving, flowering hedges have been untrimmed for years [...]
>
> I have no land, no field or fields, to call my own where I can tend and care as life, field-grown, field-sown, field-fare, should be tended with care born from dwelling, feeling, there. I only work, toiling, for another, to keep me fed, housed, clothed, tired and, sometimes, content, as now where two small brown butterflies spiral and dance around the greening growing grass where I have sat to sit crossed legged writing this, chewing on a sweet stalk of grass. So warm the Sun I can forget what should-be in the what-is of warmth: in the gentle music of leaves, breeze-brought. A few small cumulus clouds drift West to East over the nearby wooded hill, and I know, sense, feel, that here in this field, under this Sun, is Paradise." [10]

Q: But what then can be done for others in your land and in other lands to make their lives better?

A: My fallible conclusion now is that it can only be individual, through personal example, personal honour, and/or by what we feel we can or perhaps need to express by adding to our human culture of pathei-mathos through some medium such as poetry, music, Art, autobiographical writings, drama, scholarly research, and so on.

Q: Finally, in an interview in August of 2022 you were asked the following question: "[since] your many vociferous politically motivated opponents have not accepted that you have rejected extremism with many still considering you a neo-nazi. Does that bother you?"

To which you replied:

> "No. For judging by their deeds and words they live in a different world from the one I now inhabit or rather that I now perceive. My perceiveration is a very local and personal one; of my locality, of Nature and its local emanations; of my relatives and friends and my interactions with and concern for them. That other world beyond - or should that be those other worlds beyond - this local personal world no longer concern me given

my plenitude of past mistakes, my past hubriatic suffering-causing interference, and my recently discovered Uncertitude Of Knowing.

They, those opponents, in comparison seem to have that Certitude Of Knowing that I for many decades had, breeding as it did and does prejudice, intolerance, hatred, and discouraging as it did and does empathy, forgiveness, and a personal Uncertitude Of Knowing." [11]

My question now is whether you have anything to add.

A: Only that, and to paraphrase what someone wrote in March 2024, it does not surprise me how many individuals in our modern world:

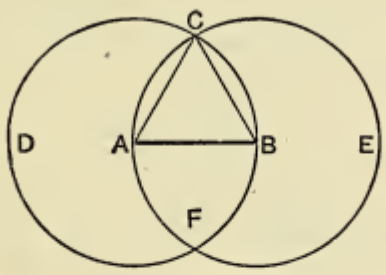
§ seem to lack the ability to use logical reasoning when writing about or discussing a subject;
§ do not research a subject for themselves using scholarly methodology and primary sources;
§ commit fallacies of reasoning such as appeal to authority and ad populum;
§ use an Internet resource such as 'wikipedia' as a source of information about a subject even though it is a tertiary source and thus is based on interpretive secondary sources. [12]

Perhaps if they had received in their youth a 'classical education', a learning of Ancient Greek, Latin, and a study of works such as *Hermeneutica Analytica Elenctica* and Euclid's Στοιχεῖα, they would not commit such errors. Personally, I well remember the joy I had as a schoolboy in reading the set text *The Elements of Euclid For The Use of Schools and Colleges*, and in solving the geometrical problems we were given based on that text.

PROPOSITION 1. PROBLEM.

To describe an equilateral triangle on a given finite straight line.

Let AB be the given straight line:
it is required to describe an equilateral triangle on AB.



Construction. With centre A and radius AB, describe the circle BCD. [*Postulate* 3.
With centre B and radius BA, describe the circle ACE. [*Postulate* 3.
From the point C, at which the circles cut one another, draw the straight lines CA and CB. [*Postulate* 1.
ABC shall be an equilateral triangle.

Proof. Because A is the centre of the circle BCD,
AC is equal to AB. [*Definition* 15.
Also because B is the centre of the circle ACE,
BC is equal to BA. [*Definition* 15.
But it has been shewn that CA is equal to AB;
therefore CA and CB are each of them equal to AB.
But things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another; [*Axiom* 1.
therefore CA is equal to CB.
Therefore CA, AB, BC are equal to one another.
Wherefore *the triangle* ABC *is equilateral,* [*Definition* 23.
and it is described on the given straight line AB. [Q. E. F.

°°°

v. 1. 04. The interview was conducted via the medium of e-mail by Rachael Stirling and has been slightly edited for publication.

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[1] The 46-page monograph *The Peregrinations Of David Myatt: National Socialist Ideologist* provides an overview. https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2021/12/11/a-national-socialist-ideologue/

[2] An extract from *Honour, The Numinous Balance* is included in Appendix I.

[3] Included as Appendix II.

[4] Note by DM: Personally, I have a great respect for other religions and spiritual ways, and aware of how they each in their own manner, express, have expressed, or are intimations of, the numinous. For instance, I have come to

appreciate, more and more over the past few years, the numinosity of the sacred music of the Christian Church (especially Catholicism), from before Gregorian chant to Gregorian chant to composers such as Byrd, Dowland, Lassus, to Palestrina, to Phillipe de Monte, and beyond.

Thus such sacred music has become, for me, redolent of the beautiful, of humility, of tragedy, of a sacred supra-personal joy, of what is or can be divined through contemplative prayer. A remarkable treasure of culture, of pathei-mathos.

[5] *Exegesis And Pathei-Mathos*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2023/10/exegesis-pathei-mathos-v1.pdf

[6] *Physis And Being* in *The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos,* https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

[7] Poemandres, v.9; qv. *A Note On The Term Noesis In Tractate XIII*, included in *Hermetica And Alchemy*, https://perceiverations.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/05/hermetica-alchemy-dwmyatt.pdf

[8] *Some Questions For DWM 2014*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/12/dwm-2014-questions.pdf

[9] qv. *One Tree Among Many*, included as Appendix IV.

[10] *Letters From A Farm*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/05/dwmyatt-farm-letters.pdf

[11] The interview is included in *An Uncertitude Of Knowing: Four Interviews*, ISBN 9798394746574

[12] *Some Signs Of Our Era*, https://archive.org/download/signs-of-modern-era/signs-of-modern-era.pdf

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Image Credit:
NASA – Earth and Moon as seen from the departing Voyager 1 interplanetary spacecraft

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Appendix I

Honour – The Numinous Balance

The personal virtue of honour, and the cultivation of wu-wei, are – together – a practical, a living, manifestation of our understanding and appreciation of the numinous; of how to live, to behave, as empathy intimates we can or should in order to avoid committing the folly, the error, of ὕβρις, in order not to cause suffering, and in order to re-present, to acquire, ἁρμονίη.

For personal honour is essentially a presencing, a grounding, of ψυχή – of Life, of our φύσις – occurring when the insight (the knowing) of a developed empathy inclines us toward a compassion that is, of necessity, balanced by σωφρονεῖν and in accord with δίκη.

This balancing of compassion – of the need not to cause suffering – by σωφρονεῖν and δίκη is perhaps most obvious on that particular occasion when it may be judged necessary to cause suffering to another human being. That is, in honourable self-defence. For it is natural – part of our reasoned, fair, just, human nature – to defend ourselves when attacked and (in the immediacy of the personal moment) to valorously, with chivalry, act in defence of someone close-by who is unfairly attacked or dishonourably threatened or is being bullied by others, and to thus employ, if our personal judgement of the circumstances deem it necessary, lethal force.

This use of force is, importantly, crucially, restricted – by the individual nature of our judgement, and by the individual nature of our authority – to such personal situations of immediate self-defence and of valorous defence of others, and cannot be extended beyond that, for to so extend it, or attempt to extend it beyond the immediacy of the personal moment of an existing physical threat, is an arrogant presumption – an act of ὕβρις – which negates the fair, the human, presumption of innocence of those we do not personally know, we have no empathic knowledge of, and who present no direct, immediate, personal, threat to us or to others nearby us.

Such personal self-defence and such valorous defence of another in a personal situation are in effect a means to restore the natural balance which the unfair, the dishonourable, behaviour of others upsets. That is, such defence fairly, justly, and naturally in the immediacy of the moment corrects their error of ὕβρις resulting from their bad (their rotten) φύσις; a rotten character evident in their lack of the virtue, the skill, of σωφρονεῖν. For had they possessed that virtue, and if their character was not bad, they would not have undertaken such a dishonourable attack.

Extract from
The Numinous Balance of Honour,
https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

Appendix II

Nearly A Decade Ago

Nearly a decade ago I considered a particular question: what opinion would a hypothetical visiting alien from another star-system form about us? [1] My answer was that the alien would consider us an aggressive, still rather primitive and very violent, species best avoided until such time as we might outwardly demonstrate otherwise.

Subsequent to that I pondered four related questions. First, is there any land on planet Earth, any of what are now called countries and nations, that over the past three thousand years that has not been fought over or subject to the clash of opposed armed violent groups of mostly men? Second, how many countries or lands now, for whatever reason or because of whatever excuse or whatever supra-personal causal abstraction, are not the subject of some armed conflict domestic or foreign? Third, how many countries are still plagued by homicides, robbery, theft, fraud, rape, domestic violence, subsuming hatred, poverty, dishonesty, and corruption political or otherwise? Fourth, have we as a supposedly consciously-aware species capable of reason and of honour [2] learnt anything from thousands upon thousands of years of such conflict, hatred, and such violence personal and impersonal?

In seeking answers to such questions I was and am painfully aware of my own, decades-long, past of violence, extremism, conflict, intolerance, hatred, incitement, and selfishness. Of whether my own fallible ‘learning from experience’ and attempt at expiation, as manifest in my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos, [3] has any meaning or relevance external to myself.

But that weltanschauung is all I have in answer. The answer of a personal, a non-interfering, empathy, compassion, humility, and of a personal honour in the immediacy of a living moment. [4]

Will we, can we, as a species change? Evolve away from the violence, the mistakes, the hatreds, the dishonours, of our past and of our present?

David Myatt
July 2023

[1] Included as Appendix III..

[2] Sophocles, Antigone, v. 334 & vv. 365-366:

> πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κοὐδὲν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλε […]
> σοφόν τι τὸ μηχανόεν τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ᾽ ἔχων
> τοτὲ μὲν κακόν, ἄλλοτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἐσθλὸν ἕρπει
>
> There exists much that is strange, yet nothing
> Has more strangeness than a human being […]
> Beyond his own hopes, his cunning
> In inventive arts – he who arrives
> Now with dishonour, then with chivalry

[3] https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

[4] An extract from *Honour, The Numinous Balance* is included in Appendix I.

Appendix III

A Non-Terrestrial View Of Planet Earth

Several times, in the last decade or so, I have – when considering certain current events, and social change, and the activities, policies, and speeches, of certain politicians – often asked myself a particular question: What impression or what conclusions would a non-terran (a hypothetical visiting alien from another star-system) have of or draw from those events, such social change, and those politicians? And what, therefore, would be the conclusions that such a non-terran would make regarding our nature, our human character, as a species?

Which answers seemed to me to depend on what criteria – ethical, experiential, ontological, and otherwise – such a non-terran might employ. Would, for instance, the home-world of such a non-terran be a place of relative peace and prosperity which, having endured millennia of conflict and war, had evolved beyond conflict and war and had also ended poverty? Would, for instance, such a non-terran view matters dispassionately, having evolved such that they are always able to control – or have developed beyond – such strong personal emotions as now, as for all of our human history, so often still seem to overwhelm we humans leading us and having led us to be selfish, to lie, to cheat, to manipulate, to use violence – and sometimes kill – in order to fulfil a personal desire?

The criteria I now (post-2011) apply to this hypothetical scenario are those derived from my own experience, and from

reflecting over several years upon that experience, which criteria are of course subjective, personal, and it is thus no coincidence that they now are reflected in my philosophy of pathei-mathos. Thus the ethics I assume such an interstellar space-faring sentient non-terran might adhere to are based on honour and the apprehension of suffering and hubris that empathy provides; just as the ontology derives from a numinous awareness of how causal and fallible and transient every sentient life is in respect of the vastness of the cosmos (spatially and in terms of aeons of causal time), with such ethics and ontology a natural consequence of such a culture whose genesis is that pathei-mathos – ancestral, individual, societal – that derives from millennia of suffering, conflict, war, poverty, corruption, and oppression.

Furthermore, my reflexion on the past fifty years of human space exploration leads me to further conclude that we as a species – and perhaps every sentient species – can only venture forth, en masse, to explore and colonize new worlds when certain social and political conditions exist: when we, when perhaps every sentient species, have matured sufficiently to be able to, as individuals, control ourselves (without any internal or external coercion deriving from laws or from some belief be such belief ideological, political, or religious) and thus when we use reason and empathy as our raison d'etre and not our emotions, our desires, our egoism or some -ism or some -ology or some faith that we accept or believe in or need. For despite the technology making such space exploration and colonization now feasible for us (if only currently within our solar system) we lack the political will, the social desire, the trans-national cooperation, the vision, to realize it even given that our own habitable planet is slowly undergoing a transformation for the worse wrought by ourselves. All we have – decades after the landings on the Moon – are a few individuals inhabiting and only for a while just one Earth-orbiting space station and a few small-scale, theorized, human landings on Mars a decade or more in the future. For instead of such a vision of a new frontier which frontier a multitude of families can settle and which can be the genesis of new cultures and new human societies, all we have had in the past fifty years is more of the same: regional wars and armed conflicts; invasions, violent coups and revolutions; violent protests, the killing and imprisonment and torture of protestors and dissenters; political propaganda for this political cause or that; exploitation of resources and of other humans; terrorism, murder, rape, theft, and greed.

How then would my hypothetical space-faring alien judge us as a species, and how would such a non-terran view such squabbles – political, social, ideological, religious, and be they violent or non-violent – and such poverty, inequality, and oppression, as still seem to so bedevil almost all societies currently existing on planet Earth?

In addition, how would we as individuals – and how would our governments – interact with, and treat, such an alien were such an alien, visiting Earth incognito, to be discovered? Would we treat such an alien with respect, with honour:

as a non-threatening ambassador from another world? Would any current government on Earth willingly and openly and world-wide acknowledge the existence of such extra-terrestrial life and allow Earth ambassadors from any country, and scientists, and the media, full and open access to such an alien sentient being? I have my own personal intuition regarding answers to such questions.

But, remaining undiscovered, what would our visiting alien observer report regarding Earth and ourselves on their return to their own planet? Again, I have my own personal intuition regarding answers to such questions. Which answers could well be that we are an aggressive, still rather primitive and very violent, species best avoided until such time as we might outwardly demonstrate – through perhaps having numerous peaceful, cooperating, colonies on other worlds – that we have culturally and personally, in moral terms, advanced.

Which rather – to me at least – places certain current events, social change by -isms, by -ologies, through disruption and violence and via revolution, and the activities, policies, and speeches, of certain politicians, and armed conflicts, into what I intuit is a necessary cosmic, non-terran, perspective. Which perspective is of us as a species still evolving; as having the potential and now the means to further and to consciously, and as individuals, to so evolve.

Will we do this? And how? Again, my answer – fallible as it is, repeated by me as it hereby is, and born as it is from my own pathei-mathos – is that it could well begin with us as individuals consciously deciding to change through cultivating empathy and viewing ourselves and our world in the perspective of the cosmos. Which perspective is of our smallness, our fallibility, our mortality, and of our appreciation of the numinous and thus of the need to avoid the error of hubris; an error which we mortals, millennia following millennia, have always made and which even now – even with our ancestral world-wide culture of pathei-mathos – we still commit day after day, year after year, and century after century, enshrined as such hubris seems to be in so many politicians; in -isms and -ologies; in disruptive and violent social change and revolutions; in armed conflicts, and in our very physis as human individuals: an apparently unchanged physis which so motivates so many of us to still be egoistic, to lie, to cheat, to steal, to murder, to manipulate, to be violent, and to often be motived by avarice, pride, jealousy, and a selfish sexual desire.

As someone, over one and half-thousand years ago, wrote regarding human beings:

> τοῖς δὲ ἀνοήτοις καὶ κακοῖς καὶ πονηροῖς καὶ φθονεροῖς καὶ πλεονέκταις καὶ φονεῦσι καὶ ἀσεβέσι πόρρωθέν εἰμι, τῷ τιμωρῷ ἐκχωρήσας δαίμονι, ὅστις τὴν ὀξύτητα τοῦ πυρὸς προσβάλλων θρώσκει αὐτὸν αἰσθητικῶς καὶ μᾶλλον ἐπὶ τὰς ἀνομίας αὐτὸν ὁπλίζει, ἵνα τύχῃ πλείονος τιμωρίας, καὶ οὐ παύεται ἐπ´ ὀρέξεις ἁπλέ τους τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν ἔχων, ἀκορέστως σκοτομαχῶν, καὶ τοῦ τον βασανίζει, καὶ ἐπ´ αὐτὸν πῦρ ἐπὶ τὸ πλεῖον αὐξάνει
>
> "I keep myself distant from the unreasonable, the rotten, the malicious, the jealous, the greedy, the bloodthirsty, the hubriatic, instead, giving them up to the avenging daemon, who assigns to them the sharpness of fire, who visibly assails them, and who equips them for more lawlessness so that they happen upon even more vengeance. For they cannot control their excessive yearnings, are always in the darkness –

which tests them – and thus increase that fire even more." [1]

Which is basically the same understanding that Aeschylus revealed in his Oresteia trilogy many centuries before: the wisdom of pathei-mathos and the numinous pagan allegory of Μοῖραι τρίμορφοι μνήμονές τ᾽ Ἐρινύες [2], and which wisdom was also described by Milton over a millennia later by means of another allegory:

> The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
> Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
> The mother of mankind.

David Myatt
2015

Extract from a letter to a personal correspondent

°°°

[1] *Poemandres*, 23. Translated by DWM in *Corpus Hermeticum: Eight Tractates*, 2017. Included in *Alchemy And The Hermetic Tradition*, https://perceiverations.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/05/hermetica-alchemy-dwmyatt.pdf

[2] Aeschylus (attributed), Prometheus Bound, 515-6, Translated by DM.

> τίς οὖν ἀνάγκης ἐστὶν οἰακοστρόφος.
> Μοῖραι τρίμορφοι μνήμονές τ᾽ Ἐρινύες
>
> Who then compels to steer us?
> Trimorphed Moirai with their ever-heedful Furies!

Appendix IV

One Tree Among Many

Beside the stone wall that marks one of the boundaries of what has for several years been my home is an evergreen Oak; almost a dome of spreading branches and so tall it might well be an hundred or so years in age. The tallest tree around from near where several other and various and tallish specimens of arboreal life provide perches for those whose Dawn Chorus becomes, was, is, a hymnal to such natural Life as has for centuries pleased us.

Two months ago, the Oak was sad; with leaves dry and dying and infested. But now, as clouds break to reveal sky-blue, bringer of early Summer warmth: the tree has that light green of leaf rebirth, and catkins heralds of acorns an English season hence. So there is joy within as this aged man “his foliage drying up and no stronger than a child, with three feet to guide him on his travels, wanders – appearing a shadow in the light of day.” [1]

Would that he might hear one more Dawn Chorus to so remember those, these, simple natural beauties of life which he as so many others so easily forgot enwrapped as he, they, were in believed in, in felt, selfish concerns which all will, must, die with us while the Sun again warms each year as it warms and life-sprouting rain seeds rebirth without any interference from us at all.

So I sit, windows of sky and trees to enlighten again my life, listening to a heartbreaking, suspended moment in my measured out so very limited timespan of causal life: the 12th century Cistercian *Répons de Matines pour la fête de sant Bernard*.

DW Myatt
6th June 2023

[1] τό θ᾽ ὑπέργηρων φυλλάδος ἤδη κατακαρφομένης τρίποδας μὲν ὁδοὺς στείχει, παιδὸς δ᾽ οὐδὲν ἀρείων ὄναρ ἡμερόφαντον ἀλαίνει. Aeschylus, Agamemnon, 79-82. My translation.

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David Myatt: An Uncertitude Of Knowing

° Some Questions For DWM
° Myatt's Uncertitude Of Knowing
° David Myatt And The Pinch of Destiny
° Addendum: Misunderstanding Denotata In Myatt's Philosophy Of Pathei-Mathos
° Australian Interview
° Addendum: Analysing National Socialism

Between March 2022 and March 2023 David Myatt gave four interviews each one of which was informative about his philosophy of pathei mathos, his life experiences, about extremism, and about his current views. Together they provide a fairly comprehensive understanding of not only Myatt himself but also of his philosophy, or weltanschauung as he prefers to call it.

In addition to these interviews we include (i) the June 2022 text *Misunderstanding Denotata In Myatt's Philosophy Of Pathei-Mathos* which provides an insightful overview of his philosophy, and (ii) Myatt's 2012 text *Analysing National Socialism* where he explains why his post-2010 philosophy is contrary to and incompatible with National Socialism.

Some Questions For DWM

Spring 2022

In the Numinous Expiation chapter of your *Religion, Empathy, and Pathei-Mathos* [1] you wrote that

> "One of the many problems regarding my own past which troubles me - and has troubled me for a while - is how can a person make reparation for suffering caused, inflicted, and/or dishonourable deeds done,"

and that you did not "know the answer to the question how to so numinously make reparation, propitiation."

Since that was written twenty years ago are you still troubled and have your views changed in regard to personally not seeking propitiation through a religion such as Christianity?

Yes, I am still troubled, burdened, by my extremist past and the suffering I caused by believing in, agitating for and propagandizing on behalf of the ideology of National Socialism and a particular interpretation of Islam.

For me, the source of such a burden is two-fold: how can I, and perhaps others, not cause suffering; and for me at least there is not and probably never can be any expiation, any reparation made.

The only answer I have now, as then, is an attempt to live in "a certain gentle, quiet, way so as not to intentionally cause suffering, so as not to upset the natural balance of Life."

Have I succeeded? I cannot presume to answer.

Which brings me to my next question. Some of your former political opponents do not believe what one socialist called your "change of heart". [2]

Hence they claim you are still a neo-nazi; that what you write and have written since 2010 such as your autobiography should be treated with suspicion and not taken seriously; that unless you come out in public to attend some sort of 'media circus' and directly answer their questions, they will never believe you; and that you are so concerned about your reputation that you continually search 'social media' sites and anonymously try to not only engage with them but try to cover-up your past.

How do you react to such claims?

φημὶ ἐγώ, Μαθεῖν θέλω τὰ ὄντα καὶ νοῆσαι τὴν τούτων φύσιν καὶ γνῶναι τὸν θεόν· [3]

Such a seeking to apprehend such things is what now and for the past twenty or so years has occupied me.

As for trying to cover-up my past almost everything I wrote during my neo-nazi decades and my decade as a Muslim is archived somewhere. In the case of my neo-nazi decades by what used to be called 'Special Branch' as I learned following my arrest by them in 1998, and also archived on the 'world-wide web'. In the case of my decade as a Muslim an archive of my Muslim writings also exists on the 'worldwide web'. [4]

Therefore, any attempt by me or by anyone to 'cover-up' my past would be pointless. In addition, I have no desire whatsoever to do so since what exists documents my mistakes, failings, extremism, and arrogance which I want those who may be interested to know, and which acknowledgment of my past by me led to that 'change of heart'. One person has used such archives to document my extremism and the weltanschauung I developed after my rejection of

that extremism. [5]

As for what they or others claim or believe about me now and the past, it is their burden howsoever brought-into-being, howsoever nurtured and howsoever it might be described by them or by others.

Occupied by the aforementioned seeking, I am now too near death, too wearied by my own hubris and acknowledgment of it, too saddened by how so much suffering is still caused despite our human culture of pathei-mathos, to be concerned about what others claim or believe about me let alone try to change anyone's beliefs or attitudes by engaging with them in whatever way.

In a compilation published in 2019 containing some earlier essays of yours about race and extremism and which compilation complemented your 2013 book Understanding and Rejecting Extremism [6] you wrote:

> "the personal fault of extremists seems to be that of being unable and/or unwilling to view, to consider, the good that exists in people, in society, and/or of ignoring the potential for good, or change toward the good, which is within people, within society, within what-is. To prefer the dream in their head to reality; and/or to prefer the struggle, the strife, the conflict, to stability and peace; and/or to need or to desire repeated stimulation/excitement. One cause of such things could, in my view - from my experience - be the inability or the unwillingness of a person, an extremist, to develope and use their own individual judgement, as well as the inability or the unwillingness to take individual, moral, responsibility for their actions and for the effects those actions personally have upon people." [7]

Is that and what follows about 'the good of society' and about what you term The Uncertitude of Knowing a reasonable summary of your understanding of extremism and of your past, and are you dismayed that such personal reflections are ignored?

That essay and my *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism* are indeed a reasonable summary, and which understanding was the genesis of my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos.

But as I wrote in *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism*,

> "My conclusions regarding extremism resulted from some years of moral, personal, and philosophical questioning and reflexion; a questioning whose genesis was a personal tragedy in 2006, and which questioning led me a few years later to reject all forms of extremism and develope my own weltanschauung - the philosophy of pathei-mathos - based on the virtues of empathy, compassion, and humility.
>
> I make no claim concerning the originality, or concerning the correctness or the value or the importance of my conclusions about extremism. They are just my personal, and fallible, conclusions which - given my extremist past - may interest, or be of some use to, some people; and, being such personal conclusions, they are neither presented in an academic way nor are comparisons made with the work and the conclusions (academic or otherwise) of others about extremism."

Similarly, my weltanschauung is just my weltanschauung; representing my attempt to apprehend the physis of human beings; to understand the causes of suffering and how suffering can be alleviated; and understand the nature of the numinous and what it means and meant, and thus whether the numinous is embodied in theos, however understood, or in human virtues such as compassion, empathy and honour which thus might obviate the need for a belief in something supra-personal be that theos or some -ism or some -ology.

One of the causes of suffering is of course what is now termed 'extremism' be it personal, of one's character, or ideological or religious or political or social.

As for such writings being ignored, no, I am not dismayed only sadly resigned as an old man to what appears to me to be the current reality of the unchanged perhaps unchangeable physis of some human beings "despite our thousands of years old human culture of pathei-mathos". Yet, and perhaps naively, I still nurture a slight hope that we mortals here on Earth can change in sufficient numbers toward being compassionate, empathic, and honourable and thus reduce the suffering we cause to other beings, human and otherwise.

In a 2017 monograph you wrote about καλὸς κἀγαθός in a manner which some readers found controversial given you seemed not only to be suggesting some sort of new aristocracy but also some kind of new European style paganism. One striking passage is:

> "[W]e are, ontologically, emanations of and presence Being, and are a connexion to the cosmos - to other presencings of Being - through, in terms of epistemology, not only reason (λόγος), perceiverance (νοῦς) and wordless-awareness (συμπάθεια, empathy) but also through τὸ ἀγαθὸν, τὸ καλὸν, and ἀρετὴ, through the beautiful and the well-balanced, the valourous and honourable, and those who possess arête, all of which are combined in one Greek phrase: καλὸς κἀγαθός, which means those who conduct themselves in a gentlemanly or lady-like manner and who thus manifest - because of their innate physis or through pathei-mathos or through a certain type of education or learning - nobility of character." [8]

Were you suggesting a new aristocracy and a new pagan religion?

I was suggesting, evidently not very well, that "the sophia, the sapientia, of theos is presenced not in the 'word of God' (scriptures) but in the personal Greek virtues of τὸ ἀγαθὸν, τὸ καλὸν, and ἀρετὴ, and in the metaphysical principle denoted by the term αἰών," [9] and thus that those who conduct themselves in an old-fashioned gentlemanly or lady-like manner manifest an aspect of the numinous that was anciently described as "the sophia, the sapientia, of theos" [10] and that combined with empathy - manifest as empathy is in compassion and tolerance - that this could lead to a new non-theological awareness of, and a respect for, the numinous. One which being personal is non-doctrinal but akin to some ancient pagan weltanschauungen that existed for millennia in some Western lands as well as in other places around the world.

I summarized this non-theological awareness as

> "we human beings having a connexion to other living beings, a connexion to the cosmos beyond, and a connexion to the source of our existence, the source of the cosmos, and the source - the origin, the genesis - of all living beings. Which source we cannot correctly describe in words, by any denotata, or define as some male 'god', or even as a collection of deities whether male or female, but which we can apprehend through the emanations of Being: through what is living, what is born, what unfolds in a natural manner, what is ordered and harmonious, what changes, and what physically - in its own species of Time - dies."

In another monograph I also suggested that

> "an aspect of the paganus, Greco-Roman, apprehension of the numinous, of καλὸς κἀγαθός, is a [Ciceronian] awareness and acceptance of one's civic duties and responsibilities undertaken not because of any personal benefit (omni utilitate) that may result or be expected, and not because an omnipotent deity has, via some written texts, commanded it and will punish a refusal, but because it is the noble, the honourable - the gentlemanly, the lady-like, the human - thing to do." [11]

What are these civic duties and responsibilities? To a State, or nation, or as in Greece to a πόλις or as in Rome to a Caesar?

This is a subject I really should have written about in that monograph and it was remiss of me not to have done so. My mistaken assumption at the time was that readers would be aware of my previous writings about how my weltanschauung dealt with what I termed supra-personal abstractions or 'forms' such as the State and the nation. As in Parts Two, Three and Four of *Religion, Empathy, and Pathei-Mathos*. [1]

In Part Three of that work I wrote that

> "[i]n the case of the culture of pathei-mathos, it not only provides, as does the modern State, a perspective (and a teleology) unrelated to the judgement of a supreme deity and the promise of an after-life, but also points us toward answers rather different from those provided by proponents of the State, of liberal democracy, and of a jurisprudence concerned with international law and codifying and criminalizing what politicians, and/or some political theory, ideology, dogma, or agenda, deem to be bad.
>
> For what that culture provides is an understanding of how all forms - be they considered political, or codified ideologically or in the form of a dogmatic hierarchical religion - have caused suffering, or do cause suffering sooner or later, because they are judgemental, supra-personal; and that such suffering is unjustified because it is individual human beings and indeed the other life with which we share this planet who and which are important; and that to alleviate and to prevent and remove the causes of suffering is necessary because a manifestation of what is good; that is, a manifestation of reasoned, balanced, compassionate, personal judgement, and of that learning, that knowledge, the insights, that personal experience of conflict, war, disaster, tragedy, havoc, violence, hatred, and pain, have taught and revealed to individuals for some three thousand years."

In Part Four I compared the answers of conventional religions and proponents of The State, writing that

> "[i]n respect of the culture of pathei-mathos, I find within it an alternative to these two influential, but in many ways quite similar, ontologies with their powerful entities, their guidance, their punishments and rewards, and the progression of individuals toward some-thing which the powerful entity asserts or promises it can provide.
>
> This alternative is the ontology of us - we human beings - as a transient affective and effective connexion to other living beings, an emanation of the flux of Life, of ψυχή. That is, of the separation-of-otherness - of I and of 'them', the others - being the result of a causal-only perception, and of denotatum: of our propensity to give names to, or to describe by means of terms, that which we observe to be or that which we assume to be is different to and separate from us, whereas, as empathy reveals, 'we' are part of, an aspect, of 'them' since 'they' are also finite, transient, emanations of ψυχή.
>
> There is no abstract 'good' and 'evil' here; no division or cleaving asunder of φύσις (physis). There is only us in harmony, in balance, with our nature, our φύσις, or us not in harmony with our nature as an affecting and effecting, finite, transient, mortal, aspect of Life. If we are harmony - in balance with Life, with other life - we do not cause or contribute to or are not the genesis of suffering: we do not affect Life in a harmful way, and as I have intimated elsewhere love, compassion, humility, empathy, and honour, are a possible means whereby we, in harmony with our φύσις, can avoid harming Life and its emanations, be such life our fellow human beings or the other life with which we share this planet."

I went on to write that this

> "alternative ontology, derived from the culture of pathei-mathos, suggests that the answer to the question regarding the meaning of our existence is simply to be that which we are. To be in balance, in harmony, with Life; the balance that is love, compassion, humility, empathy, honour, tolerance, kindness, and wu-wei,"

with wu-wei a Taoist term

> "used in my philosophy of pathei-mathos to refer to a personal 'letting-be' - a non-interference - deriving from humility and from a feeling, a knowing, that an essential part of wisdom is cultivation of an interior personal balance and which cultivation requires acceptance that one must work with, or employ, things according to their nature, their φύσις, for to do otherwise is incorrect, and inclines us toward, or is, being excessive – that is, toward the error, the unbalance, that is hubris, an error often manifest in personal arrogance, excessive personal pride, and insolence - that is, a disrespect for the numinous."

All of which implies, with one important exception, non-violence. The exception being the matter of personal honour in the immediacy of the moment when an individual is confronted with someone or some many who are intent on harming or bullying that individual or someone or some others nearby. The person of honour would defend themselves, with force if necessary, as they would when defending those being harmed or bullied.

Your writings about your philosophy have been described as making "inscrutably dense arguments." Is there a work of yours you would recommended for those interested in your philosophy of pathei-mathos? Finally what is your opinion of the book titled The Mystic Philosophy Of David Myatt, a third edition of which was published in 2021?

A short introduction is my 2019 essay *Physis and Being* [12] with my 2022 text *Numinosity, Denotata, Empathy, And The Hermetic Tradition* providing a more detailed perspective. [13] The third edition of *The Mystic Philosophy Of David Myatt* [14] is a reasonably comprehensive overview.

May 2022

[1] *Religion, Empathy, and Pathei-Mathos*. 2013. Gratis Open Access pdf: https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/religion-and-empathy.pdf

[2] https://web.archive.org/web/20121214002444/http://hurryupharry.org/2012/12/11/david-myatt-has-a-change-of-heart/

[3] Poemandres, 3. "I answered that I seek to learn what is real, to apprehend the physis of beings, and to have knowledge of theos." Myatt, *Corpus Hermeticum: Eight Tractates*. Gratis Open Access pdf: https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/eight-tractates-v2-print.pdf

[4] https://web.archive.org/web/20101111104858/http://www.davidmyatt.info/

[5] https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2021/12/11/a-national-socialist-ideologue/

[6] *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism*. 2013. Gratis Open Access pdf: https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2022/10/david-myatt-rejecting-extremism.pdf

[7] *Some Notes on The Politics and Ideology of Hate* in *Extremism And Reformation*. 2019. Third Edition. Gratis Open Access pdf: https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2019/09/reformation-extremism-v3b.pdf

[8] *Classical Paganism And The Christian Ethos*. 2017. Gratis Open Access pdf: https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/classical-paganism-v2-print.pdf

[9] Chapter Three, *Classical Paganism And The Christian Ethos*. Op.cit.

[10] The MSS of Tractate XI:3, Corpus Hermeticum, reads:

> Ἡ δὲ τοῦ θεοῦ σοφία τί ἔστι;
> Τὸ ἀγαθὸν καὶ τὸ καλὸν καὶ εὐδαιμονία καὶ ἡ πᾶσα ἀρετὴ καὶ ὁ αἰών.
> But the Sophia of theos is what?
> The noble, the beautiful, good fortune, arête, and Aion.

[11] *Tu Es Diaboli Ianua: Christianity, The Johannine Weltanschauung, And Presencing The Numinous*. 2017. Gratis Open Access pdf: https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/tua-es-diaboli-ianua.pdf

[12] https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/collected-works-2/physis-and-being/

[13] https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2022/03/dwm-denotata-empathy-v1b.pdf

[14] https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2021/08/myatt-philosophy-third-edition.pdf

Myatt's Uncertitude Of Knowing

Summer 2022

A transcription of an interview conducted and recorded by Rachael Stirling in England in early August 2022.

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Rachael Stirling: We have been perusing an archive of your writings as a Muslim {1} which in retrospect make fascinating reading because you presented Islam in a way it is not often presented in English in the societies of the modern West. Are you embarrassed that those writings are still so easily accessible given that you have moved on?

DM: No, since they document an interesting and in terms of pathei-mathos an important ten years of my life.

RS: Our three part question is in relation to exegesis and what you wrote about it in Exegesis and Translation: Some Personal Reflexions {2} and what you wrote years earlier, as a Muslim, in The Difference Between Eemaan and Kufr,

> "in Islam, we have the best example of a human being - the Prophet, Muhammad (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) - to strive to emulate and follow, and which human example, when followed, produces in us a most noble, a most civilized, individual character. This best example, this noble and human way, is evident to us in Seerah, in Ahadith: in the Sunnah of the Prophet, Muhammad (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) [...]
>
> The simple but profound truth about Al-Islam is that this Way of Life, this Deen, works: for Al-Quran and the Sunnah, when followed, produce, and have produced, noble, honourable, civilized human beings, and they, and the guidance of Shariah, produce, and have produced, the most noble, the most civilized, communities in human history.
>
> In essence, Al-Islam is the simple way of - the discovery of, the return to - Tawheed, which is to know, to feel, to remember, our correct relationship with and to Allah, our Creator and thus to know Allah as Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala is. This knowing of The Unity, The Oneness, of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala is expressed in Kalimaah Tayyibah - La ilaaha illallaahu Muhammadur rasoolullaah - which itself forms the basis for Kalimaah Shahadah, the declaration that makes one a Muslim, and which re-affirms one's Islam: that simple submission to submit to and to only obey Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala and that knowing that Muhammad (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) is the Prophet and Messenger of Allah, whose message, whose Allah-given revelation (Al-Quran) and whose life (Sunnah) are the guidelines, the means, by which we can return to, and know, Tawheed.
>
> This knowing of, this remembrance of, this feeling of, Tawheed is the basis for Eemaan, for that simple and total reliance on, and belief in and trust of, Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala."

Would it be correct to suggest: i) that in many ways this echoes, with its mention of noble, civilized communities and its belief in trusting a person, what you wrote during your National Socialist years regarding Hitler and National Socialism; and (ii) that you believed you had discovered in Islam a means to creating a noble way of life as you formerly did in National Socialism; and (iii) that it was "the difficult question of exegesis" that began or at least contributed to your doubts about Islam?

DM: To some extent, yes that is correct, since it was practical experience over many years of the human reality, manifest in those who adhered to, or believed in, or supported such weltanschauungen, that caused me to begin to reflect upon not only questions of various interpretations of texts and words but also on questions in regard to denotata, the fallible nature of humans in general, and how if not immediately then over causal Time most if not all denotata were the genesis of an opposite and thus of a dialectic.

Thus, in regard to National Socialism my experience was of how my believed in version based on honour, loyalty and duty and thus as a manifestation of the numinous, was not the reality of perhaps a majority of persons who described themselves as National Socialists, and that even in the days of the Third Reich it had been so, mirroring as this seemed to do our propensity as human beings to in our majority so easily be or revert to being egoistical or materialistic when and if it suited us.

With Islam, I initially apprehended it as different, as a better manifestation of the numinous, just as I did in regard to Catholicism when I became a Christian monk. But suffice to say that my Muslim adventures over a period of almost a decade not only disillusioned me but forced me to confront my own flawed character and lack of understanding.

For it was not just that as an adult I was naively idealistic but also I did not understand the reality of what honour meant resulting in me both as a National Socialist and as a Muslim supporting and doing dishonourable deeds.

Which realization and awareness of my own flawed character was not due to anything I did or due to the aforementioned intellectual questioning, but due to a personal circumstance which was both tragic and beyond my comprehension: the suicide in 2006 of my then fiancée.

In the months following that tragedy such intellectual questioning became one of several means by which I saught to understand myself, the numinous, and honour, and thus that tragedy.

RS: In relation to not understanding "the reality of what honour meant." In many of your Islamic writings you mentioned honour and in Honour Is From Allah Alone quoted a verse from the Koran: "Those who seek dignity and honour should know that they derive from Allah (alone)," 35:10. In the same article you quoted a Hadith from Sahih al-Bukhari (8: 56b) which translates as "the best among you are those who have the best manners and character."

In your *An Open Letter To Nick Griffin of the BNP* - dated July 17th 2004 - you described honour as "a respect for others; a striving to be reasonable. Honour sets ethical limits to our behaviour - and prejudice, of whatever kind, is surely a negation of honour."

How after that tragedy did you arrive, if indeed you did arrive, at what honour thereafter meant to you?

DM: My fallible conclusion, some three years after that tragedy, was that I had previously, both as a National Socialist and as a Muslim, not considered honour as a denotatum; as a naming of some personal quality or personal virtue, such as dignity, grace, of good repute, which themselves are open to interpretation. In my National Socialist years I defined it by a written or aural code of personal behaviour such as described in the sixteenth century Booke of Honor and Armes. or by the modern one I included in my The Meaning of National-Socialism. {3} As a Muslim i considered it a gift from Allah and manifest in the life of the Prophet Muhammed as described in the Sunnah.

What I very slowly came to appreciate was that every denotatum has implicit in it or developes - is by virtue of its physis the genesis of - a named opposite, another denotatum, resulting in a dialectic and thus has the potential for discord; a discord evident in exegesis but more often than not evident in conflict, verbal and physical, between individuals and groups of individuals. The result is as Heraclitus expressed it a cleaving of physis with Enantiodromia a bringing-back-together of what has been cleaved apart:

> τοῦ δὲ λόγου τοῦδ᾽ ἐόντος ἀεὶ ἀξύνετοι γίνονται ἄνθρωποι καὶ πρόσθεν ἢ ἀκοῦσαι καὶ ἀκούσαντες τὸ πρῶτον· γινομένων γὰρ πάντων κατὰ τὸν λόγον τόνδε ἀπείροισιν ἐοίκασι, πειρώμενοι καὶ ἐπέων καὶ ἔργων τοιούτων, ὁκοίων ἐγὼ διηγεῦμαι κατὰ φύσιν διαιρέων ἕκαστον καὶ φράζων ὅκως ἔχει· τοὺς δὲ ἄλλους ἀνθρώπους λανθάνει ὁκόσα ἐγερθέντες ποιοῦσιν, ὅκωσπερ ὁκόσα εὕδοντες ἐπιλανθάνονται (Fragment 1, Diels-Krantz)
>
> πάντα δὲ γίνεσθαι καθ᾽ εἱμαρμένην καὶ διὰ τῆς ἐναντιοδρομίας ἡρμόσθαι τὰ ὄντα (Diogenes Laërtius, ix.7) {4}

My understanding came to be that Enantiodromia was, or rather should be understood and appreciated as, empathy; the wordless-knowing of empathy by which we could perceive the physis of beings, their wholeness, without the need for denotata and the discord that denotata was the genesis of.

Given the personal horizon of empathy, the personal nature of empathy, {5} I considered that honour could not be understood by some supra-personal code or by reference to someone else be the reference to their life, their deeds, or their words. That it could not

> "be extrapolated from such a personal knowing into some-thing supra-personal be this some-thing denotata, including an ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος, or an axiom (ἀρχή) or a source (αἴτιος) for some 'revelation' or ideology or similar manifestations constructed by and dependent on appellation." {6}

That is, I discovered that empathy is or can be the geniture of our Uncertitude Of Knowing as human beings and thus of that personal humility which during my Muslim years I had felt, through such things as Namaz, was a manifestation of the numinous.

Honour thus became, for me, a personal matter: of being fair, reasonable, well-mannered, and aware of the numinous and thus of my own fallibility.

RS:

Hence your rejection of all extremism?

DM: Yes.

RS: Yet your many vociferous politically motivated opponents have not accepted that you have rejected extremism with many still considering you a neo-nazi. Does that bother you?

DM: No. For judging by their deeds and words they live in a different world from the one I now inhabit or rather that I now perceive. My perceiveration is a very local and personal one; of my locality, of Nature and its local emanations; of my relatives and friends and my interactions with and concern for them. That other world beyond - or should that be those other worlds beyond - this local personal world no longer concern me given my plenitude of past mistakes, my past hubriatic suffering-causing interference, and my recently discovered Uncertitude Of Knowing.

They, those opponents, in comparison seem to have that Certitude Of Knowing that I for many decades had, breeding as it did and does prejudice, intolerance, hatred, and discouraging as it did and does empathy, forgiveness, and a personal Uncertitude Of Knowing.

RS: One of your politically motivated opponents recently claimed that "nothing in Myatt's sanitized autobiography [Myngath] should be taken too seriously," {7} while a few years ago another stated that he knew what was in the original draft of Myngath and knew what was removed in the published, 2013, version, stating that you thereby had

tried to hide something.

Would you care to comment?

DM: The opinion or claim of someone - politically motivated or otherwise - is just their personal opinion or claim at a particular moment. The passing of causal Time - decades, centuries - often places such personal opinions and claims into context often because of some information having become revealed through scholarly research or otherwise, or because of the collapse of the society in which such a personal opinion or claim was propagated and believed by others.

As for drafts of Myngath, so far as I remember the first drafts were made around 2010 while I was still in thrall to some causal abstractions and several years before I as a result of further personal and philosophical insights reformed my 'Numinous Way' into my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos. For such drafts were just drafts, and thus subject to revision. Furthermore, those early drafts are still publicly available through the medium of the Internet, so there is not and was not any hiding of anything.

RS: In a ten page overview of your life, which overview contained some inaccuracies, {8} an academic last year wrote that you were "driven by a search for meaning and purpose, as well as an intellectual desire to find and create the all-encompassing and perfect political philosophy."

Would you agree?

DM: No, because during my National-Socialist decades I was driven by a somewhat fanatical desire to not only propagate what I then believed National-Socialism to be - an honourable, noble, way of life, a practical presencing of the numinous - but also to recruit people to that cause in the hope of creating a National-Socialist society in the land of my ancestors. Over those years I developed what I termed "ethical National-Socialism" and thus moved away from some of the policies and principles of the Third Reich such as the belief in the superiority of the Aryan race and the concepts of "eternal struggle" and of the "survival of the fittest" regarding them as incompatible with acting honourably.

During my years as a Muslim I nurtured a similar desire to propagate what I then believed the Muslim way of life to be: which again was an honourable, noble, way of life, and a practical presencing of the numinous.

There was thus no search for "meaning and purpose" because I foolishly believed I had already found a meaning and a purpose: for thirty years in National-Socialism and then for ten years in Islam. In 1998 I turned away from National-Socialism to Islam because during a decade (1988-1998) of foreign travels the culture, the Muslims, of the Muslim lands - and especially of Egypt - slowly, almost imperceptibly, impressed me as did, and perhaps more so, travels alone in the Sahara Desert where I wordlessly felt intimations of Being, of The Acausal, of The-Unity, of The One-The Only (τὸ ἓν), of The Monas (μονάς) which 'acausal' Being Muslims called Allah and Christians called God.

As for a "perfect political philosophy", I never believed my ethical National-Socialism - my development of Hitler's National Socialism - was perfect, and as a Muslim rejected the very notion of politics, writing in The Knowledge of Islam,

> "Siyasah is defined as the application of the Quran and Sunnah in the world: the means whereby Muslims can live in a community according to the command of Allah [...]
>
> It must be understood that siyasah neither means nor implies 'politics'. Politics is a kaffir term which expresses or manifests the concealment of The Unity, which Unity is the essence of Islam. To understand Islam, and the Islamic apprehension - and in particular how Islam can be applied in the world - is to consider Islam in Islamic terms only. To apply something like 'politics' to Islam and speak and write about 'Islamic politics' is a fundamental mistake which constitutes imitation of the kuffar. Why? Because such words and terms, of the kuffar, are always referred back to kaffir ideas and concepts - just as 'politics' is referred back to the polis of Ancient Greece, and 'State' to Aristotle, Plato, Marx and others. This is, in effect, causal - historical - reductionism which is completely at odds with the acausal revelation of Islam. It is also a making profane that which is sacred: divorcing the Divinity from the practical application of Islam. It is exchanging knowledge for Jahiliyyah [...]
>
> In effect, siyasah is sacred: it belongs to, and manifests, what is sacred, divine. This is in complete and utter contrast to the temporal, profane - and lower - nature of kaffir politics."

It could be argued that since that personal tragedy in 2006 I have been 'driven' by a desire to understand both my extremist past and extremism, as well as by a desire to apprehend the numinous and how, sans denotata, it is and has been and can be presenced to we human beings.

RS: Do you intend to write anything else about your life or your philosophy of pathei-mathos?

DM: Answering a similar question almost ten years ago I replied in the negative and yet went on to write an awful lot more. The honest answer is that currently I do not intend to, but one never knows what circumstances may conspire to bring about a perhaps vainglorious desire to pontificate some more.

RS: What is your view of Islam now?

DM: As explained in several of my post-2012 writings, I still consider Islam and Christianity as manifesting both now

and in the past aspects of the numinous especially in relation to expiation and such awareness of the numinous as can bring and nurture a necessary personal humility.

But since both rely on revelation through words, chiefly written but sometimes aural, and both have sometimes been interpreted by some or by many in such a harsh way as has caused and contributed to the suffering of other human beings, then I as a result of my pathei-mathos and of a study of what I have termed the human culture of pathei-mathos, cannot and do not personally believe in or support them. For given such a reliance on words, on denotata, they can and possibly will be interpreted in a harsh way in the future by others.

RS: Is your own answer, your philosophy of pathei-mathos, suitable to or applicable to others?

DM: No, for it is not a supra-personal philosophy nor a way of life which might be suitable for others but only the fallible conclusions I have derived from striving to understand and admit my many mistakes and from the learning that, sometimes against my will, I acquired or believe I have acquired from diverse, sometimes extreme, experiences.

RS: How would you summarize what you have learned?

DM: As an appreciation of empathy, honour, humility, and compassion as personal virtues which we as individuals strive to live by; as an understanding of the need to not interfere in non-personal matters; and as being non-violent with the one and the only exception that necessitated by personal honour when we personally or our family or someone nearby are confronted in the immediacy of the moment by someone or by some others intent on doing harm or demanding we submit to their demands.

In such circumstances personal honour means that we without hesitation oppose them and fight and if circumstances require it use lethal force.

RS: Which surely means that you and perhaps your family are trained to defend yourselves with lethal force if necessary?

DM: Yes indeed.

RS: Which all seems to me to be a very pagan way of living. Would you agree?

DM: Depending on how one defines 'pagan' of course!

RS: I mean concern for and prepared to and trained to defend one's kith and kin, and having a local, a community, perspective as in olden times in England of one's village and the small personally known community dwelling there and on nearby land.

DM: In that sense, yes it is somewhat pagan. Which pagan weltanschauungen seems to me to have over causal Time been replaced by many and various other weltanschauungen derived from and reliant on denotata. In the form of, for example, the idea of some supra-local entity - a region, then a "nation", ruled by some usually male potentate whose governance was enforced by coercion, threat of imprisonment, and ultimately violence; and then in the form of the idea of a religion - in the Isles of Britain, Christianity, whose representatives were often in league with that regional or national potentate, hence inscriptions such as Dei Gratia Rex Angliæ on coinage.

RS: How do you view the current situation not only in England, the land of your ancestors, but worldwide and does your weltanschauung of pathei-mathos inform your view?

DM: My view is somewhat coloured by - perhaps I should have said informed by - my decades of rural living and working outdoors on farms and as a gardener, rather than by anything philosophical.

Perhaps a poem - one of my many "manically-depressed", "self-indulgent" poems, as one of my many political opponents once described them some years ago - may better express what such living and working have meant to me:

> So this is Peace:
> As the Sun of warm November
> Warms and the grass grows with such mildness.
>
> No strife, here;
> No place beyond this place
> As Farm meets meadow field
> And I upon some hessian sack sit, write
> To hear some distant calls from hedged-in sheep:
>
> No breeze
> To stir the fallen leaves
> That lie among the seeds, there
> Where the old Oak towers, shading fence
> From Sun
> And the pond is hazed with midges.
>
> So this is peace, found
> Where dew persists,

Flies feed to preen to rest
And two Robins call from among that tangled brambled
Bush
Whose berries – unplucked, ripened – rot,
While the Fox-worn trail wobbles
Snaking
Through three fields.

So, the silent Buzzard soars
To shade me briefly:
No haste, worry, nor Hubris, here
Where there is much sadness, leaving
As the damp field-mists of morning
Have given way
To Sun

A way of life, rural places, changed and changing: and for what and why? In some ways my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos is my answer: a way to live without the hubris of human-manufactured urban-centric supra-personal causal abstractions; a way where the natural balance that is presenced through empathy and honour is an intimation of the numinous; and where there is an ancestral peace found, wordlessly treasured, and passed-on to the next generation.

RS: You expressed such sentiments in a letter - more of a missive - that you sent to me over a decade ago when you left that farm having had to seek work elsewhere. Which reading of that letter might be, if you agree, a fitting end to this interview.

DM: Agreed. But it will most probably be described as one of my "manically-depressed", "self-indulgent", missives!

RS:

> "Work, in a small industrial concern; manual work with days spent indoors where the only light is from a multitude of bright fluorescent tubes and where the tedium of long hours is relieved only by a short morning break and one half unpaid hour for lunch when I sit, hedged-in by walls, in the small back yard on an old box upon broken concrete surrounded by broken glass; by old, smashed bricks; by patches of oil, and the detritus of such an urban place. Some sky - but not much - is visible over and above the roof and walls and vents, and nothing natural lives or even exists here: no tree, no bush, no flowers, not any weeds. No sound of birds - only noise, from the unceasing machines; from the lorries and vans which arrive and depart nearby, disgorging and receiving their goods. No peace; certainly no Numen of Nature.
>
> There is only the incessant unnatural rhythm of industrial life, of factory toil - a card to be stamped by a clock: in, out, even for lunch. And, at days end, I - tired as the others - slope off and out into the nearby street where no one, passing, says "hello!" or greets me as almost always they did in those small villages of England where I have mostly lived. No, no greeting here; not even any eye-contact, held. For this is urban life where humans are shunted to shuffle encased in their worries, their inner worlds, and where traffic gluts streets. Nowhere here the calm, measured, quiet of that life, rural, where Time is what it is. Instead, there is abstraction, measuring out our lives as the clear water from a leaking tank seeps out, to the dirty ground, drop by drop by drop; drip drip dripping away, clean water to dirty ground... So I am once again adrift; not lost but far, far from home and measuring out my days until, sufficient money saved, I can return to the source of my belonging: there, where such dreams in such quiet places as may bring the Numen back to me.
>
> Yet here, in this place of work, people rush to compete as if such swift toil was a badge of pride; thus do they scamper, to complete abstractly-imposed tasks; for profits, and ego, must be made, saved. Thus do we toil - so many slaves, en-slaved, needing but not-needing the pittance to live such a life as lives among the urban clutter, the smallness, the meanness and the sprawl. But I, I have seen the sky and hold here in my being such visions as bring the Earth to earth - dust to dust, and life to Life: one world, one planet, one dimension, among so many. Nowhere for so many in day or night that sigh when we close our eyes to feel the oboe d'amore of one slow movement of one piece by JS Bach, bringing thus such quiet tears of empathy as connect us, one human life, to other human lives beyond the-words the-abstractions - and thus take us out, out, out into the being, the Numen, of Nature. There is then in such a moment that sacred precious meaning which cramped urban living, and traffic, has, these days, defiled.
>
> No beauty, here, no song to the sanctity of Life - except, perhaps, fleetingly glimpsed in her eyes, face, as she, the young blonde-haired Polish worker, smiles. Four, five times - more - this week we have looked into each other's eyes as she, I, smiled, touched-but-not-touched, in wordless greeting. Then, such humanity over, we return to our tasks - I, to lift, move, heavy laden objects; she, to her machine. But she is there, in the background, as she works with her sister - quietly, stoically, both toiling as they toil: hard, grafting, as if inured to such a way of life. So they keep their own company - with few words between them; few for others, for they have "little english" and at lunch sit together beside the machine that steals their day, gazing ahead while they eat their meagre food perhaps enwrapped in dreams which are their dreams, bringing perchance some glimmer of hope among the stark noisey brightly-lit bleakness.
>
> This life is grim, grim grim, only saved by such an intimation. No insects, outside, as I sit here, scribbling - except: a few ants, and I gasp-in lungfulls of the cleaner outside air; only a few ants, dithering, backwards,

forwards, over the detritus, as if lost. Toiling, grafting, working - untouched, it seems, by that knowing of Life which a knowing of death may bring.

Such are we here, slaves of a modern life - sure, such toil could bring me the security of some settled home; warmth enough, from fire, to ease the pains that seep now into olding flesh and bones; food enough to keep me well; walls and roof enough to keep clothes dry from rain and turn a chilling wind, away; perhaps another companion-bestfriend-wife... But such a price, to pay: too high a price, it seems, for freedom, Numen, lost.

No time, here - then - to watch the Sun rise on a clear day; no time here - then - to catch the growing Dawn Chorus as it grows, week by week from early to late and later Spring. Nowhere to wander watching clouds form and shade to move as they are moved. No stream to watch as sunlight filters and fractures and water ripples, singing a wordless song. No sounds of an English Summer - flies, darting aimless and aimed; bees, seeking; birds, warning, calling, sparring; no wind breezing as it breezes among tree, hedge, reed, grass and Autumn's late leaf-litter... No natural Time to stand dreaming or sitting as the day passes in moments of memory. No natural Time, of Nature - only that unsettling abstract time of clocking-in-clocks, measuring out the seconds to our death. No, no natural Time, here: only the unnatural unnecessary one of which adds one hour to herald so-called "Summer time" - for even when I, toiling hard during years on Farms, planted, in Spring, or harvested in Autumn - weather-permitting - such "government time" made no difference: work began with Sunrise, to finish, weather-permitting, as the Sun began to set, for thus we followed there in that, our almost vanished world, a different Time to the time of some rootless traffic-fume-filled city.

Yes, freedom is hard, while savings dry and boots are worn as one walks, alone, with that walking that tries to measure out the now almost forgotten pace of a rural life and a rural way of living, bringing back as such slow rhythm and quietness does that connexion to presence the Numen without and within. Yes, freedom is hard while too much toil for another, in the wrong place, lasts." {9}

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{1} The archive is at https://web.archive.org/web/20101111104858/http://www.davidmyatt.info/ [Accessed August 2022]

{2} Myatt wrote:

> "The original message of a revelation or of a spiritual way often seems to become obscured or somehow gets lost over centuries. A loss or obscuration party due to the reliance on revealed or given texts; partly due to divergent interpretations of such texts, with some interpretations accepted or rejected by those assuming or vested with a religious authority; and partly due to a reliance, by many of the faithful, on translations of such texts." https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2013/04/exegesis-and-translation-partsone-two.pdf

{3} Included in Selected National Socialist Writings Of David Myatt, https://archive.org/download/myatt-selected-ns-writings1/myatt-selected-ns-writings1.pdf

{4} Myatt's somewhat idiosyncratic translations of these fragments of Heraclitus are: (a) Fragment 1:

> "Although this naming and expression [which I explain] exists, human beings tend to ignore it, both before and after they have become aware of it. Yet even though, regarding such naming and expression, I have revealed details of how Physis has been cleaved asunder, some human beings are inexperienced concerning it, fumbling about with words and deeds, just as other human beings, be they interested or just forgetful, are unaware of what they have done."

Text, translation and commentary: https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/heraclitus-fragment-1/

(b) Diogenes Laërtius ix. 7 in context:

> ἐκ πυρὸς τὰ πάντα συνεστάναι εἰς τοῦτο ἀναλύεσθαι πάντα δὲ γίνεσθαι καθ᾽ εἱμαρμένην καὶ διὰ τῆς ἐναντιοδρομίας ἡρμόσθαι τὰ ὄντα καὶ πάντα ψυχῶν εἶναι καὶ δαιμόνων πλήρη
>
> "The foundation/base/essence of all beings ['things'] is πυρὸς [pyros] to which they return, with all [of them] by genesis appropriately apportioned [separated into portions] to be bound together again by enantiodromia, and all filled/suffused/vivified with/by ψυχή and Dæmons."

Text, translation and commentary: https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/heraclitus-and-enantiodromia/

{5} In his 2015 essay *Personal Reflexions On Some Metaphysical Questions*, Myatt wrote:

> "The 'local horizon of empathy' is a natural consequence of my understanding of empathy as a human faculty, albeit a faculty that is still quite underdeveloped. For what empathy provides - or can provide - is a very personal wordless knowing in the immediacy-of-the-living-moment. Thus empathy inclines us as individuals to appreciate that what is beyond the purveu of our empathy - beyond our personal empathic knowing of others, beyond our knowledge and our experience, beyond the limited (local) range of our empathy and that personal (local) knowledge of ourselves which pathei-mathos reveals - is something we rationally, we humbly, accept we do not know and so cannot judge or form a reasonable, a fair, a balanced, opinion about. For empathy, like pathei-mathos, lives within us; manifesting, as both empathy and pathei-mathos do, the always limited

> nature, the horizon, of our own knowledge and understanding."

The essay is included in *Sarigthersa*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2015/08/dwmyatt-sarigthersa-v7.pdf [Accessed August 2022]

{6} *Numinosity, Denotata, Empathy, And The Hermetic Tradition*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2022/03/17/numinosity-denotata-empathy-and-the-hermetic-tradition/ [Accessed August 2022]

{7} For those of a rational disposition who are inclined to judge matters and individuals for themselves, Myatt's autobiography *Myngath* is available at: https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2013/04/david-myatt-myngath.pdf [Accessed August 2022]

{8} Koehler, Daniel. *From Traitor to Zealot: Exploring the Phenomenon of Side-Switching in Extremism and Terrorism*. Cambridge University Press, 2021. pp.153-163.

One inaccuracy among several is that Koehler (p.161) confuses Myatt's fiancée Fran - who committed suicide in 2006 - with Myatt's second wife, Sue, who died of cancer in 1993. Some years after Sue's death Myatt re-married and lived with his third wife near Malvern - in a detached village house, where he was filmed nearby by BBC Panorama in 2000 - until he left that village some months after that filming to move alone to Shropshire to live on a farm. He met Fran several years after that move to Shropshire where he had previously lived from the late 1970s to 1994.

{9} I have retained, at his request, Myatt's idiosyncratic punctuation and spelling.

Myatt's use of the term 'numen' deserves some explanation. He uses it several times in his translations of tracts from the Corpus Hermeticum, particularly in tract III, Ιερός Λόγος, were he writes in his commentary:

> "the meaning of 'numen' here being expressed by what follows: 'numinal and of numinal physis', where by numinal - in this ἱερός λόγος - is meant divine not in the specific sense of a monotheistic and Biblical (a masculous) God but in the more general sense of pertaining to a deity or deities, male or female, as in a paganus (and not necessarily patriarchal) polytheism." *Corpus Hermeticum: Eight Tractates*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/eight-tractates-v2-print.pdf

In his scholarly essay *A Note Concerning θειότης* - https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2018/03/28/a-note-concerning-θειότης/ - he places numen in relation to θεῖος and the Greek text of Romans, 1.20.

David Myatt And The Pinch of Destiny

The interview was conducted, through an intermediary, via the medium of e-mail in 2022 with an anonymous American academic who used the moniker Nameless Therein.

The interview highlights the difference between the contemporary academic approach and Myatt's philosophy of pathei-mathos, based as the former is on extensive quotations from others, and founded as Myatt's philosophy is on pathei-mathos (a learning from personal often hard experiences) and a scholarly appreciation of Greco-Roman culture. Thus, to many detailed questions Myatt responds by referencing such foundations:

> "I do not situate my weltanschauung anywhere in terms defined or believed or discussed by others, ancient or modern, because it is just my weltanschauung, born from various experiences and the loss of loved ones, and nurtured by working and living on a farm in England, by solitary walks along a sea-shore and in the hills and deciduous woods of English Shires."
>
> "I have no answer to [your] question *What is the Meaning of Myatt?* because all I seem to be is one fallible mortal among so many billions past and present and one who wil die soon having already outlived his three score and ten. Someone who has and perhaps vainly tried in some way in the past ten years or so, and in various poems, to record his feelings, his fallible understanding of himself and the world he has passed through and the events and the people he has, or so he believes, learned from. In those past ten or so years my references are usually only the classical authors; or occasionally a poet such as TS Eliot or a composer such as JS Bach because for those years my world, my influences, have been the outdoor world of Nature, my pathei-mathos, the women I have loved and lost, with my only constant companions those classical authors, my memories, and such a poet and such a composer."

°°°°°

Nameless Therein: You have stated that your philosophy of pathei-mathos is expiative. {1 As expressions of that

expiation, you mention that your writings and reclusiveness "do little to offset the deep sadness felt, except in fleeting moments." {2 In your "desire for a numinous non-religious expiation," {3 your life may be said to resemble a kind of secular restoration of the Fall.

Insofar as your non-religious expiation resembles what Wilfred Cantwell Smith describes as faith, involving "man's capacity to perceive, to symbolize, and to live loyally and richly in terms of a transcendent dimension to his and her life," {4 the "deep sadness felt" about your past is perhaps offset less by what you have learned and more so by who you have become. In this – in the way your own pathei-mathos has shaped you – one can sense sincere atonement. Could you comment on how pathei-mathos can help one "live loyally and richly in terms of a transcendent dimension to his … [or] her life"?

David Myatt: I admit I do not presume to know – I do not even now understand – "how pathei-mathos can help one live loyally and richly in terms of a transcendent dimension to someone's life".

Al I do know is what I wrote over a decade ago about something which somehow in some ineffable way seemed to personally work for me:

> "the so beautiful sound of birdsong in English woods and fields in early May; or perhaps the sight of small cumulus clouds slowly passing beneath the sky of blue in Summer when Sun so warms us that we stop to wipe away the sweat upon our brow; or, perhaps, that so special scent of a meadow field in middle June after rain when Sun, re-emerging from passing stormfull cloud, dries us and our so fragile land, and we are moved – so moved, so still, amid the country silence – that we lie down awhile beside the Hawthorn hedge to feel again this simple English paradise of field, farm, life, and burgeoning birth." {5

But this, such a heritage, such a still so very numinous place, is not an option for so very many around the world that I can only and so fallibly suggest it might possibly be such a Nature in such a place as still exists, and a personal loyal love of partners and of family bound together through personal honour.

NT: On the subject of faith, Wilfred Cantwell Smith notes that "faith is that quality of or available to humankind by which we are characterized as transcending, or are enabled to transcend, the natural order." {6

This points to an interesting disparity you previously highlighted regarding the activities of your extremist decades, which were marked by a desire to "bring-into-being some-thing that … [you now recognize] would not and could not, in centennial terms (let alone in millennial or cosmic terms) endure." {7

In the desire to "stop or somehow try to control, to shape, the natural flux of change … [and] to preserve, whatever the cost, what we or others after us might bring-into-being," you noted the underlying belief that you and your associates "would or could do what no one in human history had been able to do: make our presencings immortal, or at least immune to the natural cycle of birth-life-decay-death."8 Having since rejected those beliefs, in addition to the activities and writings of your extremist decades, how would you now reconcile the desire to create enduring works capable of transcending the natural order with a rejection of politics, religion, and violent social activism? {9

DM: Again I have no abstractive, generalized, ideological supra-personal answers. All I have is my feeling, my intuition, my fallible learning that it is a personal loyal love and a very personal honour in the immediacy of the moment which matter.

NT: Could you comment on how to reconcile the tension between the universal application of pathei-mathos to our species across thousands of years of human history on the one hand and the recognition of our own mortality as a human species on the other? In other words, how is pathei-mathos meant to endure according to what you call the "Cosmic Perspective" {10 in light of our own mortality, and particularly without a "religious" dimension that transcends the natural order?

Might pathei-mathos' endurance be immanent rather than transcendent, presenced in our mortality rather than beyond it? And how might this relate to Aeschylus' original sense of πάθει μάθος (pathei-mathos) with respect to "[the immortal Zeus] guiding mortals to reason"? {11

DM: Is there or should there ever be anything which is or which is suggested as a 'universal' or a religious or an 'ideological' supra-personal application or causal abstraction? Something believed or hoped to be enduring?

My own fallible experience is that there is not and perhaps should never be again, since all supra-personal suggestions or applications or abstractions however denoted in my experience and in respect of my classical learning immediately or sooner later are the genesis of hubris and suffering.

Thus and yet again I am returned to a personal loyal love between two people and/or their family and to a very personal honour in the immediacy of the moment.

NT: William James said that religion is "'the individual pinch of destiny' as the individual feels it." {12 James' characterization of religion was largely a response to the question, "What is the character of this universe in which we dwell?" {13 In order to address this question, he noted that one "must go behind the foreground of existence and reach down to that curious sense of the whole residual cosmos as an everlasting presence, intimate or alien, terrible or amusing, lovable or odious, which in some degree everyone possesses." {14

In "[t]his sense of the world's presence," we become either "strenuous or careless, devout or blasphemous, gloomy or

exultant, about life at large." {15 And our reaction, he says, which is "involuntary and inarticulate and often half unconscious," is the "completest of all our answers" to the above question. {16

In making cosmic meaningful tragedy from the individual to the broader context of our species, it seems that this "pinch" has been present throughout your life and your philosophy despite your "desire for a numinous non-religious expiation" {17 and your view that mainstream religions no longer provide "a satisfactory answer to the question of suffering … [or of] what may be required for us to consciously change ourselves for the better." {18 In reaching down to "that curious sense of the whole residual cosmos as an everlasting presence," how would you describe your reaction to that "sense of the world's presence," and how has that changed over the course of your life?

DM: We human beings especially of the male genus and often because of centuries of so-called "thinking" make matters of existence, Being, and morality seem complicated, and offer our own suggestions as to how matters could or perhaps should be.

But over the course of my life I seem to have learned that the suffering such suggestions cause and the hubris of humans continues. The invention of causal abstractions continues, century after century. And the Cosmos with its billions of galaxies and its perhaps billions of life-habitable planets continues. So, we humans here on Terra Firma are what? Some transient fallible persons sallying forth – and killing, causing suffering – on behalf of some ancient or modern abstraction such as some religious faith or some nation-State or on behalf of some personal instinct we seemingly cannot control?

Simply expressed: there should no longer be an aspiration for a broader supra-personal meaning.

NT: William James' description of religion seems oddly in keeping with what, in paraphrasing Cicero, you have described as the essence of ancient European paganism. {19

Additionally, your characterization of the ancient sense of pathei-mathos as wisdom arising from personal suffering {20 also seems in keeping with the Pyrrhonian sense of ataraxia (ἀταραξία) or "freedom from worry," {21 which is reached by raising "oneself above a condition of misery and despair" through self-mastery and fortitude. {22 With respect to the ancient question, "How can we keep from suffering?" {23 your life and writings seem to fluctuate between resilience and renunciation. In this, there seems to be an almost Stoic undertone with respect to how the ideas that have shaped your worldview do not resemble "an interesting pastime or even a particular body of knowledge, but … a way of life." {24 You have mentioned the influence of Marcus Aurelius on your thinking, which may explain that undertone. {25 Looking back, how do you view the Stoic notion of elevating sorrow rather than abolishing it {26 in order to overcome and then meaningful y reshape it in our lives? Does this resilience in the face of tragic renunciation have any bearing on the overarching theme of honor throughout your life?

DM: As ever these days, I am wary of a general term – in this case Stoicism – being applied to describe what a person or some persons wrote be such writings ancient or otherwise.

In this matter before answering a specific question I would have to read critical editions of Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and the necessary others, and then undertake my own translations and commentaries with particular attention to what words such as tempus and πένθος and εὐδαιμονία in their work may have meant and implied to those writers and their contemporaries and not what is meant or assumed now by such terms as 'time' and 'grief' and 'good fortune'/'happiness'. Such a task would occupy me for perhaps a year if not more. One of many comparisons of interest might be between Seneca's *De Consolatio ad Marciam* and how Antigone is portrayed by Sophocles and Klytemnestra by Aeschylus.

But from previous readings of Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and some of the necessary others I would in regard to honour answer in the negative given how I now understand honour as an individual feeling related to the numinous which cannot be abstracted out from a personal moment in the form of some written or aural code, ethical or otherwise, or become a basis for or a part of some -ism or some -ology.

NT: On the subject of religion and the previous question on Stoicism, I am reminded of the Romanian nihilist Emil Cioran's vitriolic but insightful words from his little-known article, "A Bouquet of Heads." Remarking on Christianity and Stoicism in the ancient world, he says the following:

> The Greco-Roman twilight deserved a better enemy, a better promise, a better religion. How can you believe even in the shadow of progress when you remember that those Christian fables, with no trouble at all , smothered Stoicism! If Stoicism had been able to grow and spread, to seize hold of the world, man would have come through, or almost. Resignation, made obligatory, would have taught us to endure our suffering with dignity, to silence our voices, to face our Nothingness coldly…. To accuse no one, to stoop neither to sadness, nor joy, nor regret, to reduce our connection with the world to a harmonious play of defeat, to live condemned and serene, never imploring the deity but rather putting him on notice…. That was not possible. Stoicism, overrun from all sides and faithful to its principles, had the elegance to die without a struggle. A religion founds itself on the ruins of wisdom, but the tactics used by religion are scarcely appropriate to wisdom. {27

Many would agree that you have endured suffering with dignity over the course of your life. But rather than founding your legacy on the ruins of wisdom, you appear to have forged an existential crucible from which many now draw inspiration. How would you like to see that inspiration embodied in the lives of those who look up to you? And if those ruins were a monument to the past, what virtues and activities would you like to see take their place?

DM: My answer can possibly be deduced from my previous one. Just as my fallible understanding is that honour cannot be abstracted from a personal moment to become some sort of principle or guide, so my similar fallible understanding is that a person who learns by means of pathei-mathos cannot be or rather should not become such a guide or even an example and certainly should not assume any sort of guiding

NT: In a 2017 interview, you noted that both the Numinous Way and the philosophy of pathei-mathos now seem to you "a rather wordy and a rather egoistic, vainful, attempt to present what I (rightly or wrongly) believed I had learned about myself and the world as a result of various experiences." {28 You add that, in your solitude and now concentrating on your translations, you live "each day as it passes … unconcerned about what my being – and my relation to Being – is now or perhaps should be." {29 In some respects, your withdrawal into solitude resembles Mother Teresa's confession of feeling a "deep loneliness," having previously confessed that her "own soul … [remained] in deep darkness [and] desolation" as she began to doubt her faith. {30 In this, there may be an element of truth in what Emil Cioran says of solitude:

> "Solitude is not a gift, it is a mission: to rise to it, to take it upon oneself, is to renounce that portion of baseness needed to guarantee the success of any enterprise whatever, religious or otherwise."31 On the other hand, C. S. Lewis' point that "[e]very mode of being in the whole universe contributes to … [man]; he is a cross-section of being"32 carries some weight. These two tensions additional y seem to resolve in the words of Gregory the Great (540-604), who said that "because man has existence (esse) in common with stones, life with trees, and understanding (discernere) with angels, he is rightly cal ed by the name of the world." {33

The sentiments expressed by all of these figures point to an important concern: In your solitude and your lack of concern with what your being and your relation to Being is now or should be, one senses the danger of also losing concern for your relation to other beings, and specifically to other human beings. In the shadow of commonality you share with those who take inspiration from your work, what do you hope to wager in the eclipse between how they see your life and how they speak your name – perhaps not as the name of the world, but certainly as a name of theirs?

DM: The question of possibly "losing concern for your relation to other beings, and specifically to other human beings" has bothered me and does bother me and the only answer I have is again that of honour in the immediacy of the living moment which seems to me the only numinous exception to 'not interfering in the world' however good one believes one's interference to be.

Al this means seems to me to amount to doing what is honourable when personally, in the immediacy of the moment, confronted with someone or some many doing what is dishonourable in relation to another person or persons or to another living being. My intuition is that a person of honour either instinctively knows what is dishonourable or has learned so from personal experience.

NT: In a letter to his brother Henry James during the completion of his great work on the Principles of Psychology, William James said, "I have to forge every sentence in the teeth of irreducible and stubborn facts." {34 In contrast to European science in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Alfred North Whitehead notes that James was alluding to a "new tinge to modern minds … [as] a vehement and passionate interest in the relation of general principles to irreducible and stubborn facts." {35 Whitehead elaborates on this, noting that: Al the world over and at all times there have been practical men, absorbed in "irreducible and stubborn facts": all the world over and at all times there have been men of philosophic temperament who have been absorbed in the weaving of general principles. It is this union of passionate interest in the detailed facts with equal devotion to abstract generalisation which forms the novelty in our present society. Previously it had appeared sporadically and as if by chance. This balance of mind has now become part of the tradition which infects cultivated thought. It is the salt which keeps life sweet.

The main business of universities is to transmit this tradition as a widespread inheritance from generation to generation. {36

Whitehead's observance that the wedding of particular facts with abstract generalizations marks a distinct shift from the "disruption of Western Christianity and the rise of modern science" in the sixteenth century {37 to a "new colouring of ways of thought … [which] had been proceeding slowly for many ages in the European peoples." {38 The new mentality this gave way to "altered the metaphysical presuppositions and the imaginative contents of our minds; so that now the old stimuli provoke a new response," which Whitehead notes was "more important even than the new science and the new technology." {39

Given that this wedding of particular facts with abstraction was in large part responsible for a new way of thinking that shaped the whole of Europe, do you find it problematic that much of your writing has a tendency to be interpreted as pulling this wedding apart or even declaiming a divorce (two examples being the emphasis on individual or particular experience and the negative sense of "causal abstraction")?

DM: A marriage and a puling apart of or a conflict between what? An idea, an ideal? Another idea? A generalization termed 'Europe', a generalization termed Western Christianity; another one named modern science? Another termed our present society? And so on.

My focus in the past ten or so years has been on the personal and interactions between individuals such as personal love based on a loyalty between individuals and the families that two such individuals can bring-into-being biological y or otherwise. Such persons, such interactions, can and do sometimes cause suffering; but is this and has this been on the scale of that caused by ideologies, ideas, ideals, and entities such as codified religions, nations, States, Empires?

Do the achievements of some such nations, States, Empires, of some ideas, ideals, and what has been termed 'science' and 'technology' balance out what suffering they may have caused?

For in my experience it is or it should be a question of balance; of accepting there are limits; of accepting responsibility; of accepting that the personal and such things as love, empathy, compassion, and honour are the essential aspects of that necessary balance, with extremism of whatever type or form the result of the harshness of personal imbalance when love, empathy, compassion, and honour are ignored or rejected or never personal y known because some -ism or -ology or some manufactured entity or hatred of some perceived enemy have priority in the life of an individual with our human culture of pathei-mathos also ignored or rejected or never personally known.

Have we as a species in the past experienced in some way and in some place a part of the necessary balance? Possibly, for a while. Do we have a part of such a balance now in any society in the world? Possibly, although some may disagree. Are we as a species learning from our human culture of pathei-mathos with its documentation by means of music, memoirs, poetry, and other arts, of human suffering, human love, tragedy, and loss?

NT: Two-part question. Question one. You have noted that certain forms of abstraction tend to be associated with the masculous and can take on a kind of violence toward muliebral virtues like empathy, compassion, and humility. {40 This can occur, for example, in the masculous "favouring of abstractions and the notion of an idealized duty over empathy and compassion and the muliebral virtues in general," {41 which can lead to forms of extremism.

However, this push against abstraction has resulted in a tendency by many of your readers to identify abstraction with an erroneous or even harmful way of thinking. That identification seems dangerously close to a kind of nominalism or rejection of all universals and abstract objects, {42 which itself may germinate a species of extremism.

I suspect part of this tension may have been influenced by Aristotle and his account of physis (φύσις) or nature, where, in contrast to Plato's Timaeus, "nature is not an abstract, impersonal, 'all-pervading demiurgic force'," {43 but rather an "inner driving force we reference when saying of a natural being: 'That is its nature.'" {44 I am also reminded of the medieval problem of universals, {45 which highlights a debate that spans the work of the Neo-Platonists, pagans such as Plotinus and Porphyry, and medieval Christians such as Augustine and Boethius. {46

With respect to your work, one could argue that the muliebral virtues at the heart of the philosophy of pathei-mathos require a grounding in some sense of abstraction, whether in the transition from individual pathei-mathos to the broader context of collective and sustainable millennial change, in the universal application of pathei-mathos to the human condition, or in the way individual experience is related to other forms of life. Part of the confusion regarding your use of the term "abstraction" may rest on your characterization of the difference between personal knowledge of an individual and reifying that individual according to some ideology or cause. {47 Given that many readers seem to miss the broader context of this distinction, would you mind clarifying what forms of abstraction you view as negative, detrimental, or harmful and what forms you view as productive or even necessary for the cultivation of the muliebral virtues you have described?

Question two. In an interview with you from 2014, {48 your work Understanding and Rejecting Extremism: A Very Strange Peregrination is cited with respect to what you identify as the inflexible and often excessive masculous character that goes with extremism.49 In your view, are there non-extremist contexts where the masculous can find positive, non-violent applications? In what cases might a masculous character compliment "the muliebral virtues of empathy, sensitivity, humility, gentleness, forgiveness, compassion, and the desire to love and be loved" rather than work against them? {50

Conversely, are there cases, however exceptional, where these muliebral virtues could become vices? Though such cases may be few and far between, your description of the difference between personal love and empathy comes to mind, where you noted that "the emotion gendered by personal love can also cause suffering both of the person who loves and in regard to the one loved, especially if there is not a mutual, loyal, equality of love." {51

Do you think there is a danger in this personal asymmetry carrying over to the collective level, as in the case of certain religious ideologies? And much like the important wedding of the particular with the abstract described by Whitehead in the previous question, how might we wed the masculous and the muliebral without inciting these forms of harm?

DM: In relation to masculous and muliebral I understand them as descriptors of personal behaviour and attitudes and how it seems to me that the numinous and thus the honourable tend to be and have tended to be manifest in the world and in our lives. Created abstractions tend toward the supra-personal and tend to cause suffering sooner or later.

An operative expression here is 'tend to be'. Do empathy, compassion, humility, and honour tend toward us not causing suffering? Do ideologies and codified religions tend to – over durations of causal time – cause suffering, harm, and schisms resulting from exegesis?

Does what is often described as the masculous virtue of heroism tend toward suffering by making a or the hero an ideal to be admired and fol owed, or should it be more correctly described as a balance of both masculous and muliebral if it is understood in the personal sense as the actions of one honourable person?

For another operative expression in my attempts at explanation is 'personal behaviour and attitudes' which being variable and subject to change can perhaps only and sometimes point us toward a certain intuition that might be an uncovering of a possible answer to the question *quid est veritas*. That what is uncovered is only a personal, causally-dependant, experience and a knowing but always dies and yet can return to be rediscovered yet again by others.

Given my hubriatic past and the suffering I have personally caused by championing this or that ideology or this or that religion or this or that abstraction I am all too fallible, all too prone to making mistakes so perhaps I could be wrong regarding this and other matters.

NT: In addition to expiation and remorse, much of your work conveys an overtone of regret. In your recent writings, this can be sensed acutely in the opening sections of "A Vagabond in Exile from the Gods," to cite one example. How have you come to terms with what you now view as mistakes of the past in terms of your legacy to the future and its influence on the world? Additional y, in contrast to the overtones of regret, the desire for forgiveness seems to be a recurrent undertone throughout your writing. Against the sullied public and the lies that your opponents continue to spread about you, wil you find the courage to forgive yourself? In reconciling the pain of the past with its shadow of regret, what do you hope to see in the dawning of the future, and what enduring works do you hope to leave for future generations in the brave valence of tomorrow?

DM: In regard to regret for having caused suffering to others through both selfishness and adherence to various -isms or -ologies, the personal lamentation derived and derives from acknowledging my suffering-causing mistakes and from what I hope is an understanding of our human physis and an understanding of the harshness of extremism. As for forgiveness, who or what can forgive those who have caused suffering? In many cultural traditions it was of course the person or persons who were directly harmed or their relatives. In Christian, Islamic and Judaic tradition it is God/Allah.

But the impersonal nature of many suffering-causing extremist deeds and of many criminal justice systems often means there are no living victims or relatives to directly offer forgiveness even should they desire to do so, which would probably be unlikely given the harshness, intractability, the fanatical hatred, of so many extremists.

While there are expiative means in the Christian, Islamic and Judaic traditions, if one does not or no longer believes in God/Allah then there can be no forgiveness. Thus, for me as mentioned in some of my essays, my weltanschauung of pathei-mathos, such answers as these, my many autobiographical effusions, are my attempts at expiation.

NT: Before one can derive wisdom from meaningful suffering it seems that one must first constitute the world meaningful y. Deriving meaning from the world and constituting it in turn both rest on the way we interpret the world and the framework of interpretation we have at our disposal. I think many individuals today are unaware of the disparity between the framework of interpretation we had at our disposal in ages past and the framework of interpretation that distinctly characterizes modernity. In some respects, the Hellenic vitality of your philosophy risks becoming lost in the "transliteration" from the individual to modernity when interpreted without this frame of reference. In an attempt to sustain that vitality, I think the fol owing summary by Thomas Howard regarding what he calls "The Old Myth and the New" frames this well:

> There were some ages in Western history that have occasionally been called Dark. They were dark, it is said, because in them learning declined, and progress paused, and men labored under the pall of belief. A cause-effect relationship is frequently felt to exist between the pause and the belief. Men believed in things like the Last Judgment and fiery torment. They believed that demented people had devils in them, and that disease was a plague from heaven. They believed that they had souls, and that what they did in this life had some bearing on the way in which they would final y experience reality.
>
> They believed in portents and charms and talismans. And they believed that God was in heaven and Beelzebub in hell and that the Holy Ghost had impregnated the Virgin Mary and that the earth and sky were full of angelic and demonic conflict. Altogether, life was very weighty, and there was no telling what might lie behind things. The ages were, as I say, dark.
>
> Then the light came. It was the light that has lighted us men into a new age. Charms, angels, devils, plagues, and parthenogenesis have fled from the glare into the crannies of memory. In their place have come coal mining and E = mc2 and plastic and group dynamics and napalm and urban renewal and rapid transit. Men were freed from the fear of the Last Judgment; it was felt to be more bracing to face Nothing than to face the Tribunal. They were freed from worry about getting their souls into God's heaven by the discovery that they had no souls and that God had no heaven. They were freed from the terror of devils and plagues by the knowledge that the thing that was making them scream and foam was not an imp but only their own inability to cope, and that the thing that was clawing out their entrails was not divine wrath but only cancer. Altogether, life became much more livable since it was clear that in fact nothing lay behind things. The age was called enlightened.
>
> The myth sovereign in the old age was that everything means everything. The myth sovereign in the new is that nothing means anything. {52

With respect to Howard's description of "the myth sovereign in the old age" and "the myth sovereign in the new," where do you situate your own "paganus weltanschauung" and how do you reconcile it against the modern view that "nothing means anything"?

DM: I do not situate my weltanschauung anywhere in terms defined or believed or discussed by others, ancient or modern, because it is just my weltanschauung, born from various experiences and the loss of loved ones, and nurtured by working and living on a farm in England, by solitary walks along a sea-shore and in the hills and deciduous woods of English Shires.

NT: In another article, I have cited Pope Benedict XVI's comments regarding the topic of violent religious conversion. Recalling a dialogue between "the erudite Byzantine emperor Manuel II Paleologus and an educated Persian on the

subject of Christianity and Islam," {53 the Pope recounts how:

> The emperor, after having expressed himself so forceful y, goes on to explain in detail the reasons why spreading the faith through violence is something unreasonable.
>
> Violence is incompatible with the nature of God and the nature of the soul. "God," he says, "is not pleased by blood – and not acting reasonably (σὺν λόγω) is contrary to God's nature. Faith is born of the soul, not the body. Whoever would lead someone to faith needs the ability to speak well and to reason properly, without violence and threats. . To convince a reasonable soul, one does not need a strong arm, or weapons of any kind, or any other means of threatening a person with death..." {54

Having long-since rejected Muslim extremism and having had a first-hand account of it for ten years as a radical Muslim, I think the Pope's framing of the aforesaid dialogue finds an acute expression in your current views on the issue. In "Understanding and Countering Muslim Extremism," you describe two aims that typically motivate Muslim extremism – a supra-personal one and a personal one – which you note are "inextricably entwined." {55

You additional y note that "one effective way to counter Muslim extremism is for Muslims themselves to, using Quran and Sunnah, counter the harsh interpretation of Islam by the extremists," thereby pointing to "the humanity that is at the heart of Islam; a humanity so evident in the millions of Muslims ... world-wide." {56

Speaking to that humanity – and more specifically to the humility you cite {57 – how do you now view the spreading of faith through violence with respect to its incompatibility with the nature of God and the nature of the soul described by emperor Manuel II Paleologus? Additionally, if the supra-personal and personal aims that motivate this form of extremism are intertwined, how might we ward against them in their many variations within society and within our own lives?

DM: It seems to me that there are difficult and long-standing questions in relation to religions which wholly or in part rely on texts as the Christian, Islamic, Judaic and Buddhist traditions have done. Questions of exegesis and the different interpretations which often result.

Thus, even if as I wrote in the essay you refer to that one way – not the only way – in regard to events such as 9/11 and 7/7 is for Muslims themselves using Quran and Sunnah to counter the harsh interpretation of Islam by others, that may not prevent such harsh interpretations now or in the future given the reliance on texts with their inevitable exegesis.

In another essay I compared the Shia and the Sunna traditions noting that the Shia tradition of Taqlid seemed to me to preclude exegesis by those scholarly unqualified to do so. I suggested that this might explain why the Shia tradition has:

> "no such thing as modern independent extremist Shia groups who indiscriminately target and kill the kuffar ('infidels') in Western lands or elsewhere, or who fly aeroplanes into buildings or who blow themselves up in order to kill 'infidels'. For Shia mujtahidun have given rulings in respect of such things." {58

This should lead to difficult questions for not only groups such as ad-Dawlah al-Islamiyah (commonly known as Islamic State) and their followers who regularly target and kill Shia Muslims but also for Western allies of Saudi Arabia who have for decades imposed sanctions on Iran and who support a conflict in Yemen in which Shia Muslims have been killed in their thousands and Shia children starved to death.

How many in the West even know what these difficult questions are? Not only in relation to Shia Muslims but in relation to exegesis of Christian texts such as The Gospels? To in some minor way draw attention to such questions I began a translation of and writing a commentary on The Gospel According To John and have so far for various personal reasons only managed to make public chapters one to five, available at https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2017/10/gospel-of-john-1-5.pdf

NT: In your autobiography, Myngath, you mention an interest in chess in your youth. In fact, you mention being one of the only competitors to have drawn against a visiting Grandmaster in a simultaneous display at the Singapore Polytechnic as a young man. {59 As a chess player, I would be remiss not to ask: do you still have the recorded chess notation for that match? Additional y, do you still play chess? And did you find anything applicable or of value with respect to the lessons you learned in your study of the game and your subsequent study of martial arts?

DM: In regard to the Chess game in Singapore, I do not any longer have the 'descriptive' notation of the game, but the results of the tournament were briefly together with my surname mentioned in a local newspaper – it may have been The Straits Times – and I hunched over a Chess board fleeting appeared in a local TV newsreel of the event.

I lost interest in Chess when, living in Blighty in 1968, I first met Colin Jordan and became a National-Socialist activist in his newly formed British Movement.

NT: In one of your early relationships as a young man, you mention that you and your female companion once spent hours listening to jazz at a small club, noting that "she was a Jazz aficionado and very knowledgeable about that genre." {60 Do you recall what artists or songs you two enjoyed listening to at the time, and do you enjoy the genre? Additionally, are there other genres, artists, or songs of special significance for you that you would care to mention? You have noted that classical music has played an important role in your life, and I am curious to hear more about your musical influences.

DM: Being a young man in love with a lady who was Jazz aficionado I did for a while try to share her interest in and enthusiasm for such music but failed, given my interest in and love of classical music. Which interest began when as a young boy in a private – Whites-only – school in Africa our music teacher played our class a Long Playing record of music by JS Bach performed by Segovia. It was transformative.

NT: I doubt I am alone in feeling that your poetry reveals something deeply moving about the way you and your worldview have transformed over the course of your life. I find the poems in *One Exquisite Silence* particularly moving. Would you care to provide any additional background regarding the circumstances that led to the composition of any of these poems? I am especial y interested in "Travelling," which affects me intensely at this stage of my life.

DM: The poem *One Exquisite Silence* was composed not long after I met and fell in love with a lady who worked on a commercial (wholesale) plant nursery; while the Travelling poem was composed not long after I left Leeds (and my violent National-Socialist activism) in 1974 to wander the English countryside for a while as a vagabond, as was the poem *Summer Days Walking Roads*. The poem titled *Relict* was composed during a visit to a rather neglected cemetery when in 1976 I was travelling around and staying in various monasteries in the United Kingdom with a view to becoming a Catholic monk. The poem titled *Wine* was composed in Spain in the early 1970's, before I moved to Leeds, during another period when I was wandering around wondering what to do with my life.

NT: Martin Heidegger revived one of the most important questions in the Western philosophical tradition: what is the meaning of Being? This question set the philosophical tradition in motion all the way back to the ancient Greeks. At one level, the question points to the fact that we general y operate through an unclarified pre-comprehension of what we mean by "exist," or what we mean by "this is" versus "this is not," where for the ancient Greeks Being was equated with ongoing or constant presence. At a deeper level, it points to an important interpretive dynamic regarding how we are to understand the type of being we are, the one who asks the question and for whom the question is an issue.

Much like Heidegger's question, there are many theories regarding how to interpret the meaning of your life. Sadly, all of these have a tendency to reduce the ideas and ideals that motivated your life's narrative to deeds that you have long-since denounced and atoned for.

Put another way, many are concerned with the details of your life without being equipped to take seriously the ideas that have shaped it. Given that your philosophy is not just a collection of ideas but a mode of living, this presents two problems. The first concerns the philosophy of pathei-mathos, where the way one interprets his or her experiences through the lens of that philosophy is cal ed into question when one is not equipped to address or interpret the meaning of the philosophy itself. In that case, there is often an asymmetry between the vital experience needed to understand the philosophy and the framework needed to interpret those experiences, where the two eventual y disconnect or fail to connect at all. The second problem concerns the attempt by others to interpret your life without first being equipped to interpret their own. We have seen this time and time again with respect to your opponents, in the media, and even among those who take inspiration from your life and work. I would thus like to conclude with one final question, returning us, as is so often the case, to where we began: what is the meaning of David Myatt?

DM: I have no answer to the question "What is the Meaning of Myatt?" because all I seem to be is one fallible mortal among so many billions past and present and one who will die soon having already outlived his three score and ten. Someone who has and perhaps vainly tried in some way in the past ten years or so, and in various poems, to record his feelings, his fallible understanding of himself and the world he has passed through and the events and the people he has, or so he believes, learned from.

In those past ten or so years my references are usually only the classical authors; or occasionally a poet such as TS Eliot or a composer such as JS Bach because for those years my world, my influences, have been the outdoor world of Nature, my pathei-mathos, the women I have loved and lost, with my only constant companions those classical authors, my memories, and such a poet and such a composer.

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Notes

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14 Ibid., 32.

15 Ibid., 32-33.

16 Ibid., 33.

17 Myatt, "Some Questions (March 2014)."

18 David Myatt, "Some Questions for DWM, 2017," David Myatt: Learning from Adversity; a Rejection of Extremism, 2017, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2017/08/dwm-questions-2017-v1b.pdf.

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34 Alfred North Whitehead, Science and the Modern World (New York: Pelican Mentor Books, 1948), 2-3.

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47 See, for example, David Myatt, "Understanding and Countering Muslim Extremism," David Myatt – Πάθει Μάθος, 2015, https://www.davidmyatt.info/muslim-extremism.html.

48 Myatt, "Some Questions (March 2014)."

49 See David Myatt, "The Masculous Extremist," in Understanding and Rejecting Extremism: A Very Strange Peregrination (CreateSpace, 2013), https://www.davidmyatt.info/muslim-extremism.html.

50 Ibid.

51 Myatt, "Some Questions, 2017."

52 Thomas Howard, "The Old Myth and the New," chap. 1 in Chance or the Dance? A Critique of Modern Secularism (1969; repr., San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 2001).

53 Pope Benedict XVI, "Faith, Reason and the University: Memories and Reflections" (speech, Aula Magna of the University of Regensburg, Bavaria, Germany, September 12, 2006). The speech can be accessed here: https://www.vatican.va/content/benedict-xvi/en/speeches/2006/september/documents/hf_ben-xvi_spe_20060912_university-regensburg.html.

54 Ibid.

55 Myatt, "Countering Muslim Extremism."

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60 Myatt, "Toward First Love," in Myngath.

Addendum

Misunderstanding Denotata In Myatt's Philosophy Of Pathei-Mathos

A Particular Perceiveration

A certain misunderstanding of David Myatt's weltanschauung of Pathei-Mathos seems to have arisen based on Myatt's use of terms such as acausal, abstractions, and denotatum {1} which does not seem to take into account matters such as the following:

1. That Myatt's weltanschauung was developed and refined over a period of some years (c.2011-2017) and was based primarily on his outré experiences over some four decades, which refinement led him to write in 2022 that

> "my weltanschauung is just my weltanschauung; representing my attempt to apprehend the physis of human beings; to understand the causes of suffering and how suffering can be alleviated; and understand the nature of the numinous and what it means and meant, and thus whether the numinous is embodied in theos, however understood, or in human virtues such as compassion, empathy and honour which thus might obviate the need for a belief in something supra-personal be that theos or some -ism or some -ology." {2}

In effect, his weltanschauung of Pathei-Mathos is a mystical perceiveration and not an academic philosophy. {3}

2. That his classification of his insights using terminology such as ontology, epistemology, and ethics - as in for example his statement that "the ontology of beings [...] is often obscured by denotatum and by abstractions, both of which conceal physis" {4} - is only a temporary guide for readers since his focus is primarily on empathy and pathei-

mathos as a means to knowing, both of which are personal, of the immediate moment, and which knowing, as he writes many times, cannot be extracted out from that personal experiencing to form the basis for anything supra-personal be it a denotata or some -ism or some -ology. {5}

That is, ontology itself is an abstraction, a denotatum, which empathy and pathei-mathos take us beyond. In this respect a simile might be Wittgenstein's 'ladder'.

3. That what applies to terminology such as ontology applies to his use of the acausal and his division of our physis, following his understanding of the Corpus Hermeticum, into masculous and muliebral. That they are also useful denotata to explain what is as it now is and has been but are ultimately discarded by the wordless knowing of empathy and pathei-mathos.

4. That his comparisons and examples derived from ancient Greek texts and philosophy - most of which he cites in Greek and provides his own translations - are of the insights of some others with which he finds some correlation with his own insights, eschewing as he does in his iconoclasm and resonance with Greco-Roman culture the modern practice in academia of citing works by philosophers of the past few centuries and more recent texts by academics.

The Mysticism Of Mr Myatt

The statement by Myatt, quoted above, that his weltanschauung is his

> "attempt to apprehend the physis of human beings; to understand the causes of suffering and how suffering can be alleviated; and understand the nature of the numinous and what it means and meant, and thus whether the numinous is embodied in theos, however understood, or in human virtues such as compassion, empathy and honour which thus might obviate the need for a belief in something supra-personal be that theos or some -ism or some -ology," {2}

is a succinct description of his mysticism; that is, of his personal perceiveration of what is conventionally termed 'Reality', of Being and of beings. Which perceiveration is of the numinous capable of apprehension, sans denotata, by means of empathy and pathei-mathos, obviating the need for theos (a supreme divinity) and for theoi (the divinities of various ancient religions, pagan and otherwise) and obviating the need for not only ideologies of whatever kind but for religions such as Christianity, Judaism, Islam and Buddhism which rely on the interpretation, the exegesis, of some text or texts. {6}

For Myatt, this apprehension of the numinous is manifest in the personal behaviour of individuals through the compassion, humility, and tolerance born of empathy and through the fairness, the reasonableness, of personal honour.

As noted in *Conspectus of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*, empathy:

> "inclines a person toward certain virtues; toward a particular type of personal character; and disinclines them toward doing what is bad, what is unfair; what is harsh and unfeeling; what intentionally causes or contributes to suffering. For empathy enables us to *directly perceive*, to sense, the φύσις (the physis, the nature or character) of human beings and other living beings, involving as empathy does a translocation of ourselves and thus a knowing-of another living-being as that living-being is, without presumptions and sans all ideations, all projections." [My emphasis] {7}

Furthermore, empathy is inextricably linked to pathei-mathos {8} and that there is what Myatt terms a 'local horizon' to empathy:

> "The 'local horizon of empathy' is a natural consequence of my understanding of empathy as a human faculty, albeit a faculty that is still quite underdeveloped. For what empathy provides - or can provide - is a very personal wordless knowing in the immediacy-of-the-living-moment. Thus empathy inclines us as individuals to appreciate that what is beyond the purveu {9} of our empathy - beyond our personal empathic knowing of others, beyond our knowledge and our experience, beyond the limited (local) range of our empathy and that personal (local) knowledge of ourselves which pathei-mathos reveals - is something we rationally, we humbly, accept we do not know and so cannot judge or form a reasonable, a fair, a balanced, opinion about. For empathy, like pathei-mathos, lives within us; manifesting, as both empathy and pathei-mathos do, the always limited nature, the horizon, of our own knowledge and understanding." {10}
>
> "[a]s a personal human faculty empathy has a personal horizon and thus cannot be extrapolated from such a personal knowing into some-thing supra-personal be this some-thing denotata, including an ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος, or an axiom (ἀρχή) or a source (αἴτιος) for some 'revelation' or ideology or similar manifestations constructed by and dependent on appellation." {11}

In regard to the numinous Myatt writes:

> "In contrast to Otto et al, my understanding of the numinous is that it is primarily a perceiveration, not a personal emotion or feeling, not a mysterium, and not an idea in the sense of Plato's εἶδος and thus is not similar to Kant's concept of a priori. As a perceiveration, while it includes an apprehension of what is often referred to as 'the divine', 'the holy' - and sometimes thus is an apprehension of theos or theoi - it is not limited to such apprehensions, since as in the past it is often an intimation of, an intuition concerning, the natural balance of ψυχή; a balance which ὕβρις upsets. This natural balance – our being as human beings – is

> or can be manifest to us in or by what is harmonious, or what reminds us of what is harmonious and beautiful." {12}

Which brings us to what seems to be a neglected aspect of his weltanschauung: the natural balance, harmony, ἁρμονίη, for which he often uses the Taoist-derived term wu-wei which he defines as being "used in my philosophy of pathei-mathos to refer to a personal 'letting-be' - a non-interference - deriving from humility." {13} That is, from the humility revealed by empathy.

His 2018 essay *Towards Understanding Ancestral Culture* elaborates on this notion of balance where he provides an example not only from Ancient Greece but from Tractate IV:2 of the Corpus Hermeticum, and from Ficini's *De Vita Coelitus Comparanda*, written in Latin and published in 1489,

> "Correctly understood, Δίκη - and δίκη in general - represents the natural and the necessary balance manifest in ἁρμονίη (harmony) and thus not only in τὸ καλόν (the beautiful) but also in the Cosmic Order, κόσμος, with ourselves as human beings (at least when unaffected by hubris) a microcosmic re-presentation of such balance, κόσμον δὲ θείου σώματος κατέπεμψε τὸν ἄνθρωπον. A sentiment re-expressed centuries later by Marsilii Ficini: Quomodo per inferiora superioribus exposita deducantur superiora, et per mundanas materias mundana potissimum dona, 'How, when what is lower is touched by what is higher, the higher is cosmically presenced therein and thus gifted because cosmically aligned'.
>
> This understanding and appreciation of ἁρμονίη and of κόσμος and of ourselves as a microcosm is perhaps most evident in the Greek phrase καλὸς κἀγαθός, describing as it does those who are balanced within themselves, who - manifesting τὸ καλόν and τὸ ἀγαθὸν - comport themselves in a gentlemanly or lady-like manner." {14}

Which ancient notion of καλὸς κἀγαθός he mentions in his two 2017 monographs *Classical Paganism And The Christian Ethos* and *Tu Es Diaboli Ianua* {15} and which comportment succinctly describes how his weltanschauung could be manifest in the world.

Gentlemanly And Lady-like Behaviour

As described earlier, Myatt's mystical apprehension of the numinous is manifest in the personal behaviour of individuals and this behaviour amounts to an individual comporting themselves in a gentlemanly or lady-like manner; a comportment which has a long history in European culture from the idealized medieval chivalry of Morte Arthure to fictional Regency characters such as Mr Darcy, Elizabeth Bennet, Colonel Brandon, and Elinor Dashwood, to the 1940s Clive Wynne-Candy and Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff.

In his 2014 essay *The Consolation Of A Viator,* Myatt indirectly references the character of Mr Darcy:

> "For most of my life – and to paraphrase what someone once wrote – I have been a selfish being, prideful and conceited, and would still be so were it not for the suicide of a woman I loved." {16}

In the final paragraph of his autobiography *Myngath* he concludes that "a shared, a loyal, love between two people is the most beautiful, the most numinous, the most valuable thing of all." {17}

Such personal sentiments ground, and in my view express the essence of, his weltanschauung and have apparently been somewhat neglected in discussions of Myatt's 'philosophy' of pathei-mathos. For it is not an academic philosophy divorced from the realities of human life but the life-experience of someone who, learning from both diverse experiences and decades of scholarly study, has distilled that learning into the understanding that in order to presence the numinous we do not need religions or any -ism or -ology or abstractions but have only to behave in a certain cultured way: with manners, fairness, honour, humility, and compassion.

Which attributes of personal character are, to use Myatt's term, descriptors not abstractions:

> "A descriptor is a word, a term, used to describe some-thing which exists and which is personally observed, or is discovered, by means of our senses (including the faculty of empathy)." {13}

Hence why Myatt aptly describes his 'philosophy' as a "mystical individualistic numinous way," and as "the way of striving to cultivate, striving to live by, the virtues of humility, empathy, compassion, honour, non-interference, and self-restraint. A very individual way..." {18}

Morena Kapiris
June 2022

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{1} It should be noted that in many of his writings Myatt often idiosyncratically uses *denotatum* as an Anglicized term for both singular and plural instances. However, I shall use denotata for the plural and denotatum for the singular.

{2} *Some Questions For DWM, 2022*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2022/05/dwm-questions-may-22.pdf

{3} We have appropriated the term 'perceiveration' from Myatt's translations of and commentaries on tractates of the Corpus Hermeticum where he explains that he uses it to translate the Greek term νοῦς in place of the conventional translation 'mind', explaining his reasons in his article *Concerning ἀγαθός and νοῦς in the Corpus Hermeticum* -

https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2017/03/24/concerning-ἀγαθός-and-νοῦς-in-the-corpus-hermeticum/ - and in his commentary on v.2 of the Poemandres tractate where he describes perceiverance as:

> "a particular type of astute awareness, as of one's surroundings, of one's self, and as in understanding ('reading') a situation often in an instinctive way. Thus, what is not meant is some-thing termed 'mind' (or some faculty thereof), distinguished as this abstract 'thing' termed 'mind' has often been from another entity termed the body." https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/eight-tractates-v2-print.pdf

{4} *Towards Understanding Physis*. Included as an appendix in *The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos*, fifth edition, 2018, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/numinous-way-v5c-print.pdf

{5} See for example *Some Questions For DWM 2014*, included in *One Vagabond In Exile From The Gods*, 2014, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/one-vagabond-pathei-mathos.pdf

{6} In many of his writings Myatt has explained that the need for and practice of exegesis leads to suffering through reliance on a particular interpretation and through the conflict of competing interpretations which can lead to accusations of 'heresy'. See for example (i) the 2017 text *The Way Of Jesus of Nazareth: A Question Of Hermeneutics?* https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2017/09/30/the-way-of-jesus-of-nazareth/ and (ii) the 2019 text *Two Metaphysical Contradictions Of The Modern West* which is included in his text *In Defence Of The Roman Catholic Church*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2019/02/in-defence-rc-1.pdf In his 2018 essay *From Mythoi To Empathy* - included as an appendix in *The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos*, fifth edition - he wrote that the local horizon of empathy

> "and the fact that empathy is a human faculty mean that the apprehension is wordless and personal and cannot be extrapolated beyond, or abstracted out from, the individual without losing some or all of its numinosity since the process of denotatum - of abstraction - devolves around the meanings assigned to words, terms, and names, and which meanings can and do vary over causal time and may be (mis)interpreted by others often on the basis of some idea, or theory, or on some comparative exegesis. It therefore follows that the numinous cannot be codified and that numinosity cannot be adequately, fully, presenced by anything doctrinal or which is organized beyond a small, a localized, and thus personal level; and that all such a supra-local organization can ever hope to do at best is provide a fallible intimation of the numinous, or perhaps some practical means to help others toward individually apprehending the numinous for themselves." https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/numinous-way-v5c-print.pdf

{7} included in *The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos*, fifth edition, op.cit.

{8} *The Mystic Philosophy Of David Myatt*, third edition, 2021, p.5. https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2021/09/myatt-philosophy-third-edition.pdf

In his *Some Questions For DWM, 2022*, Myatt writes that the third edition of *The Mystic Philosophy* provides "a reasonably comprehensive overview" of his weltanschauung.

{9} As often, Myatt uses an alternative spelling: here *purveu* (from Middle English) instead of the now conventional 'purview'. See *On Idiosyncratic Capitalization and Spelling*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/on-idiosyncratic-capitalization-and-spelling/

{10} Included in *Sarigthersa*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2015/08/dwmyatt-sarigthersa-v7.pdf

{11} *Numinosity, Denotata, Empathy, And The Hermetic Tradition*, 2022, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2022/03/17/numinosity-denotata-empathy-and-the-hermetic-tradition/

{12} *From Mythoi To Empathy*, 2018. Included as an appendix in *The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos*, fifth edition, 2018, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/numinous-way-v5c-print.pdf

{13} *Vocabulary of the Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*, in *The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos*, op.cit.

{14} The essay is included as an appendix in *The Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos*, op.cit. Myatt translates the quotation from Tractate IV:2 of the Corpus Hermeticum as "A cosmos of the divine body sent down as human beings," writing in his commentary:

> "That is, human beings re-present, presence, the 'divine body' and are, of themselves, a reflection of the cosmic order itself. This, and the preceding line, express a fundamental part of ancient and Renaissance hermeticism: human beings as a microcosm of the cosmic order and the divine." *Corpus Hermeticum: Eight Tractates*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/eight-tractates-v2-print.pdf

{15} (i) *Classical Paganism And The Christian Ethos*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/classical-paganism-v2-print.pdf (ii) *Tu Es Diaboli Ianua, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/tua-es-diaboli-ianua.pdf*

{16} The essay is included in *One Vagabond In Exile From The Gods*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2014/10/one-vagabond-pathei-mathos.pdf

{17} *Myngath*, 2013, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2013/04/david-myatt-myngath.pdf

{18} *In Defence Of The Roman Catholic Church*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2019/02/in-defence-rc-1.pdf
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David Myatt, Australian Interview, 2023

The interview was with an Australian-based investigative journalist of Serbian descent known by his moniker 'Interzone' who was also a former convert to Islam. We include as a relevant addendum Myatt's text *Analysing National Socialism* where he writes:

> "There is thus, based on applying the moral criteria of The Numinous Way, a complete rejection by me of National-Socialism – of whatever kind – and an understanding of Hitler as a flawed individual who caused great suffering and whose actions and policies where dishonourable and immoral."

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Part One

> § I know you supported the Taliban, and I wish to ask where did you go? Who did you meet? How long where you there? If vague answers must be made for security reasons I understand.

Yes I did support the Taliban during my Muslim years, with one of my writings in support of them - *The Significance of the Taliban for the Muslim Ummah* - apparently found by the CIA in the possession of Osama bin Laden following his killing by US Navy Seals in the Abbottabad compound in 2011. [1]

My travels in Muslim lands following my reversion in 1998 were briefly mentioned by Mark Weitzmann in a 2010 NATO publication [2] with one such travel summarized in my somewhat heretical text Reflections on Islamic Travels dated 2 Jumaada Al-Thaani 1424. Other than this I have as you anticipated no further comment to make.

> § It would not surprise me if you have had to quieten yourself by pressure from MI6, or use foreign intelligence agency's in the past.

My only overt contact with such agencies was following my arrest by Special Branch (SO12 as it then was, now part of SO15) in 1998 during one of several amiable meetings and conversations with an SO12 officer at which meeting another somewhat enigmatic person was present who I assumed was either MI5 or MI6. My assumption is and was that such agencies had me - have me? - under covert surveillance from at least 1997 during my involvement with Combat 18.

> § I wish to know your perspective of the current Taliban, as for the most part they consist of many original Taliban members.

My now "above Time" perspective is mostly the one I wrote about in that aforementioned writing but modified with the riders 'may be' and 'on balance': that, for Muslims, they may represent, on balance, the spiritual principle of Zuhd in dunya (zuhd ad-dunya) which principle of detachment from or a concern with material things is it seems alien to some in the modern materialistic West although kept alive by others in various spiritual forms and perhaps even in those who espouse certain environmental concerns about what the modern West has done and is doing in respect of Nature. In regard to spiritual forms I am reminded, in respect of Christianity, of Julian of Norwich, George Fox, and William Penn.

With "on balance" for (i) it seems that sometimes - but not always - there may be or may have been an excess of zeal by some and (ii) there is the question of Ijma regarding their interpretation of Quran and Sunnah, which consensus, according to my understanding, they did not and currently do not have possibly because they did not have time to develope and most certainly now, post-occupation, cannot yet develop an Emirate.

> § I know this is not confirmed: that you have "renounced Islam and all forms of Extremism".

What is or would be acceptable as confirmation? For myself, I can only suggest a reading of my post-2012 writings, such as *Understanding And Rejecting Extremism*, [3] and what I endeavoured to express in my three 2022 interviews. [4]

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Part Two

> § Regarding Combat 18. When you left, especially becoming more deeply involved in Islam, where there ever any reprisals towards you?

No. Possibly because of two things. I kept certain channels of communication open particularly concerning Reichsfolk,

and, in anticipation of a forthcoming criminal trial following my arrest in 1998 by SO12, I was preparing a defence since their criminal investigation was ongoing only ending in the Summer of 2001 when I released from my bail after it was found that there was "insufficient evidence" to bring me to trial.

This preparation included having some of my National-Socialist writings re-issued, one of which was the essay *Why National-Socialism is Not Racist*, and another *The Theology Of National-Socialism: An Examination of National-Socialism, Christianity and Islam*, in which I had written,

> Honour demands that we treat people, regardless of their race, their culture, their religion, their 'political views' with fairness and respect. That is, honour demands that we have manners and are polite: that we strive to act with nobility of character; that we judge people by their deeds and in particular by how they act toward us [...] It really is about time that we who uphold the noble way of life which is National-Socialism lived according to our own ethics and began to explain, openly and in clear words, the noble reality of National-Socialism. No matter how dire our situation may be, or appears to be, and no matter how many non-Aryans may live in what were once our own nations, we must hold fast to our own ethics and not allow ourselves be tricked into accepting the Zionist version of 'National Socialism' with its hate-filled, irrational, Hollywood 'nazis'. [5]

It was during this time that I wrote *The Question of National-Socialism, Racism and Tolerance* [6] which led me later that year (2001) to conceive a practical plan to try and bring National-Socialists and Muslims together in order to combat, in various ways, what I considered were our mutual enemies. In furtherance of which I wrote tracts such as the multipart *The National-Socialist Guide to Understanding Islam*, in which I broached the subject of 'martyrdom operations' by Muslims, the last edition of which 'guide' was published in 1424 AH. [6]

> § It seems that you and the O9A have been targeted as the "connection" between all these Neo-Nazi terrorist groups. It seems they have decided to choose you along with the O9A as the main driving force of these organisations. Allowing governments to use the O9A like they are trying to do in Australia, to by proxy drag in tens of Neo-Nazi and far-right groups into being designated as terrorist organisations. Do you feel this is the case?

This is an interesting question which I believe deserves a detailed reply especially as it links to one of the themes you are researching.

My personal perception is that 'the Establishment', of which anti-fascist groups such as 'Hope Not Hate' are now part of, have for several years been concerned about how the perception of National-Socialism is changing among sections of the Caucasian peoples of Europe and elsewhere. Changing away from the Establishment orthodoxy maintained since 1945 through an unprecedented propaganda campaign toward a historical revisionist understanding. That is, toward what is in practice now a heresy.

This concerns them as heresy always seems to concern religious and ideological cliqués when they acquire power and influence with their response always seeming to be repression and, latterly, since the Middle Ages, censorship which in our modern societies involves a 'cancel culture' and introducing laws based on some manufactured abstraction such as "holocaust denial" which criminalizes the public expression of opinions about a particular matter which the Establishment does not approve of, just as zealotical Protestants in England centuries ago criminalized the public expression of Catholic views and the performance of the Catholic Mass, and just as zealotical 'revolutionaries' in 18th century France condemned and guillotined Catholic priests and nuns for being "anti-revolutionary" one of which acts was memorialised over a hundred and sixty years later by composer Francis Poulenc in his *Dialogues des Carmélites*.

A quite minor part of this new understanding, this new heresy, may have been what one antifascist described over two decades ago as my 'revisionist' version of National-Socialism with its emphasis on honour and what that implied in real life for modern National-Socialists. Hence my 1997 essay The Disease of Suspicion in which I wrote:

"There is a blight spreading on our noble Cause, a blight spread by our enemies. This blight, this spreading infection, is Suspicion.

This most usual and visible form which this infectious blight takes is: 'He/she is an agent/informer for the Police/the Government...' Sometimes, however, Suspicion is simply a rumour about a person's past or their personal character.

Our enemies have deliberately bred this infection of Suspicion to weaken us, to divide us among ourselves. They have found it be a powerful weapon in their fight against us, for many who are supposed to on our side in the war of freedom we are fighting have become infected with Suspicion, and go around infecting others with this blight, this poison. There is now almost a state of paranoia on our side, with people spreading rumours and allegations, and wondering whether a certain Comrade is really a government agent or an informer.

We must understand this - Suspicion is behaviour unbecoming a warrior. What is unbecoming for a warrior is what is dishonourable and unfair. It is dishonourable conduct and thus contemptible.

It is a betrayal of everything we stand for and believe in, as warriors. It is a betrayal of our noble ideal of loyalty, of comradeship. To spread Suspicion, to believe in rumours and allegations about individuals - however well-supported or 'documented' such rumours and allegations seem - is undignified, the sign of a weak character. It is a betrayal of our noble standards of personal conduct - a descent down toward the level

of the uncivilized people we despise and are fighting.

Suspicion is un-warrior like because a true warrior only and ever makes a personal judgement about any individual after having personally met that individual on a number of occasions because this is the honourable, the fair, thing to do. They have thus spent some time with that person and so therefore can make their own personal and direct assessment of the character of that individual. The warrior thing to do - not having met an individual and not having spent time with that individual - is to reserve one's judgement, and make no personal comment at all about the individual's character, motives or anything else.

Furthermore, any person who says or writes anything which calls into question the honour of any individual, must be prepared to face that individual and repeat the allegations, rumours or suspicion directly to that individual, and be prepared to fight that individual in a fair fight or a duel if the individual whose honour is brought into question desires to so defend his honour. This is the warrior thing to do, this is the honourable thing to do. Thus, anyone who raises doubts about a person, who spreads any rumour about them, or who is suspicious about the motives or the character of a person, must repeat any and all allegations to that person, face-to-face, and give that person a chance to defend themselves. Anything less is un-warrior like and cowardly.

To destroy this infection of Suspicion, this blight upon our Cause which is harming us and our fight for freedom, we have to do the honourable thing. The honourable thing to do is to maintain a dignified silence." [7]

This was at the time when former Combat 18 member Wilf Browning and his supporters were spreading rumours about Charlie Sargent, the founder of Combat 18. I had given Charlie and his brother Steve a personal pledge of loyalty, on my honour, so I naturally supported him. The crises led to Charlie's close friend Martin Cross killing a Browning supporter with both Martin and Charlie arrested for murder.

Browning then co-operated with the Police and testified against them at their criminal trial, leading me to publicly challenge him to a duel with deadly weapons. He dishonourably ignored the challenge and made jokes about it. Browning would later be lauded in book written by an anti-fascist and described as "a fearless fighter", as "revered in Europe" and as "loyal" when the exact opposite was true.

Such widely-read writings of mine, expounded in various essays and then in later editions of my The National-Socialist newsletter published in support of the National-Socialist Movement, quite naturally annoyed certain anti-fascists far more than I had annoyed them in the past by my 1970s street activism and by having my *Vindex - Destiny of the West* published in America in 1984 which was widely distributed around the world. [8]

An annoyance which seemed to me to have become a hatred because of my profuse 1990s writings concerning honour which rationally countered the Establishment version of 'nazism' which they had spent decades assiduously propagating; and because of my support of Combat 18 and of Charlie against Browning.

One anti-fascist in particular appeared to have a particular hatred of me resulting in a concerted campaign to publicly discredit me; someone now part of the Establishment having been awarded an MBE in 2016 by the then British government and appointed by them to be part of their Commission for Countering Extremism. Perhaps unsurprisingly this person was the author of the book that praised Browning.

This concerted smear campaign began with a special edition of the anti-fascist Searchlight magazine in 1998 headlined *The Most Evil Nazi In Britain* and included what one essayist termed The Infamous Post Box Interview. [9] As I wrote in *A Reply To Allegations*,

<quote> "For over twenty years, journalists, those opposed to National-Socialism, and dishonourable, egotistical weak-willed rumour-mongers among the so-called racial-nationalist 'Movement', have been circulating rumours and making allegations about my personal involvement with Occultism and Satanism. This is despite the fact that I have denied and do deny ever having been a 'Satanist', and despite the fact that I have stated many times that I regard Satanism as decadent and morally wrong. These rumours and allegations were started by, and are still circulated by, my enemies for one simple reason - to try and discredit me personally. For, if I can be discredited in such a way, people will not take seriously what I have written about National-Socialism and what I have done for this most noble of Causes. When I write or say that National-Socialism and the Occult are incompatible, I mean it. When I condemn Satanism as un-Aryan, as morally wrong, I mean it." [10] [11] </quote>

§ I am going into Combat 18 because this involvement during that period created the mythology of you. Inadvertently this mythologic view of you has been more influential than anything you have written. I see Combat 18 and the mess of the late 90s after the nail bombings as been the focal point that turned you from the person into the Idea. Does it feel that this Idea of you of which you have no control over is something you are trying to regain control?

The concepts of me as 'myth' and Idea are new to me and not something I agree with or am comfortable with. In 2021, when asked if I agreed with what one academic wrote, which was that I was "driven by a search for meaning and purpose, as well as an intellectual desire to find and create the all-encompassing and perfect political philosophy", I said I did not agree because

"during my National-Socialist decades I was driven by a somewhat fanatical desire to not only propagate what I then believed National-Socialism to be - an honourable, noble, way of life, a practical presencing of the

> numinous - but also to recruit people to that cause in the hope of creating a National-Socialist society in the land of my ancestors [...] During my years as a Muslim I nurtured a similar desire to propagate what I then believed the Muslim way of life to be: which again was an honourable, noble, way of life, and a practical presencing of the numinous.
>
> There was thus no search for 'meaning and purpose' because I foolishly believed I had already found a meaning and a purpose: for thirty years in National-Socialism and then for ten years in Islam. In 1998 I turned away from National- Socialism to Islam because during a decade (1988-1998) of foreign travels the culture, the Muslims, of the Muslim lands - and especially of Egypt - slowly, almost imperceptibly, impressed me as did, and perhaps more so, travels alone in the Sahara Desert where I wordlessly felt intimations of Being, of The Acausal, of The-Unity, of The One-The Only (τὸ ἓν), of The Monas (μονάς) which 'acausal' Being Muslims called Allah and Christians called God." [12]

As I noted in Myngath, [13] "In a literal way, Islam taught me humility, something I aspired to during my time as a monk but which my then prideful nature rebelled against."

In essence, therefore, as I sought to explain in Myngath, I was an opinionated, selfish often fanatical person who from youth and for some thirty years arrogantly believed he could and should "make a difference" and who caused suffering to others but who, mostly against his will, slowly, very slowly seemed to learn from his experiential life in the process acquiring a certain humility and perhaps an understanding of himself leading to the formulation of a weltanschauungen based on empathy and honour.

Therefore trying to control such a myth and Idea is, for me, irrelevant.

> § The connections to the occult, Julius Evola and hermeticism seeming to be the most influential, along with old Greek and European pagan systems of honour. To put it simply [they] seem to be your main connection to the occult. I do not believe you are Anton Long, Some claim you infiltrated occult groups like the O9A to move them towards National Socialism. But the question I ask is has the Idea of you I keep mentioning that was seemingly created in the late 90s taken over again?

My interest in ancient Greek literature began as a schoolboy in the Far East but waned when I arrived in Blighty in the 1960s and became involved in practical politics, specifically Colin Jordan's British Movement. It returned when I was a monk and began learning what was then termed New Testament Greek. Discussions with two other monks led me to begin a scholarly study of the Greek text of the Corpus Hermeticum which I was familiar with from my reading of Jung and the few alchemical texts I could obtain while in prison in 1975 and which intuitively inspired the creation of my Star Game during that holiday at Her Majesty's Pleasure.

As for honour, what initially inspired me in the late 1960s were the actions of Otto Ernst Remer, a recipient of the Knights Cross with Oak Leaves, in July 1944. Some years later Remer presented me with a photograph of him taken after the battle of Kharkov in 1943.

In 2012, then over three score years old, I finally had leisure enough to begin translating and writing commentaries on the tractates of the Corpus Hermeticum that most interested me.

What others may infer and have inferred from all this, they have and do. As for influence, I can only quote what TS Eliot wrote in Little Gidding:

> If you came this way,
> Taking any route, starting from anywhere,
> At any time or at any season,
> It would always be the same: you would have to put off
> Sense and notion. You are not here to verify,
> Instruct yourself, or inform curiosity
> Or carry report. You are here to kneel
> Where prayer has been valid.

°°°

Part Three

> § Today I had an Ethiopian Muslim Uber driver, we talked about Islam; by the time I arrived at my appointment for the first time since disconnecting myself from Islam in 2020 during my divorce I was at a point where I wanted to run to the nearest Masjid, Prey and revert once more back into being a Muslim. I bring this up because this made me think of you and this was not only unexpected but an extreme longing to cast all aside and dedicate it all to Islam once more. Has this happened to you since you left Islam?

Yes, several times, in the year I publicly made known my own disconnection from the Muslim way of life. I missed daily Namaz, especially Jummah Namaz and the feeling of belonging and humility it had engendered in me. Suffice to say the Muslim way of life had a profound and positive, and in hindsight morally necessary, effect on me. But remembrance of the life and especially the deaths of Frances and Sue caused me to continue to seek answers to questions regarding exegesis of certain sacred texts, of the dialectic particular interpretations seemed to imply because they were founded on denotata, and the nature of empathy and honour which I felt had a personal horizon not

a supra-personal one codified by a religion or by a particular interpretation of some text.

> § During your time as a Muslim, many perceive that period as being some kind of O9A Insight role. I happened to believe you where sincere, given your writings, your obvious extensive knowledge of Islam and your assimilation into Muslim communities. Only a seasoned Foreign Intelligence Officer could do what you have done if you where not sincere. I understand this as I have travelled and lived in Islamic countries and communities overseas and they would have known very quickly if I was not sincere. In fact, it could have gotten me killed in some places. I want the above to be known as an example of your sincerity and how dangerous your travels less known could be. Reflecting about that period do you regret it?

What others believe or allege about my peregrinations as a Muslim, my rejection of all extremisms, and indeed about involvement with a particular Occult movement, is their belief or their allegation howsoever such a belief or allegation came-into-being and persists within them, and no longer concerns me.

My concern is, and has been for over a decade, seeking to not cause suffering through deeds or words, and finding something expiative for the suffering I caused because of my past extremism and selfishness.

All I have found in respect of expiation in the past decade or so is to develop and make known the weltanschauung derived from what believe I have learned since the death of Frances in 2006; to publicly express my regret regarding my extremist past, and my fallible understanding of such matters as extremism.

What others believe or allege about such a making-known, such a weltanschauung, such an understanding, is what they believe or allege. Thus, in reference to sincerity, as Seneca wrote: Quia pars honesti non potest esse nisi honestum, nec summum bonum habebit sinceritatem suam, si aliquid in se viderit dissimile meliori. [14] Which returns me to what I wrote in 2012: "quite simply it is matter of honour. Of personal knowing," and that since 1975

> "only four people, on hearing or learning about such rumours and allegations, have had the decency to ask me, in person, 'for my side of the story'. The first was Colin Jordan, the second was John Tyndall, the third was Steve Sargent, and the fourth was a Muslim whom I came to greatly admire and to whom I gave a personal pledge of loyalty." [15]

All those individuals took the trouble to get to know me personally over a period of time, and it was that personal pledge of loyalty to a Muslim living overseas that made my interior struggle about formulating my own weltanschauung longer and more difficult than it might otherwise have been.

> § Leaving Islam can be dangerous, you and I are both apostates from Islam, of which in most schools of Sunni Islamic jurisprudence carries the death penalty. As I asked regarding Combat 18 and NS movements possibly taking reprisals, of which you illuminated me on the situation. I must ask has there been any reprisals attempted towards you by Islamic groups or individuals because of been seen as an apostate?

Not so far. As Sophocles wrote: ὡς πεπρωμένης οὐκ ἔστι θνητοῖς συμφορᾶς ἀπαλλαγή. [16]

> § Regarding extremism, for most people who become radical from various movements, most do not move from theory into practice of views western society perceives as extreme. You however took that extra step, and despite not agreeing on certain things, I do respect that you went all in putting forth your convictions publicly given the risks involved. Knowing the stakes, you where not typical regarding the movements you where involved with. Regarding acting on beliefs (not necessarily extremism but any counter establishment ideology) do you believe that one must act on there convictions as you did, or is the personal suffering it causes to themselves and others as you reflected on too great to risk?

A relevant question. During my extremist decades I did believe it was necessary to act in practical ways based on one's often fanatical commitment to some ideology or some supra-personal religious or social Cause and which commitment meant that the goal of some ideology or Cause was considered more important than the suffering caused.

But my experiences, and especially outdoor labour on a farm, gradually over years, brought the realization that this was immoral and that no ideology, no -ism, no Cause, no religion, nothing supra-personal - whatever the rhetoric or written or interior excuse - justified causing suffering and thus perpetuating the cycle of suffering, millennia after millennia. That what was moral was, could be, known through empathy and honour with their local personal horizon; and could not be, should not be, codified in any supra-personal way such as in a principle such as Jus Ad Bellum. I attempted to explain all this in my 2013 text Questions of Good, Evil, Honour, and God [17] and later works.

> § Regarding Reichsfolk and the changing of National Socialist Ideology during the mid-1990s to the 2000s. You and a few other figures quite heretically moved from Neo-Nazi orthodoxy. Especially changing the perspective regarding Islam. Utilizing a historical precedent of Islamic collusion with the Nazi party before and during the war and the Islamic SS units, the Bosnian SS been an example you used. How did people within the NS movement react to this, as despite the historical precedent Islam has been a focal point of attack by Neo-Nazi organisations for decades, Combat 18 in Australia focused almost entirely on fighting Islam. What was the reaction?

The reaction of some people, especially in Finland, Sweden, and Germany, was positive while there was a negative reaction in places such as America and Britain. As for Combat 18 in Britain it had effectively, in terms of street action, ceased to exist mostly due to Charlie's conviction for murder and Browning's betrayal by being a witness for the Prosecution at his trial; but partly because so many seemed to dishonourably believe the disinformation, the lies, about

Charlie spread by Browning and his supporters, and by anti-fascists such as in a World in Action television programme whose anti-fascist Associate Producer would later be fêted by the British government who awarded him an MBE. The programme, as some newspaper articles did, spread the disinformation that Charlie was a informer for the Police and for MI5.

Apropos Islam, I went on, during my campaign to bring National-Socialists and Muslims together, to write tracts such as the multi-part *The National-Socialist Guide to Understanding Islam*. Which again were well-received in some quarters but disliked in others.

> § Continuing on from Reichsfolk, you and figures like Varg Vikernes during that period of the late 1990s, changed perspectives on Slavic races, Russians and Serbians being a good example as they are hated by orthodox Nazìs given Hitlers writings on them in Mein Kampf. What changed your mind on ethnic Slavs? For bringing Slavs into NS movements has changed things dramatically. Being from a Serb background and having friends who joined Combat 18 and other NS movements, I was a cause of much argument between Neo-Nazis, this was the late 2000s. Most where very orthodox but some like yourself had or developed different perspectives. Unlike with Islam there is less of a historical precedent regarding Russians and Serbs, but I know there was some especially during the end of the war. But I wont go into that; my point is, I know things have changed regarding Slavs in some movements, so how or what caused your perspective to change?

Apropos Slavs, the reason was my understanding of National-Socialism as applicable to all ethnicities, not just to Northern Europeans; a matter I wrote about many times including in *Esoteric Hitlerism: Idealism, the Third Reich and the Essence of National-Socialism*.

Apropos Islam, there were two reasons. The first was my travels in Egypt and the Muslim world between 1988 and 1998 which began my admiration for the Muslim way of life. The second was being introduced to National Socialists such as Leon Degrelle and Otto Ernst Remer. Remer, for example, lived for a while after the war in Egypt and became adviser to Gamal Abdel Nasser, was acquainted with Yasser Arafat and a comrade of Omar Amin, a Waffen-SS officer living in Egypt who had converted to Islam.

> § Regarding the occult, I am satisfied with your answer, the old Greek translations, your background regarding Christianity, interest in Hermeticism it all makes sense. To me it seems people involved in the O9A have incorporated your work into their material. I do not believe you are the person the media and misdirected Niners think you are. As you said Satanism is Decadent, and you are right, I talk about it a lot especially regarding the French late 1800s decedent literary movement with books like Là-Bas by Joris-Karl Huysmans. It does not fit in with your NS or Islamic work. Am I correct on this perspective?

Indeed. But that will not of course change the opinion of those who for whatever reason and from whatever motive believe otherwise. I have expressed my views regarding the Occult and alleged involvement with a certain Occult movement many times since the 1990s, including in the tract *Occultism and National-Socialism* first published in New Zealand in 1997, in my A Reply To Allegations which I quoted from in a previous answer, in a 1998 recorded interview with the aforementioned antifascist fêted by the British government, and in my 2012 *A Matter Of Honour*. [15]

But, as I have mentioned before in other writings, they and their perception are of this era, and in the perspective of millennia the perception of a person by others often changes or more often perhaps the person will be forgotten, whatever efforts those of this or any era may go to in the belief that their particular perception will last 'forever'.

> § To quote you in a difficult question: "The concepts of me as 'myth' and Idea are new to me and not something I agree with or am comfortable with." I find your reaction to the concept I put forth of you becoming a myth very interesting. But because of the media attention people on many sides have this absolutely bizarre perspective of you. Many thinking you're a secret O9A founder who is also Anton Long and doing Insight roles since the 60s. I have met people who believe this and admire you because of this belief. Then the mainstream media perspective is essentially the same, like it or not, but I hope to bring this back to reality with this interview. Is there any statement you may like to make?

Being now past my three score years and ten I have lost interest in how or why I am now perceived as I am by some people or may be perceived after my death. But, such is the nature of some older folk, to reminisce about one's past, and to pontificate in general, often is or becomes a minor pleasure.

Yet, as it often is, the final verdict on a person will be centuries from the era in which they lived, if they are remembered at all for whatever reason and, if they are remembered, in the intervening period the verdict may change from century to century.

But this is all dependant on whether and for how long we as a species survive and whether or not in a hundred or a thousand years there are stable communities where knowledge and reason and scholarship are valued and taught to a new generation.

David Myatt
March 2023 CE

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Footnotes

URL's valid as of March 2023

[1] CIA archive: https://www.cia.gov/library/abbottabad-compound. The original text is at http://tinyurl.com/22zb4389

The original is at: https://web.archive.org/web/20080611081331/http://www.davidmyatt.info/significance_taliban.html

[2] Mark Weitzmann, *Anti-Semitism and Terrorism*, in Dienel, Hans-Liudger (ed), *Terrorism and the Internet: Threats, Target Groups, Deradicalisation Strategies*. NATO Science for Peace and Security Series, vol. 67. IOS Press, 2010. pp.16-17.

[3] https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2022/10/david-myatt-rejecting-extremism.pdf

[4] https://www.davidmyatt.info/dm-three-interviews.pdf

[5] *Selected National Socialist Writings Of David Myatt*, https://archive.org/download/myatt-ns-writings/myatt-ns-writings.pdf

[6] The article is available in *National-Socialism and Islam: The Case for Co-Operation*, https://cosmicreich.files.wordpress.com/2011/05/ns-islam.pdf

[7] The article is quoted in Rachael Stirling's 2021 monograph T*he Peregrinations Of David Myatt: National Socialist Ideologist*, https://archive.org/download/myatt-peregrinations-ideologist/dm-ns-ideologue-second-edition.pdf

[8] *Vindex - Destiny of the West*, a facsimile at https://archive.org/download/myatt-vindex-destiny-west/myatt-vindex-destiny-west.pdf

[9] The item is from Part Two of *Modern Tale Of An Antifascist Propagandist*, https://concerningmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2022/09/a-modern-tale.pdf

[10] The essay A Reply to Allegations is included in Selected National Socialist Writings Of David Myatt, https://archive.org/download/myatt-ns-writings/myatt-ns-writings.pdf

[11] See also the 1997 essay *Occultism and National-Socialism*, https://archive.org/download/myatt-occult-ns_202303/myatt-occult-ns.pdf

[12] Three Interviews, https://www.davidmyatt.info/dm-three-interviews.pdf

[13] https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2013/04/david-myatt-myngath.pdf

[14] De Vita Beata, 7.15.1

[15] https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/08/a-matter-of-honour.pdf

[16] Antigone, 1337-8, "mortals cannot be delivered from the misfortunes of their fate."

[17] Included in *Religion, Empathy, and Pathei-Mathos*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2018/03/religion-and-empathy.pdf

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Addendum

David Myatt: Analysing National Socialism

Two essays - both written in January 2012 and titled *Some Philosophical and Moral Problems of National-Socialism* and *Hitler, National-Socialism, and Politics: A Personal Reappraisal* - are relevant for those interested in Myatt's rejection of extremism and in his current views regarding Hitler and nazism.

As he noted in 2014, his

> "writings, post-2011, were and are really dialogues: interiorly with myself and externally with a few friends or the occasional person who has contacted me and expressed an interest." [2]

In his *Letter To My Undiscovered Self*, published in 2012, he wrote:

> "That it took me four decades, and the tragic death of two loved ones, to discover [such] simple truths surely

> reveals something about the person I was and about the extremisms I championed and fought for. Now, I - with Sappho - not only say that, I love delicate softness:
>
> > For me, love has brought the brightness
> > And the beauty of the Sun....
>
> but also that a personal, mutual, love between two human beings is the most beautiful, the most sacred, the most important, the most human, thing in the world; and that the peace that most of us hope for, desire in our hearts, only requires us to be, to become, loving, kind, fair, empathic, compassionate, human beings." [3]

Myatt ends by writing:

> "There is thus, based on applying the moral criteria of The Numinous Way, a complete rejection by me of National-Socialism – of whatever kind – and an understanding of Hitler as a flawed individual who caused great suffering and whose actions and policies where dishonourable and immoral"

The source of the two texts is https://web.archive.org/web/20221102053427/https://www.davidmyatt.info/dwm-problems-ns.pdf

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[1] Dated, because many of the texts referenced in these old essays are to Myatt's pre-2012 'numinous way' and which texts are now only available in archived versions of his website and weblog, such as at
(i) https://web.archive.org/web/20130602171008/http://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/ and
(ii) https://web.archive.org/web/20130704131205/http://www.davidmyatt.info/

[2] *Some Questions For DWM 2014*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/questions-for-dwm-2014/

[3] The letter was included in his *Understanding and Rejecting Extremism: A Very Strange Peregrination*, https://davidmyatt.files.wordpress.com/2022/10/david-myatt-rejecting-extremism.pdf

The translation of part of a fragment of a poem by Sappho is by Myatt, with the Greek text (P. Oxyrhynchus. XV (1922) number 1787, fr. 1 and 2) being ἔγω δὲ φίλημμ᾽ ἀβροσύναν [...] τοῦτο καί μοι τὸ λάμπρον ἔρως ἀελίω καὶ τὸ κάλον λέλογχε

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Some Philosophical and Moral Problems of National-Socialism

Introduction

This essay is a brief analysis of the National-Socialist weltanschauung, as manifested in National-Socialist Germany, and according to the philosophical and ethical criteria of my Numinous Way, and which criteria derive from the principles of empathy, compassion, and personal honour.

Empathy, as understood by my philosophy of The Numen [1], establishes a particular ontology and epistemology; Being, the source of beings, as both causal and acausal, and of an acausal knowing distinct from the causal knowing of conventional philosophy and empirical science [2]. The ethical criteria are manifest in both compassion and honour [3], so that:

> "the morality of The Numinous Way is therefore defined by a personal honour, a personal compassion, and the personal virtue of justice. For justice is not some abstract concept, but rather a personal virtue, as εὐταξία is a personal virtue. For justice is the personal virtue of fairness; the quality of balance." *War and Violence in the Philosophy of The Numinous Way*

The National-Socialism evident in NS Germany was a way of life centred around concepts such as duty, kampf, nation, and race. Thus, the individual was judged by, and expected to judge others by, the criteria of race, with particular races assigned a certain value (high or low), as individuals were judged by how well they adhered to the duty they were expected to do in respect of their nation (their land, their people) and the race they were said to belong to or believed they belonged to. In addition, kampf between individuals, races, and nations was considered healthy and necessary, with such struggle revealing the worth of individuals and thus those considered fit to lead and assume positions of authority.

Collectivism, Nationalism, and Race

The National-Socialist way of life was – given such concepts as kampf, nation and race – a collective one, with one of the highest virtues being the willingness of individuals, if necessary, to sacrifice their own happiness and welfare, and even their lives, for the good of their people, their land, their race. The necessity of this virtue was explained, in part, by the belief that the German volk had an historic mission, a particular destiny, so that – coupled with the ideas of race and kampf - the individual was expected to define themselves, to understand themselves, as Germans and as having

particular duties and obligations; in effect, to replace their own self-identity with the collective identity of the volk.

In order to establish, maintain, and expand this collectivism, certain measures were regarded as necessary, as morally correct, with such measures including military conscription, laws designed to criminalize certain activities, both political and personal, and harsh punishment of those contravening such laws.

In addition, the führerprinzip was applied to most aspects of life, with individuals expected to accept and obey the authority so established, since such authority was considered to manifest the will, the ethos, of the volk. Hence the loyalty individuals gave, as an expression of their recognized duty as Germans, was personal; not to 'the State' nor even to 'the nation', and certainly not to some government, but rather to individuals who were regarded as embodying the will, the identity, of the volk. In practice, this meant Adolf Hitler and those appointed by him or by his representatives, and it was this collectivism, this binding of the volk by the führerprinzip, that Heidegger tried to philosophically express in his now controversial remarks regarding the Volksgemeinschaft and by quoting some words attributed to Aeschylus [4].

There are thus six elements that, from the philosophical and ethical viewpoint of The Numinous Way, may be said to define the National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler. These are:

> (i) a collective identity and its acceptance;
> (ii) authority and its acceptance manifest in specific individuals and expected obedience to such authority;
> (iii) mandatory enforceable punishment of those contravening or not accepting such authority and the laws made by such authority;
> (iv) the use of particular abstractions (for example nation and race) as a criteria for judgement and for evaluating individual worth;
> (v) the use of particular abstractions as a criteria for identity; and
> (vi) the use and acceptance of a particular abstraction – kampf – as an embodiment and expression of human nature.

Contra The National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler

In purely practical terms, the acceptance and use of the principle of kampf together with the acceptance of Hitler as embodying the collective will of the volk, inevitably led to the military defeat of NS Germany. For all mortals are fallible and military defeat is always inevitable, given time and even if such a defeat has internal, not external, causes. For tyrants and monarchs die, are overthrown, or are killed; Empires flourish for a while – a few centuries perhaps, at most – and then invariably decline and fade away; oligarchies come and go with monotonous regularity, lasting a decade or perhaps somewhat longer; rebellions and revolutions will break out, given sufficient time, and will often succeed given even more time – decades, centuries – and even following repeated and brutal repression.

Thus, philosophically, the general error here by Hitler and his followers was the obvious one of ὕβρις. A lack of understanding, an unknowing, of the natural balance – of δίκη - as well as a lack of empathy, manifest as this unknowing, this lack, was in the arrogant belief of a personal and a volkish 'destiny' combined with a belief in kampf as a natural and necessary expression of human nature. And ὕβρις φυτεύει τύραννον - that is, ὕβρις plants, is the seed of, the τύραννον. Thus, symbolically, we might justifiably say that the Ἐρινύες took their revenge, for Hitler and his followers had forgotten, scorned, or never known the wisdom, the truth, that their fallible mortal lives are subject to, guided by, Μοῖραι τρίμορφοι μνήμονές τ᾽ Ἐρινύες [5].

Thus their fate was destined, a fate that Sophocles expressed so well in respect of Oedipus, tyrannus:

> ὦ πάτρας Θήβης ἔνοικοι, λεύσσετ᾽, Οἰδίπους ὅδε,
> ὃς τὰ κλείν᾽ αἰνίγματ᾽ ᾔδει καὶ κράτιστος ἦν ἀνήρ,
> οὗ τίς οὐ ζήλῳ πολιτῶν ἦν τύχαις ἐπιβλέπων,
> εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνα δεινῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθεν.
> ὥστε θνητὸν ὄντα κείνην τὴν τελευταίαν ἰδεῖν
> ἡμέραν ἐπισκοποῦντα μηδέν᾽ ὀλβίζειν, πρὶν ἂν
> τέρμα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἀλγεινὸν παθών. [6]

In effect, therefore, and in general terms, the National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler was un-wise; based on a mis-understanding of human nature, and he himself shown, despite his remarkable achievement of gaining power, as lacking a reasoned, a well-balanced, judgement [σωφρονεῖν] – since such a balanced judgement would, as Aeschylus explained in the Oresteia, reveal that πόλεμος [7] always accompanies ὕβρις and that only by acceptance of the numinous authority of πάθει μάθος (the new law presented to mortals by immortal Zeus) could the tragic cycle of ἔρις be ended.

A Numinous View of The National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler

Let us now consider the six points enumerated above, in respect of the philosophical and ethical viewpoint of The Numinous Way. As mentioned in my essay *A Brief Numinous View of Religion, Politics, and The State*:

> "The essence of the numinous view – of the ethical way posited by the Philosophy of The Numen – is empathy and thus the acausal (the affective and effecting) connexion we, as individuals, are to all life, sentient and otherwise, with empathy being the foundation of our conscious humanity.

> The practical criteria which empathy implies is essentially two-fold: the criteria of the cessation of suffering, and the criteria of the individual, personal, judgement in the immediacy of the moment. For the Philosophy of The Numen, these two criteria manifest the natural character of rational, conscious, empathic, human beings and thus express the nature of our humanity and of human culture, and which nature is manifest in a practical way in compassion and in personal honour.
>
> Hence these two criteria are used, by The Numinous Way – by the Philosophy of The Numen – to judge our actions, our personal behaviour, and also all the abstractions we manufacture or may manufacture and which thus affect us, as individuals."

(i) A collective identity and its acceptance.

Empathy, as a natural if still under-used and under-developed human faculty, is only and ever individual and of the immediacy of the living moment. [8] It is always personal, individual, and cannot cannot be abstracted out from an individual living being – that is, it cannot have any causal ideation or be represented by or expressed by someone else.

There is the personal, individual, freedom that the knowing that empathy uniquely presents to the individual, and therefore no need of, no sense of, belonging to other than one's immediate surroundings, and no sense of identity beyond the personally known, for all human beings encountered are encountered and empathically known as they uniquely are: as individuals with their own lives, feelings, hopes, and with their own potential and their own past.

Which in essence means The Numinous Way is the way of individuals, and an individual manner of living to be accepted or rejected according to the individual. Thus such a collective identity – and a desire for and acceptance of such an identity – is contrary to this very individual numinous way.

What matters for The Numinous Way is the individual; their empathy, their honour; their personal judgement. What does not matter are supra-personal manufactured abstractions such as a 'nation'. Consequently, the empathic, honourable, individual only has a duty to themselves, to their immediate kin, and to those personally given a pledge of loyalty: not a duty or obligations to some manufactured collective identity however such identity be expressed.

(ii) Authority and its acceptance manifest in specific individuals and expected obedience to such authority.

As I wrote in *Authority and Legitimacy in the Philosophy of The Numinous Way*:

> "For The Numinous Way, it is the exercise of the judgement of the individual – arising from the use of empathy and the guidance that is personal honour – that is paramount, and which expresses our human nature.
>
> That is, it is honour, the understanding that empathy provides, and the judgement of the individual, that are legitimate, moral, numinous, and thence the basis for authority. This means that authority resides in and extends only to individuals – by virtue of their honour, their empathy, and manifest in their own personal judgement, and therefore this always personal individual authority cannot be abstracted out from such personal judgement of individuals. In practical terms, this is a new type of authority – that of the individual whose concern is not power over others but over themselves, and which type of power is manifest in a living by honour, and thence in their self-responsibility and in how they interact with others."

Thus, such non-individual authority, acceptance of and obedience to such authority, is contrary to The Numinous Way.

(iii) Mandatory enforceable punishment of those contravening or not accepting such authority and the laws made by such authority.

Given that, for The Numinous Way, authority and justice are individual and manifest in individual judgement and through personal honour, such mandatory punishment by some abstract authority is quite contrary to The Numinous Way.

(iv) The use of particular abstractions (for example nation and race) as a criteria for judgement and for evaluating individual worth.

According to both empathy and honour, such a judgement of others, such prejudice, on the basis of some abstraction such as perceived race or 'nationality' is immoral [9]. The only moral, honourable, criteria is to judge individuals as individuals, sans all abstractions, on the basis of a personal knowing of them extending over a duration of causal Time. To judge en masse, without such a direct, personal, extended, personal knowing of each and every individual is reprehensible.

In addition, it is immoral – unempathic, uncompasionate, dishonourable – to treat people on the basis of their assumed or alleged race or nationality. Thus, the enforced herding of people into 'concentration camps' on the basis of alleged, assumed, race or nationality is quite unjustifiable, inhuman.

(v) The use of particular abstractions as a criteria for identity.

Such abstractions included 'blood' and nationality, so that identity became a matter of individuals being classified – by themselves, others, and by the State – according to certain chosen abstract criteria based on 'race' and heritage. Thus there were distinct notions, distinct levels, of separateness.

Empathy, however, presents us with an acausal-knowing of life, human and otherwise, and this knowing is of ourselves as but one fallible, biologically fragile, mortal, microcosmic nexion, and thus of how our self, our perceived and singular separate self-identity, is appearance and not an expression of the true nature of our being [10], which nature is one of connexions, between living emanations, not one of separations.

Such a revealing of our nature reveals that we should act with empathy and honour in the knowledge that our actions affect others or can affect others, directly, indirectly, emotionally, and acausally. That their joy, their pain, their suffering, their fate is ours by virtue of us as a connexion to them – as a connexion to all life; as one emanation of ψυχή [11].

What abstractions do is that they conceal our true empathic, compassionate, honourable nature and, ultimately, sever the connexion we are to ψυχή, to The Numen.

As mentioned in *On The Nature of Abstractions*:

> "The error of abstractionism – of using existing abstractions and manufacturing other abstractions and using these as the source of ethics, of judgement, and so ascribing a value to them – is the error of ὕβρις (hubris). That is, the error of unbalance: of neglecting or being unaware of empathy, and of neglecting or being unaware of or profaning the numinous. In the personal and social sense, ὕβρις is revealed in a lack of compassion, a lack of balanced reasoning, and not only ascribing to one's self (or some other abstraction, such as a nation-State) what is assumed to be the perfection of right and of good (or the best current approximation of it) but also acting on that presumption to the detriment, the harm, of others.
>
> This is unethical – as all abstractions are inherently unethical – because what is ethical is determined by empathy, and thus cannot be abstracted out of that direct, immediate, and personal knowing which presences empathy in us, as human beings."

(vi) The use and acceptance of a particular abstraction – kampf – as an embodiment and expression of human nature.

As mentioned previously, in the *Contra The National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler* section, kampf as principle, as abstraction, is a manifestation of the error of ὕβρις and of a lack of empathy.

For empathy, and the cultivation of σωφρονεῖν, incline us toward – or should incline us, as individuals, toward – a letting-be; to wu-wei; to a living in the immediacy-of-the-moment. To being compassionate and honourable human beings, concerned only with our own affairs, that of our family, and that of our immediate locality where we dwell, work, and have-our-being.

In addition:

> "In The Numinous Way, a distinction is made between war and combat in that combat refers to gewin – similar to the old Germanic werra, as distinct from the modern krieg. That is, combat refers to a more personal armed quarrel between much smaller factions (and often between just two adversaries – as in single combat, and trial by combat) when there is, among those fighting, some personal matter at stake or some personal interest involved, with most if not all of those fighting doing so under the leadership of someone they personally know and respect and with the quarrel usually occurring in the locality or localities where the combatants live.
>
> Thus, war is contrary to The Numinous Way – to the Cosmic Ethic – not only because of the impersonal suffering it causes, but also because it is inseparably bound up with individuals having to relinquish their own judgement, with them pursuing some lifeless un-numinous abstraction by violent means, and with the development of supra-personal abstract and thus un-numinous notions of 'justice' and law.
>
> Hence, there is, for The Numinous Way, no such thing as a 'just war' – for war is inherently unjust and un-numinous. What is just and lawful are honourable individuals and their actions, and such combat as such individuals may honourably and personally undertake, and such violence as they may honourably and of necessity employ in pursuit of being fair and ensuring fairness." *War and Violence in the Philosophy of The Numinous Way*

Conclusion

It should thus be quite clear why The Numinous Way is contrary to and incompatible with the National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler that was manifest in National-Socialist Germany.

January 2012
Revised JD2455956.107

Notes

[1] Refer, for example, to *Introduction to The Philosophy of The Numen* and also T*he Natural Balance of Honour – Honour, Empathy, and Compassion in the Philosophy of The Numinous Way*, from which this is a quote:

> "As used and defined by The Numinous Way, empathy – ἐμπάθεια – is a natural human faculty: that is, a noble intuition about another human being or another living being. When empathy is developed and used, as

envisaged by The Numinous Way, it is a specific and extended type of συμπάθεια. That is, it is a type of and a means to knowing and understanding another human being and/or other living beings – and thus differs in nature from compassion."

[2] See: (i) *An Introduction To The Ontology of Being*; (ii) *Some Notes Concerning Causality, Ethics, and Acausal Knowing*; (iii) *Acausality, Phainómenon, and The Appearance of Causality*.

[3] qv. *The Natural Balance of Honour*.

[4] In his 1933 speech at the University of Freiburg, where he quoted the following verse (v.514) from Prometheus Bound [my translation] –

> τέχνη δ᾽ ἀνάγκης ἀσθενεστέρα μακρῷ.
>
> How so very feeble Craft is before Compulsion!

[5]

> τίς οὖν ἀνάγκης ἐστὶν οἰακοστρόφος.
> Μοῖραι τρίμορφοι μνήμονές τ᾽ Ἐρινύες
>
> Who then compels to steer us?
> Trimorphed Moirai with their ever-heedful Furies!
>
> Aeschylus (attributed), Prometheus Bound, 515-6 [My translation]

[6]

> You natives of Thebes: Observe – here is Oedipus, He who understood that famous enigma and was a strong man: What clansman did not behold that fortune without envy? But what a tide of problems have come over him! Therefore, look toward that ending which is for us mortals, To observe that particular day – calling no one lucky until, Without the pain of injury, they are conveyed beyond life's ending.
>
> Oedipus Tyrannus, vv. 1524-1530 [My translation]

[7] In respect of πόλεμος see my *The Abstraction of Change as Opposites and Dialectic* where I suggest that as used by Heraclitus it implies neither kampf nor conflict, but rather – as a quote from Diogenes Laërtius suggests – what lies behind or beyond Phainómenon; that is, non-temporal, non-causal, Being. πόλεμος is thus that which is or becomes the genesis of beings from Being, and also that which manifests as δίκη and accompanies ἔρις because it is the nature of Πόλεμος that beings, born because of and by ἔρις, can be returned to Being (become bound together – be whole – again) by enantiodromia.

[8] Refer, for example, to *Introduction to The Philosophy of The Numen*

[9] See *Empathy and The Immoral Abstraction of Race* and also *On The Nature of Abstractions*.

[10] Refer for example to *Acausality, Phainómenon, and The Appearance of Causality* and also *An Introduction To The Ontology of Being*.

[11] Correctly understood – and as evident by the usage of Homer, Aeschylus, Aristotle, et al – ψυχή implies Life qua being.

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Hitler, National-Socialism, and Politics
A Personal Reappraisal

Introduction – A Moral Perspective

Almost exactly a year ago, I perhaps somewhat presumptuously, temerariously, penned a rather long essay entitled *The Uncertitude of Knowing* in reply to questions asked of me in relation to National-Socialism, Hitler, and my philosophy of The Numinous Way; and which essay itself was an attempt to elucidate another essay, the year before that, concerning Reichsfolk and a Muslim Khilafah. As I wrote at the beginning of my reply in *The Uncertitude of Knowing*:

> "There are interesting, important and rather complex philosophical and ethical issues here, that require detailed, serious, and above all, rational, consideration. To explain, in a satisfactory manner, these issues and offer satisfactory answers would perhaps require a philosophical treatise of length equal to a book, and I have to admit that I currently possess no desire to write such a book, partly because I am aware that I may not have all or even many of the answers required, and that such answers as I do have, or some of them, might be erroneous and that therefore may need to be amended. Therefore, all I can do here is try in a rather unsatisfactory way to summarize such answers, such views, of mine."

In The Uncertitude, the title itself reflecting my concern and approach, I continued to emphasize that my replies were tentative and I – as a result of πάθει μάθος, of acknowledging my ὕβρις of decades – was open to correction and to further learning.

Over the past year I have continued to study, research, and reflect upon these 'complex philosophical and ethical issues' and have had cause, as I anticipated, to amend my conclusions, especially those in respect of National-Socialism, Hitler, and Reichsfolk, some of which new conclusions I have briefly mentioned in my essay, published this month, *Some Philosophical and Moral Problems of National-Socialism*, and which new conclusions led me to withdraw *The Uncertitude of Knowing*.

This further study and research, perhaps wyrdfully, included getting to know people who shared their personal and familial experiences of National-Socialist Germany with me, with these experiences being of those who were the subject of the Nürnberger Gesetze and who thus traumatically endured the consequences of those laws and the prejudice and hatred they codified. These direct experiences of the personal and moral effects of National-Socialism were those of individuals that I, through a personal knowing of them, considered to be honourable and which personal experiences thus served to place into perspective, into a moral – a numinous – perspective, the accounts given to me, decades earlier, of some German National-Socialists I had met who fought for and gave their loyalty to Adolf Hitler and which accounts had been formative of what became my decades-long dedication to the cause of National-Socialism, a dedication broken only by my personal experiences of Islam and by the πάθει μάθος that was the genesis of my philosophy of The Numinous Way.

As I mentioned in The Uncertitude of Knowing:

> "All I know – all I say and write – derives from my own diverse personal experiences and my reflexion upon such experiences; from my experience of diverse ways of life, diverse religions, and by my interaction with individuals..."

Suffice therefore to say that my new encounter and interaction with particular people, my reflexion on those experiences, and my further study and research, has led me to a new personal learning, and to a better understanding of both the ethics of The Numinous Way and of the personal, the moral, implications of those ethics.

However, it is to be expected that some people will not like – nor others understand – where this new learning and my thinking have led me and may be leading me. But as TS Eliot beautifully expressed it in his poem Little Gidding:

> And what you thought you came for
> Is only a shell, a husk of meaning
> From which the purpose breaks only when it is fulfilled If at all. Either you had no purpose
> Or the purpose is beyond the end you figured
> And is altered in fulfilment.

Ethical Consequences

Empathy – as outlined in various essays including Introduction to *The Philosophy of The Numen* and *The Natural Balance of Honour* – is the basis for the ethics of The Numinous Way, with compassion and a personal honour being how we can, personally as individuals, be ethical in accord with the knowing, the understanding, the insight, that empathy reveals. This empathic revealing is of our affective and effecting connexion to other life, including human beings.

The immediacy of empathy in the living moment means a living-in, a dwelling-in, the moment, inclining us toward to wu-wei and, "to being compassionate and honourable human beings, concerned only with our own affairs, that of our family, and that of our immediate locality where we dwell, work, and have-our-being." *Some Philosophical and Moral Problems of National-Socialism*

There therefore cannot be, as mentioned in *A Brief Numinous View of Religion, Politics, and The State*, any desire for involvement with politics, since

> "the goals, objectives and aims of politics are, by their very nature, based on human-manufactured divisions and categories deriving from a causal separation of beings: that is, which involve denoting individuals on the basis of some principle of inclusion/exclusion, and which principle of inclusion/exclusion (of separation of human beings) is immoral because un-numinous."

What is thus important, moral, numinous, are individuals who – feeling, knowing, suffering and its causes – live and who act with personal compassion and personal honour, with the boundary, the horizon, of such acts being, by the nature of empathy, of the nexion they are, and only and ever of the personal, immediate, local kind. In practical terms, there are and cannot be any supra-personal causes, agendas, aims, goals, for such things take us toward abstractions and beyond the bounds of empathy and of how The Numen is or becomes presenced in and through the personal experiencing of, an interaction with, other living beings: human, of Nature, of the Cosmos; and a personal experiencing which is direct, unfettered, undistorted, by any abstraction, by any prejudice, by any division – conscious or unconscious – into 'us' and 'the separate others'.

A consequence of this is that we can only – without causing more suffering or contributing to suffering – alleviate suffering, try to ameliorate what is wrong, by means of personal, direct, compassionate, honourable, acts when we

personally encounter suffering, dishonour. No cause, no movement, whether deemed political, social, or religious – nothing supra-personal involving us surrendering our individual judgement of empathy, our individual authority, and our personal honour - can alleviate suffering or ameliorate what is wrong, dishonourable, for such supra-personal things are among the causes of suffering or contribute to or will contribute to suffering, given our past and current human nature.

Hence the only moral change, the only revolution, that is possible – numinous, good – is that of ourselves; within and personal; and this is a reformation of ourselves and then our living of a moral, of an empathic, compassionate, honourable, life.

This precludes the possibility of such a moral individual supporting some cause, some group, some movement, some person, in the belief that such a cause, group, movement, or 'leader', can 'make a difference' or can or might in some way move us toward some future where there is less suffering.

Thus it is morally wrong – from the perspective of The Numinous Way – to suggest, as for example I previously did in *The Uncertitude of Knowing*, that a group such as Reichsfolk or a way such as Ahlus Sunnah wal-Jammah might be alternatives "capable of guiding honourable individuals to do what is honourable", and thus have "the ability to alleviate at least some of the suffering which blights this world." And wrong not only because such groups, such ways, are based on immoral abstractions – on principles of inclusion/exclusion – but also because their very nature, their very being, as groups and such ways are incompatible with The Numen, and so cannot and do not in any way presence the numinous or express the numinous since such numinosity only lives, dwells, is manifest – in the personal sense – by individuals leading or inclining toward leading an empathic, compassionate, honourable, life.

In brief, it is personal virtues such as εὐταξία – and their cultivation by individuals – which are important, required, moral, not some group, some organization, some 'leader', or some political aims and goals.

Adolf Hitler and National-Socialism

For a long time, I regarded Adolf Hitler as a good man, an honourable man, and National-Socialism – especially my 'revised version' of National-Socialism manifest in Reichsfolk – as either an intimation of the numinous or as an expression of what is noble and honourable.

Now, in respect of Hitler, I ask two questions: (1) 'what is good' and my answer, manifest in The Numinous Way, is that what is good is what is compassionate; what alleviates suffering; what does not cause or contribute to suffering; what manifests love, empathy; and (2) 'what is honourable' and my answer is what is dignified, what manifests self-control, fairness; a balanced judgement.

How then does Hitler fare according to these criteria? Do his actions – manifest for example in the Nürnberger Gesetze and their consequences, in his use of krieg in pursuit of some supra-personal aim, and in the use of the abstractions of race and nation – reveal a man of compassion, of balanced judgement, of fairness? Someone who feels and understands the error that is ὕβρις and is therefore circumspect, in touch with and respectful of the numinous? Who knows the limits of appropriate human behaviour? No.

For example, there is nothing honourable in the Nürnberger Gesetze and their consequences; in the personal suffering, the deaths, they caused, in the prejudice and the hatred they engendered and codified. Nothing good in the use of krieg in pursuit of some supra-personal aim; in the suffering and the deaths caused. Nothing good or honourable in the demand for obedience and in the manipulation of people's emotions by rhetoric and propaganda; nothing good or honourable in the punishment of those who were inclined, as is morally right and justified, not to surrender their individual judgement and who thus refused to be obedient in such supra-personal matters, especially in relation to certain 'political' abstractions, such as 'race', nation, and the führerprinzip.

As someone once wrote: "Das war ein Vorspiel nur, dort wo man Bücher verbrennt, verbrennt man auch am Ende Menschen."

In respect of National-Socialism – new or old – I now ask similar questions to the ones asked in respect of Hitler. That is, can The Numen, the good, what is honourable, empathic, compassionate – what is moral – be manifest in, be presenced by, such a weltanschauung as National-Socialism? No.

No, for two simple reasons.
(i) Because such a weltanschauung has its very being in immoral abstractions, be they termed 'race', nation, volk, ethnicity, folk, or whatever; and is defined by the principle of inclusion/exclusion, by the separation and prejudgement of human beings by abstract criteria.
(ii) Because such a weltanschauung by its very nature is supra-personal, organized, authoritative, dogmatic, and numinosity only lives, dwells, is manifest – in the personal sense – by individuals leading or inclining toward leading an empathic, compassionate, honourable, life where there is no need of any authority, any judgement, any criteria, other than their own, deriving from their empathy and their unique πάθει μάθος.

There is thus, based on applying the moral criteria of The Numinous Way, a complete rejection by me of National-Socialism – of whatever kind – and an understanding of Hitler as a flawed individual who caused great suffering and whose actions and policies where dishonourable and immoral.

Conclusion

The Numinous Way is, and can only ever be, an individual way; a non-political, non-religious, choice of individuals desirous of developing and using empathy and hopeful of leading honourable lives that do not cause or contribute to the suffering of living beings. Lives where one of the greatest virtues – a manifestation of our humanity – is considered to be a loyal and personal love between two human beings, regardless of the perceived or assumed ethnicity, nationality, social status, or 'sexual orientation', of the individuals concerned. As Sappho wrote, over two and half thousand years ago:

> μνάσασθαί τινά φαιμι [καὶ ἕτερον] ἀμμέων... στᾶθι [κἄντα] φίλος καὶ τὰν ἐπ' ὄσσοισ' ὀμπέτασον χάριν [1]

As for me, my journey of learning, of self-discovery, of making mistakes, of trying to acknowledge and correct my errors, of interior change via πάθει μάθος, does not yet seem to be ended.

January 30th 2012 ce

[1] Sappho, Fragments 147/138 [Lobel and Page].

My translation is:

> Believe me, in the future someone
> Will remember us ...
> Because you love me
> Stand with me face to face
> And unveil the softness in your eyes ...

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Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos

Impersonal Abstractions, The Modern World, And The Axioms Of Empathy And Pathei-Mathos

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Précis

It is my contention that my personal 'numinous way of pathei-mathos', [1] or at least the foundations of that Way, which are personal empathy and pathei-mathos, could possibly be the basis for other individuals to develope their own numinous weltanschauung free from the influence of the manufactured impersonal causal abstractions that shaped the ancient world, some of which still influence the modern world, and the more recent impersonal causal abstractions which since the Second World War are prevalent and now authoritative in the modern world because supported by many if not most governments and Institutions in the Western world, and often now used by governments as the basis for criminal laws.

Defining Causal Abstractions

As described in the Numinous Way of Pathei-Mathos, an abstraction is

> "a manufactured generalization, a hypothesis, a posited thing, an assumption or assumptions about, an extrapolation of or from some-thing, or some assumed or extrapolated ideal 'form' of some-thing. Sometimes, abstractions are generalization based on some sample(s), or on some median (average) value or sets of values, observed, sampled, or assumed.
>
> Abstractions can be of some-thing past, in the present, or described as a goal or an ideal which it is assumed could be attained or achieved in the future.
>
> All abstractions involve a causal perception, based as they are on the presumption of a linear cause-and-effect (and/or a dialectic) and on a posited or an assumed category or classification which differs in some way from some other assumed or posited categories/classifications, past, present or future. When applied to or used to describe/classify/distinguish/motivate living beings, abstractions involve a causal separation-of-otherness; and when worth/value/identity (and exclusion/inclusion) is or are assigned to such a causal separation-of-otherness then there is or there arises hubris.
>
> Abstractions are often assumed to provide some 'knowledge' or some 'understanding' of some-thing assigned to or described by a particular abstraction. For example, in respect of the abstraction of 'race' applied to human beings, and which categorization of human beings describes a median set of values said or assumed to exist 'now' or in some recent historical past." [1]

In philosophical terms, a causal abstraction is an ideation, an idea (ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος), which is explained and/or defined by words and terms (denotata) and which invariably is used to form or describe a particular category of 'things'. [2] Thus a particular living tree is assigned to the category Oak, or a sub-category thereof, such as a Holm Oak, and which category is believed to be a means to 'know' and 'understand' that particular living being. Hence, that particular living tree is not considered to be an individual, separate, living entity with its own 'being' but is instead treated as one of a 'particular kind' and thus judged and treated according to what, at a particular time, is considered to be appropriate for the particular category it has been assigned to. This, in effect, is a stereotyping of a living, individual entity; and a stereotyping almost completely ignored in modern societies abrogating as those societies do certain ancestral, and world-wide, ancestral traditions where such a living entity was considered, even respected, as a living, individual entity; as for example in the ancient tradition in certain Britannic lands of venerating a particular Oak or a particular woodland.

In both ancient and modern times causal abstractions and the categories developed from them have been and are used to categorize human beings, as for example in regard to the supra-personal abstraction, the entity, termed 'the nation-State' where individual human beings and families are considered to be, or not to be, 'citizens' of that entity and often treated accordingly, with citizens having certain privileges and freedoms often denied to non-citizens.

More recently, causal abstractions and the categories developed from them have been deployed to describe individual human beings and their behaviour both personal and social. Thus, a human being categorized, and judged, by whomsoever for whatever reason, as 'depressive' is treated as the society of the time requires such a category to be treated, which is often by means of pharmaceutical medication and/or by a prescribed regime of therapy.

In another, perhaps more relevant example which I personally have some practical experience of, human beings are often categorized, and judged, by the political beliefs they publicly adhere to, or may be alleged to adhere to, at a particular time of their lives, especially if their political views do not align with, or contradict, the zeitgeist of the society of their time. Thus, in my own case, the judgement is "once a nazi always a nazi" and that such nazis should "never be forgiven" and treated according to whatever persecutional and dehumanizing treatment the judgemental

ones deem such "nazis" deserve.

For such dehumanizing, or more precisely such hubriatic, impersonal, judgment and consequential treatment, is implicit in applying abstract, causal, abstractions to individual living beings, human and otherwise.

That this is not understood in the societies of our time, except by a few, is in my opinion somewhat indicative of how prevalent hubris still is among us.

Hence, despite our thousands of years old culture of pathei-mathos [3] we do not seem to have learned from what others tried to explain to us:

> σὺ δ᾽ ἄκουε δίκης, μηδ᾽ ὕβριν ὄφελλε:
> ὕβρις γάρ τε κακὴ δειλῷ βροτῷ: οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλὸς
> ῥηιδίως φερέμεν δύναται, βαρύθει δέ θ᾽ ὑπ᾽ αὐτῆς
> ἐγκύρσας ἄτῃσιν: ὁδὸς δ᾽ ἐτέρηφι παρελθεῖν
> κρείσσων ἐς τὰ δίκαια: Δίκη δ᾽ ὑπὲρ ῞Υβριος ἴσχει
> ἐς τέλος ἐξελθοῦσα: παθὼν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω
>
> You should listen to [the goddess] Fairness and not oblige Hubris
> Since Hubris harms unfortunate mortals while even the more fortunate
> Are not equal to carrying that heavy a burden, meeting as they do with Mischief.
> The best path to take is the opposite one: that of honour
> For, in the end, Fairness is above Hubris
> Which is something the young come to learn from adversity. [4]

The Axioms Of Empathy And Pathei-Mathos

The axioms are:

(i) That human beings possess a still mostly latent perceptive faculty, the faculty of empathy - ἐμπάθεια - which when used, or when developed and used, can provide us with a particular type of knowing, a particular type of knowledge, and especially a certain wordless knowledge concerning or awareness of the φύσις (the physis, the nature or character) of human beings and other living beings.

This type of knowing, this perception, is different from and supplementary to that acquired by means of the Aristotelian essentials of conventional philosophy and experimental science [5], and thus enables us to better understand Phainómenon, ourselves, and other living beings.

ii) That πάθει μάθος, a personal learning from adversity, from difficult, or harsh, or life threatening experiences, provides us or can provide us, like empathy, with a particular wordless knowledge concerning, or an awareness of, the φύσις (physis) of ourselves, of other human beings and of other living beings.

Thus, according to the numinous way of pathei-mathos it is personal empathy and pathei-mathos which enable us to circumvent causal abstractions because what is

> "beyond our personal empathic knowing of others, beyond our knowledge and our experience [our pathei-mathos], beyond the limited (local) range of our empathy and that personal (local) knowledge of ourselves which pathei-mathos reveals – is something we rationally, we humbly, accept we do not know and so cannot judge or form a reasonable, a fair, a balanced, opinion about. For empathy, like pathei-mathos, lives within us; manifesting, as both empathy and pathei-mathos do, the always limited nature, the horizon, of our own knowledge and understanding." [6]

For a weltanschauung such as the numinous way of pathei-mathos betakes us or can betake us as individuals beyond the acceptance of a supra-personal authority, and thus beyond the demand by some supra-personal authority that we individuals accept or have to accepted such a supra-personal authority, and which authority, in the Western world was described in the Christian writings of Augustine (b.354 CE, d.430 CE), as for example in his *De Civitate Dei contra Paganos* where in Book XIX, chapter xiii, he wrote of the necessity of a hierarchy in which God is the supreme authority, with peace between human beings and God requiring obedience to that authority; and with peace between human beings, and civil peace, also of necessity requiring obedience to an order in which each person has their allotted place, Ordo est parium dispariumque rerum sua cuique loca tribuens dispositio.

Modern nation-States have simply replaced God as the supreme authority with Prime Ministers, Presidents, and those who are described as elected "representatives of the people", or in case of some nation-States with some individual or individuals or some unelected representatives who or which have assumed authority by means such as a coup d'état or similar means, but all of whom expect the people they rule to obey whatever decisions or laws or diktats they make. Both types if necessary enforce their authority by means such as Courts of Law or through the use of civil or military organizations such as the Police and the armed forces, all of who or all of which accept and indeed are based upon a supra-personal chain-of-command with statuary laws made by some government (past and present) or imposed by some assumed authority regarded as necessary for what they deem to be the 'correct' functioning of society.

Furthermore, in practical terms a weltanschauung such as the numinous way of pathei-mathos

> "means trying to cultivate within ourselves the virtues mentioned by Cicero – self-restraint, dignity, fairness, honesty – and implies we have no concern for or we seek to cultivate no concern for supra-personal hierarchies and supra-personal authority – whether political, religious, or otherwise – and thus move away from, try to distance ourselves from, the consequences of such supra-personal hierarchies and supra-personal authority manifest as the consequences are and have been, throughout our [human] history, in war, prejudice, intolerance, unfairness, extremism, and persecution in the name of some ideology, some religion, or because someone has commanded us to persecute those that they and others have declared are 'our' enemies, and which war and persecutions are often, especially in modern times, accompanied by propaganda and lies." [7]

Developing The Numinous Way Of Pathei-Mathos

Since the numinous way of pathei-mathos is based on personal empathy and personal pathei-mathos which develope an appreciation of the limitation, the infortunity, of words, and of the categories derived from them, and thus engenders in an individual a knowing of the limited nature of their understanding and of their fallibility, the numinous way of pathei-mathos is apolitical since politics is derived from and dependant on words, spoken and written, and on supra-personal often ideological categories as well as on supra-personal organizations or movements with a particular agenda or particular aims.

For an appreciation of the infortunity of words is a wordless-knowing, born of empathy and pathei-mathos, of the cycle of suffering; of how we humans continue to repeat the errors of the past caused as such errors often are by some suffering-causing causal abstractions championed by some supra-personal authority such as government or some President or Prime Minister or Caesar or Emperor or King or some tyrant or some religious potentate or preacher or political demagogue or political organization, urging us as individuals to go to war or partake in some invasion or crusade or armed conflict, or some campaign, or revolution, or whatever.

Thus it seems logical to suggest that if other individuals develope their own numinous weltanschauung it would be a personal and thus non-political one and, similar to the numinous way of pathei-mathos, involve a mystical living, a life-style choice, involving the individual and/or their partner or family if they have one; where the appellation 'mystical' suggests a personal intuitive insight about and a personal awareness of the nature of Reality, with Reality wordlessly known through their empathy and pathei-mathos.

There is also in the numinous way of pathei-mathos an appreciation of the fact that the nature of - the causality inherent in - denotata results in eris (ἔρις), and thus in a discord of opposites: for every denotatum has or developes an opposite and thus can cleave physis, as Heraclitus enigmatically expressed:

> τοῦ δὲ λόγου τοῦδ᾽ ἐόντος ἀεὶ ἀξύνετοι γίνονται ἄνθρωποι καὶ πρόσθεν ἢ ἀκοῦσαι καὶ ἀκούσαντες τὸ πρῶτον· γινομένων γὰρ πάντων κατὰ τὸν λόγον τόνδε ἀπείροισιν ἐοίκασι, πειρώμενοι καὶ ἐπέων καὶ ἔργων τοιούτων, ὁκοίων ἐγὼ διηγεῦμαι κατὰ φύσιν διαιρέων ἕκαστον καὶ φράζων ὅκως ἔχει· τοὺς δὲ ἄλλους ἀνθρώπους λανθάνει ὁκόσα ἐγερθέντες ποιοῦσιν, ὅκωσπερ ὁκόσα εὕδοντες ἐπιλανθάνονται. [8]
>
> Although this naming and expression [which I explain] exists, human beings tend to ignore it, both before and after they have become aware of it. Yet even though, regarding such naming and expression, I have revealed details of how Physis has been cleaved asunder, some human beings are inexperienced concerning it, fumbling about with words and deeds, just as other human beings, be they interested or just forgetful, are unaware of what they have done. [9]
>
> εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἐόντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ΄ ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα <χρεών> [10]
>
> One should be aware that Polemos pervades, with discord δίκη, and that beings are naturally born by discord.

In addition,

> "the meaning of the appellations inherent in causal abstraction can and does change over periods causal time through common usage and through the changes of interpretation (exegesis) wrought through political ideology, social change, and religious dogma and reforms. The interpretation of an appellation, a denotatum, in another language can also vary or distort the original meaning, a classic example being Hellenistic Greek words, occurring the Corpus Hermeticum, such as λόγος and νοῦς conventionally interpreted as 'word' and 'intellect/mind' neither of which interpretations are satisfactory.
>
> What is important about all this is that empathy and pathei-mathos are directly personal and wordless perceiverations and experiences and therefore are not dependant on denotata, on any ἰδέᾳ/εἶδος, and by the nature of empathy and pathei-mathos cannot be extrapolated beyond such a personal experiencing." [11]

David Myatt
August 2024

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[1] https://perceiverations.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/numinous-way-pathei-mathos-v7.pdf

[2] Philosophically, 'a thing' is an entity which exists independently of another 'thing', and which is a particular object of human perception. It is also or can be distinguishable from the word or the idea which attempts to describe it; that is, it is the actual 'being' behind or beyond such a causal apprehension or appellation.

[3] The culture of pathei-mathos is the accumulated pathei-mathos of individuals, world-wide, over thousands of years, as may be (i) described in memoirs, aural stories, and historical accounts; as may have (ii) have inspired particular works of literature or poetry or drama; as (iii) expressed via non-verbal mediums such as music and Art, and as (iv) may be manifest in more recent times by 'art-forms such as certain films and documentaries.

This thus includes not only traditional accounts of, or accounts inspired by, personal pathei-mathos, old and modern – such as *With The Old Breed: At Peleliu and Okinawa* by Eugene Sledge, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and the poetry of people as diverse as Sappho and Sylvia Plath; and also works or art-forms inspired by such pathei-mathos, whether personal or otherwise, and whether factually presented or fictionalized. Hence films such as *Monsieur Lazhar* and *Etz Limon* may poignantly express something about our φύσις as human beings and thus form part of the culture of pathei-mathos.

[4] Hesiod,Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι [Works and Days], vv 213-218.

Notes on my translation:

a. δίκη. The goddess of Fairness/Justice/Judgement, and – importantly – of Tradition (Ancestral Custom). In Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, as in Θεογονία (Theogony), Hesiod is recounting and explaining part of that tradition, one important aspect of which tradition is understanding the relation between the gods and mortals. Given both the antiquity of the text and the context, 'Fairness' – as the name of the goddess – is, in my view, more appropriate than the now common appellation 'Justice', considering the modern (oft times impersonal) connotations of the word 'justice'.

b. Mischief. The sense of ἄτῃσιν here is not of 'delusion' nor of 'calamities', per se, but rather of encountering that which or those whom (such as the goddess of mischief, Ἄτη) can bring mischief or misfortune into the 'fortunate life' of a 'fortunate mortal', and which encounters are, according to classical tradition, considered as having been instigated by the gods. Hence, of course, why Sophocles [Antigone, 1337-8] wrote ὡς πεπρωμένης οὐκ ἔστι θνητοῖς συμφορᾶς ἀπαλλαγή (mortals cannot be delivered from the misfortunes of their fate).

c. δίκαιος. Honour expresses the sense that is meant: of being fair; capable of doing the decent thing; of dutifully observing ancestral customs. A reasonable alternative for 'honour' would thus be 'decency', both preferable to words such as 'just' and 'justice' which are not only too impersonal but have too many inappropriate modern connotations.

d. νήπιος. Literal – 'young', 'uncultured' (i.e. un-schooled, un-educated in the ways of ancestral custom) – rather than metaphorical ('foolish', ignorant).

[5] The essentials which Aristotle enumerated are:

i) Reality (existence) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses;
(ii) our limited understanding of this independent 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses, our faculties – that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; on what we can observe or come to know via our senses;
(iii) logical argument, or reason, is perhaps the most important means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world';
(iv) the cosmos (existence) is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws.

In addition such essentials now include Isaac Newton's first Rules of Reasoning which is that

> "We are to admit no more causes of natural things than such as are both true and sufficient to explain their appearances. To this purpose the philosophers say that Nature does nothing in vain, and more is in vain when less will serve; for Nature is pleased with simplicity, and aspects not the pomp of superfluous causes."

Hence why it is often considered that there are five Aristotelian Essentials. Experimental science seeks to explain the natural world – the phenomenal world – by means of direct, personal observation of it, and by making deductions, and formulating hypothesis, based on such direct observation.

[6] *Personal Reflexions On Some Metaphysical Questions*, 2015. https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/03/dwm-some-metaphysical-questions-v5b.pdf

[7] *Persecution And War*, 2018. https://archive.org/download/persecution-and-war/Persecution_And_War.pdf

[8] Fragment 1, Diels-Krantz.

[9] A short commentary on my translation is available at https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/heraclitus-fragment-1/

[10] Fragment B80.

[11] *Reflections On Conflict And Suffering*, https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/06/conflict-and-suffering-dwmyatt.pdf

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